

Atlantic Jews struggle for survival

SEPTEMBER 1983, \$1.95

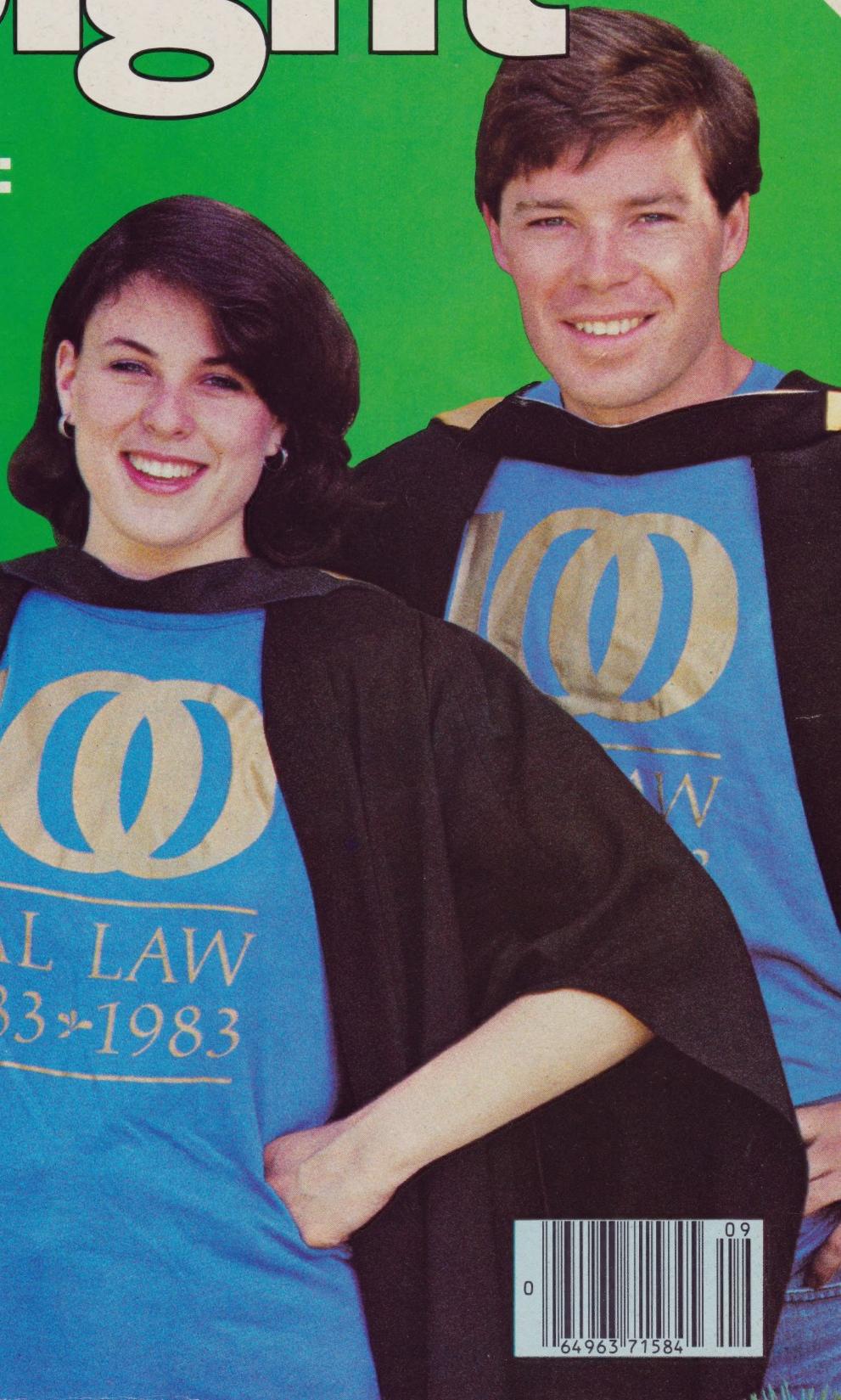
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# Atlantic insight

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up for its big  
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**Special Report:  
Gay life on the  
east coast**

**Travel: Biking  
through  
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SEPTEMBER 1983 Vol. 5 No. 9



## COVER STORY

Hundreds of Dalhousie Law School alumni will gather in Halifax late this month for some mighty strenuous partying. They'll be celebrating the first century of a school whose record justifies whatever horn-tooting it cares to do: No institution of its size has so profoundly influenced Canada's legal, banking, business and political life.

By Harry Bruce

PAGE 24

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID NICHOLS



## TRAVEL

Vermont is perfect for travel by bicycle: No superhighways or skyscrapers or sprawling shopping malls, just two-lane roads and tiny villages and scenes reminiscent of Norman Rockwell. The state's bike touring companies will organize your trip, book your inn reservations and carry your luggage. All you have to do is pedal.

By Judy Ross

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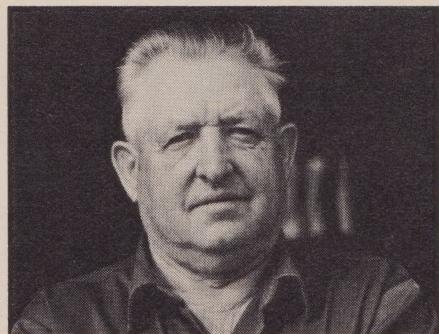
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## SMALL TOWNS

Not many tourists go to Advocate, N.S., unless they land there by accident after taking a wrong turn at Parrsboro. And that's the way some residents of this village on the Minas Basin want to keep it. They're content to be at the end of "the little Cabot Trail," with the magnificent view all to themselves.

By Harry Thurston

PAGE 41



## SPECIAL REPORT

Growing up gay in the towns, villages and farm communities of Atlantic Canada is a lonely and difficult experience. Gays constitute the region's second-largest minority, writer Chris Wood estimates, but most keep their sexual identities secret: A single indiscretion invites ridicule, the revulsion of family and friends, the ruin of a career

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## Editor's Letter

# Why our second largest minority is still largely invisible



**H**arry Bruce's witty, readable story on the Dalhousie Law School, which celebrates its 100th anniversary next month, will please a lot of readers who aren't necessarily Dal law grads. It reflects, precisely, the way we like to think of ourselves and the way we want others to think of us.

"The light of legal leadership, as things later turned out," he writes, "did come from this little school in the east. For generation after generation, the light shone in courtrooms, boardrooms, university presidents' offices and legislative chambers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the border to the Arctic, from the main drags of two-horse towns to the offices in the sky over every city in the country."

That's really us, right? Exporters of brains. Dispatchers of top talent to the worlds of politics, finance, industry. A region possessing power and influence far beyond its insignificant size. So, let our little light shine.

The light that Chris Wood lets shine on quite a different aspect of life on the east coast in his Special Report (page 69) uncovers a story that some readers definitely won't be happy to have told. It's not a cause for celebration or good-natured boasting. It deals with an issue which, apart from abortion, can be counted on to draw more outraged emotional reaction, often mounting to religious fervor, than any other single social problem: Homosexuality.

I can't and don't pretend to know anything about gay lifestyle. Once, several years ago, I went to The Turret, which used to be a gay club in Halifax, to see a play. At the end of the performance a cloud of pink balloons was released into the audience and I grabbed one to take home to my then five- or six-year-old daughter. I didn't notice that the balloons had something printed on them. The family cat demolished ours by next morning anyway, but, until then, my kid was decidedly the only one on her block possessing a pink balloon that said "Gay till the day I die."

Funny incident, for me. But for the estimated 200,000 Atlantic Canadians who live the life, it's obviously no joke. It is, as Wood writes, a "game of

camouflage and deception....A necessary evasion in a life in which silence and self-denial buy a measure of tolerance, while a single indiscretion invites ridicule, the revulsion of family and friends, the ruin of a career." It is also lies, fear and, not uncommonly, physical violence. One of Wood's sources believes that "most gay men have been attacked at one time or another....Gay-bashing is a very popular sport."

Some of the personal stories told to Wood by gay men and women can't be read without sadness. But what's especially crucial — because it is something incongruous in a society which pretends to be civilized — is their vulnerability to being denied their right to earn a living. Although, as Wood points out, every annual report of the federal Human Rights Commission since 1978 has recommended protection of gays from job discrimination under the Human Rights Act, nothing has been done.

Job discrimination, according to Wood, is especially widespread in the armed forces, bad enough for one Human Rights Commission officer to have described it as a "witch hunt."

His charges would seem to be borne out by some recent statements issued by the retired commander of Maritime Command, Vice-Admiral Andrew Fulton, who said there was no place for gays (he lumped them with women) on naval ships. Admiral Fulton should read about Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a 16th-century ship's captain and sometime homosexual, whose other exploits were being celebrated in Newfoundland throughout most of this past summer.

Paranoia and fear about homosexuals isn't going to disappear for a long time, if ever, in the straight world. But they do not form sufficient reason to justify denying to any group what should be a basic human right of any individual, gay or straight: The right to hold a job.

*Marilyn  
MacDonald*

### Correction

In the Fashion feature in our August issue, we inadvertently switched the photos of designers Diane Axent and Hilda de Weever. Our apologies to both women.

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## FEEDBACK

### Peckford is oil right

Stephen Kimber, like many journalists, may no longer find Brian Peckford appealing (*Brian Peckford: The Honeymoon Is Over*, Cover Story, June), but that does not mean he is nothing more than a paranoid politician. Peckford has mistakes to answer for, like his appalling labor relations record, his failure to take action against Jim Morgan for telling a racist joke, and his minister of Finance's troublesome budget, but on oil he is right. We are a small minority in a large country and that may ultimately seal our fate, but Peckford has stood by his belief that we must become equal partners in Confederation with control over oil and a significant say in the management of our fisheries. Courage of conviction is as laudable and important as compromise. Peckford may go down fighting on the issue of oil, but he will not give in and I think history will remember him fondly for that. "Confederations's bad boy" is no longer likable because he is serious and means to stick to his guns. That may make him less appealing to a mainland audience and the St. John's Board of Trade, but it does not make him wrong. The real tragedy in Newfoundland is that men like Leo Barry, Peckford and Richard Cashin, the head of the fishermen's union, cannot seem to work together.

Donna Butt  
St. John's, Nfld.

### The dangers of time travelling

I read with interest the article on tracing of past lives through hypnotism (*This Travel Service Sells Trips Through Time*, Cults, June). I thought I should write to say there can be some danger involved. There are things that happen in past lives one may not be ready to know about in this life. We sometimes don't consciously remember past lives for good reason. I follow a teaching called Eckankar, which prepares the individual with a good spiritual foundation. The goal of Eckankar isn't so much the viewing of past lives as it is self and God-awareness. However, as past lives can give us valuable clues as to reasons for conditions in this present life, they shouldn't be overlooked. It's just that without the spiritual foundation it's hard to look at past lives in a detached manner and this is what causes the unbalancing of the individual. I'm not trying to put a damper on the time-travellers' business, but I think those who are interested in viewing past lives in this manner should be warned they may be setting loose some unpleasant experiences.

John Crawford  
Dorchester, N.B.

### Children raising children

In your June issue I was incorrectly quoted in the article *Welfare: Surviving the Squeeze* (Special Report). The correlation I could draw from the Nova

Scotia government's legislation is that some teenage mothers will assume lifestyles similar to the increasing numbers of homeless people in the Halifax area. The resulting deprivation will undoubtedly lend itself to child neglect and abuse. The question becomes, Is demanding greater "personal responsibility" from "children who raise children" in itself a responsible response to the complex social problem of teenage pregnancy?

Paul O'Hara  
North End Community Health  
Association  
Halifax, N.S.

### Perspective on prostitutes distorted

While I suspect there is a grain of truth in Harry Bruce's view (*Some Women Choose to Be Hookers*, June) that some prostitutes are partly responsible for being or continuing to be in that business, I feel his perspective is somewhat distorted. "Angel," the woman Mr. Bruce uses as an example, apparently managed to avoid working under the control of a pimp. Her estimated annual income of \$40,000 (tax-free) may well have created an incentive for her to continue in prostitution. However, what Mr. Bruce fails to point out is that "the male domination of society" results in relatively few women being able to work in "legitimate" occupations that pay them that kind of income. When the only alternative is "cleaning the Bank of Montreal tower at two in the morning," or something similar and with a similar wage, the decision to stick with prostitution cannot be considered unforced.

Robert Thomas  
Ottawa, Ont.

### Life as it is

Ken Tolmie is a fine artist (*A City Artist's Country Journal*, Art, April) and I'm glad to see his works being promoted. "The Hunter" did not turn me on personally because it is not my kind of art, but would the picture have been more acceptable if the dog were a moose? Ken is a realist and paints life as it is. Unfortunately, it isn't always beautiful.

Joan Rex  
Barrie, Ont.

### Brighter future for N.S. legal aid

The article *Crisis in Legal Aid* (The Region, June) was timely and informative. It was not, however, able to tell the whole story. Nineteen-eighty-two was a difficult year for everyone in Canada, and the provincial legal aid plans were no exception. At the same time it must be noted that the concept of legal aid in the Canadian judicial system is well established and all of the plans are on a sound footing, having the support of both the provincial and federal levels of government as well as the legal profession as a whole. The outlook for legal

aid for 1983, at least in Nova Scotia, is brighter than reported. Legal aid offices have been bolstered by additional staff where necessary, and the policy of issuing certificates to lawyers in private practice in conflict situations has been reinstated. Not everyone who applies for legal aid is eligible; it depends on the person's financial circumstances and the nature of the problem, but I would encourage anyone with a legal problem that feels that they may qualify for assistance to make application at their nearest legal aid office.

Ross B. Archibald,  
Chairman, Nova Scotia Legal Aid  
Halifax, N.S.

#### Deluged with letters

I have just written my cheque for a two-year renewal to *Atlantic Insight* but I may be asking for it to be refunded if we have to put up with such disgusting filth as we are subjected to from your back page writer. It is seldom that in my reading I get as far as the back page of *Insight* but tonight, glancing through the last couple of copies, I became aware of the trash that has been coming into my home. I am thankful for Doris Appleby and Helen M. Cook for opening my eyes. As for the December, 1981, column, I wouldn't even discuss it. Can't you call up a good stiff salt breeze from the harbor and get rid of all the foul air? May you be deluged with letters till we get some action — and some decent reading.

Enid M. Morson  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

We enjoy all of *Atlantic Insight*; we read it from cover to cover. I, personally, confess to beginning at the back cover because that's where I'll find Ray Guy. His column is an absolute delight, a breath of fresh air. He is, indeed, my hero.

Mrs. Linda Sansom  
Pinawa, Man.

I feel that I must take issue with statements contained in recent letters from H.M. Cook and G.E. Cote re Ray Guy's column. I find it amusing, interesting reading, and have many a chuckle as I read it each month. In fact, I turn to his page first, as I do with another Canadian magazine with a humorous writer on its back page. So keep up the good work, Ray Guy. Would that more people had your sense of humor in this drab world; we would all be better for it.

Pauline Giffin  
Isaac's Harbour, N.S.

The letter from G.E. Cote caused us a mixture of amusement and sorrow for the deficiencies in the Cotes' education. Those without a personal knowledge of Newfoundland culture may find Ray Guy incomprehensible, but he is a constant reminder that our level of "sophistication" is based on superficial values and stereotypical "superiority." For a broadened life experience become familiar with Newfoundland history and culture, and don't forget to read Ray Guy's column.

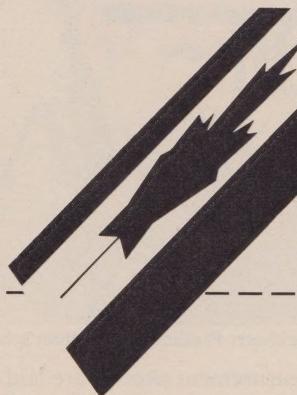
Clark and Carolyn Harris  
Nepean, Ont.

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# Preparing for the flood

**A**pril, 1973, was mild in New Brunswick, but it followed a winter of heavy snows. Late in the month, there were still deep drifts in the woods. On April 27, the mercury began to rise to heights more typical of May, reaching 15°C in Edmundston. Overnight, as temperatures hovered well above freezing, clouds sweeping north along the Atlantic seaboard began dropping rain over thousands of square miles of northeastern New Brunswick, Maine and Quebec. Over the next three days, 10 cm of rain fell to join the runoff from melting snow.

Within hours, already overburdened streams began to rise beyond the flood point. Bridges buckled and highways slumped under the onslaught of water. Frightened people abandoned homes and businesses.

When they returned, days later, they found at best a sodden shambles. The picturesque, slow-moving, "tame" Saint John River had done \$20 million worth of damage in less than 72 hours.

The destructive potential of unleashed water has changed very little since the Almighty reportedly employed it to erase sin from the Old Testament world. Man's ability to understand, predict and prepare for floods, on the other hand, has changed dramatically in the last decade.

Little can be done to diminish the annual snow-fed freshet along the 450-mile Saint John River. But early forecasts of exactly when and where the river will burst its banks now allow residents of the vulnerable valley to prepare for the flood's assault, saving millions of dollars worth of property and reducing the risk to lives.

The forecasts come from the Saint John River Flood Forecasting Centre, a six year-old, computerized and satellite-equipped early warning agency, funded by Ottawa and the province, and shoehorned into three cramped rooms in a suite of government offices in Fredericton. Here during flood season, Jerry Lockhart directs a team of half a dozen specialists who start arriving at five each morning to sift information from half a continent for clues to the river's state and likely behavior.

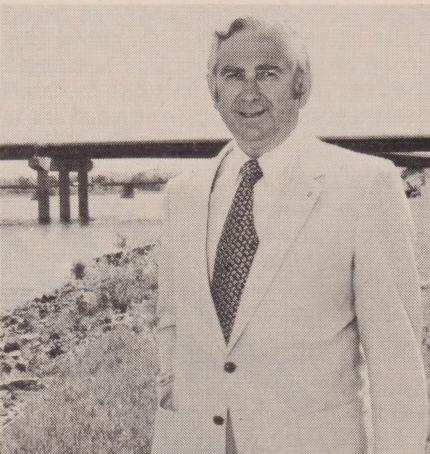
With its 26,000 square miles of surface, 60 sizable tributaries, a constricted outlet at the Reversing Falls, and the effects of Bay of Fundy tides that are felt as far upstream as Fredericton, the Saint John River is "the most complex hydraulic-geological system, maybe in the world," Lockhart says.

The atmosphere at the Flood Forecasting centre is a bit like that of a Second World War operations room. Work-

days frequently run 14 or 16 hours. "You can't tolerate any interruption," Lockhart says. "Nobody plans anything for evenings or weekends."

The heart of the exercise is a computer "model" of the Saint John River, programmed to mimic the real river's behavior under different conditions. But the information flood forecast engineer Pat Tang feeds at least once a day into the SSARR (Streamflow Synthesis and Reservoir Regulation) program comes from a network of sources that includes backyard weather-watchers, contacts in nine agencies of two countries, and even a geo-stationary satellite poised 36,000 km above the equator.

Work begins in mid-winter, when the centre joins other U.S. and Canadian agencies at the Eastern Snow Conference to measure the season's accumulated snowfall. Sixty "snow courses" — snow



Lockhart: Predicting the river's behavior

measurement sites — are laid out in key drainage areas of the Saint John River, in Maine, Quebec and New Brunswick. "Every two weeks you send an observer out," Lockhart explains. "They take samples that give you the snow depth and the amount of water in the snow. We analyse it here and produce a snow map."

Satellite photographs, provided by the American National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration (aptly nicknamed NOAA) augment the information from the snow courses.

How fast the snow pack will melt, releasing water to the river, depends largely on weather. The centre's flood forecasts require the most precise possible warning of coming cold snaps, heat waves, or, worst of all for flooding, rain.

That information comes, updated as often as three times daily, from centre weatherman Don Murray. One wall of his office is covered with clipboards

holding the latest weather data from some 70 reporting stations: YCL (Charlo), WTQ (Truro), YCH (Chatham). Another is papered with weather maps, spaghetti-like swirls of isobars and system fronts concealing forecasts for 24, 36 and 48 hours ahead. From the mass of incoming data, occasionally augmented by radar reports from the U.S. Air Force base at Loring, Me., Murray produces custom weather forecasts for the Saint John River Valley.

One final vital bit of information is needed to add to knowledge of snow and weather: How much water is already in the river. Almost three dozen automated monitoring stations dot the river and its main tributaries, several so isolated their messages are relayed to Fredericton by satellite. More information comes in from operators at the four major hydro dams along the river's length, and from volunteers.

Within as little as seven seconds (more commonly it takes 10 minutes), the centre's computer issues predictions of water volumes at more than 35 points along the river, for as far ahead as five days. A second program (with the whimsical sounding name of DWOPER, pronounced d'wopper) translates that into more familiar measurements of feet or metres.

DWOPER can predict the arrival of a 20-foot flood peak at Maugerville, a low-lying hamlet south of Fredericton, to within six hours and half a metre of river height.

Forecasts go to several other agencies for action. Forest rangers get early warning to stop moose from using the Trans-Canada Highway to get to dry ground. The provincial Emergency Measures Organization alerts homeowners in vulnerable areas. The RCMP can decide whether to close certain stretches of highway.

Spring is the centre's busiest time, but not the only one when floods can threaten. In August, 1981, a flash flood washed away equipment installing a pipeline across the river at Edmundston. "We're monitoring weather year-round," Lockhart says, "in case a hurricane comes up, or a heavy storm comes up."

The centre's accuracy has drawn observers from as far away as India and Colombia to learn the secrets of forecasting floods. Those secrets are partly borrowed (U.S. Army engineers developed the SSARR) and partly homegrown, but people at the centre share them willingly.

In an era when floods still strike terror in the most civilized of breasts (as witness the floods along the Exploits River in western Newfoundland earlier this year), the Saint John centre is not merely saving millions of dollars or even simply saving lives. It is pushing back the borders of one of man's primeval fears — fire, famine, pestilence and flood.

—Chris Wood

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# The "dish" that offers TV's pie in the sky

*Can't get the cable? With the right kind of home antenna bringing you hundreds of channels, you'll never need it*

Partly because a third of Atlantic Canada still gets no cable TV, a booming market may soon open for inexpensive, dish-shaped antennas to enable tens of thousands of Maritimers and Newfoundlanders to receive programs directly from satellites. A boost to the business in March was the federal government's drastic relaxation on the regulations governing home ownership of the receivers.

Explanations: If you live in a cable-TV area and choose to buy the service, the cable company feeds you certain shows. By paying more money, you may get pay TV through the same cable company. Signals for pay TV channels shoot from earth to a satellite in the sky, which bounces them back to a receiver-dish at the cable company. The company then distributes the signals to TV sets in households that pay for the service. But the fact that you can't, or won't, subscribe to the cable no longer means you're doomed to live without satellite television. You can now buy your own home equivalent of the cable company's receiver-dish.

Further explanations: Put simply, a TV signal travels in a straight line from its source. Since the earth curves, conventional signals disappear over the horizon about 80 km from their ground-based transmitters. Satellite signals, however, zoom skyward to "a mirror" which returns them to earthbound receivers. That's why it is that, here and there across Atlantic Canada, satellite receiver-dishes are already popping up on rooftops and in backyards.

Still further explanations: More than a dozen huge, mirroring satellites hover 22,300 miles above the earth, and each one can bounce back signals from 24 TV channels. That means that anyone with a good enough receiver-dish — and the will and skill to aim it — may pick up well over 200 channels. It also means that the production and sale of the receivers is picking up steam not only in Atlantic Canada but also across North America.

The antenna itself is a large reflective dish. Its size determines how much signal it captures. It focuses the signal

on a "feed horn," the tip of an electronic conversion system, above the dish's centre. From the feed horn, the signal moves through electronic components which strengthen it for use in your television set, and also reduce static. Firms that sell dishes in Atlantic Canada buy the components in the States and Ontario. Until recently, prices were prohibitive, but competition among manufacturers has been so fierce that a dish-antenna that cost more than \$100,000 in 1976 now costs only \$2,000 in some markets.

EST Systems, a Halifax firm which began wholesale distribution of assembled dishes in March, claims it has been deluged with orders. Other companies in the business include Housse-Tech of Moncton, and Evening Star, Earth Communications and Cam-Gard, all of Halifax. Similar outfits are popping up throughout the region.

To maximize the reflective power of dishes, some manufacturers make them out of metal, others use wire mesh. Legay Fiberglass of Waverley, which recently began to produce dishes at the rate of four a day, uses aluminized fibreglass. The firm has three moulds and, depending on the size and number ordered, the price can be as low as \$500. That's for

the dish alone, without the electronic components or the "polar mount" on which it sits.

The satellites hover in an arc above the equator. To exploit their huge variety of programming, the viewer must rotate his dish and "aim" it at each in turn, thereby picking up, say, Canadian, American, Soviet, European, Mexican and private signals. Some polar mounts have motors, others are simply cranked around by hand. Several machine shops in Atlantic Canada are making them.

Retail prices of domestic antennas — complete with dish, mount, components, everything you need to start bringing the signals into your home — ran as high as \$7,000 only a year ago. Already, however, they're down to less than half that in some markets and the competition is so hot that the price may continue to dive.

For program suppliers, the coming revolution in TV viewing is both a problem and an opportunity. The recently launched Atlantic Satellite Network, an advertising-supported system, now distributes its programming via cable, but the dish-antennas could increase its audience and thus its ad revenues. After ASN establishes itself on cable television, it may well begin to promote the dishes.

Star Channel, Atlantic Canada's pay TV system, also wants to reach the siz-

able audience that doesn't get cable television. President Finlay MacDonald said at least five organizations had approached Star Channel with proposals to promote direct broadcasting through dishes. Pay TV, however, would still be pay TV. To get its programming, you'd still have to pay Star Channel for a "desyncrambler" to convert its signal so you could see its shows.

Receivers featuring the large circular dish will remain standard for at least two years, but already basement geniuses are at work. Local inventors have hooked up a coat hanger, an electric toaster and a Chinese wok to pull in a satellite signal. As the technology advances, we'll be able to buy receiver-dishes small enough to fit in an attic, offering more than 300 channels. Meanwhile, anyone with a rooftop or backyard receiver-dish is getting not only a slice of television's pie in the sky but also a peek at its future.

— Colin P. Campbell



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# The Ocean Ranger suspense drags on

*Families of men who died in last February's oil rig tragedy may have to wait years before the courts finish thrashing out their claims*

**F**or families of Canadian men who perished in last year's Ocean Ranger disaster off Newfoundland, the U.S. court decision in June was yet another blow: Judge Robert Collins of the U.S. federal court, sitting in New Orleans, dismissed their actions against the owners and operators of the offshore oil rig, on the grounds that the American court was not a convenient forum for the Canadian claims.

But the legal battles in the aftermath of the disaster — which saw all 84 crew members die when the rig sank during a fierce storm 175 miles off St. John's — are far from over. American lawyers acting for the Canadians are appealing the federal court decision. And lawyers for the Canadian claimants have taken action in the Texas state court, the Canadian Federal Court and the Supreme Court of Newfoundland. Unless jurisdictional tangles are solved beforehand, families of the Ocean Ranger victims may have to suffer the spectacle of separate trials going on in four different courts at the same time.

The Ocean Ranger was owned by Ocean Drilling and Exploration Co. (ODECo) of Delaware and was leased to Mobil Oil of Canada Ltd. for exploration in the Hibernia oil field. Sixty-eight of the men who died on the rig were Canadians — 52 from Newfoundland alone — and most of the others were Americans. After the disaster, a swarm of American lawyers descended on St. John's, holed up in local hotels and systematically phoned Newfoundland law firms to urge suits in the U.S. courts. Many of the Newfoundland lawyers who had been retained by families of the victims formed a group to act in concert for their clients.

It wasn't hard to decide to go to the U.S. courts: Damages awarded there would be three to five times greater than in Canada. Leo Barry, whose St. John's law firm represents the kin of a dozen Newfoundland victims, gives an example: "In Canada, damages for the death of a 30-year-old man with a wife and a couple of children, who was making between 20 and 30 thousand dollars a year, might be \$300,000. In American courts, damages could be a million dollars or more, not counting the possibility of punitive damages."

Lawyers for the Canadian claimants retained American counsel with expertise in mass fatality cases and oil rig law. They launched actions in the U.S. federal court against various ODECo and Mobil companies, together with the builder of the Ocean Ranger, Mitsubishi Heavy Industries Ltd. of Japan. These Canadian actions were consolidated with claims by American plaintiffs and came before the court in New Orleans

as a result of objections by the defendants to the court's jurisdiction. Judge Collins ordered that the motions by ODECo and Mobil "to dismiss [the actions] on grounds of *forum non conveniens* are granted as to those actions filed by the American claimants." The Canadians were out of court.

The decision staggered the lawyers. They maintain that it runs counter to established American law and discriminates purely on nationality between victims of the same disaster on the same American flag ship. "The effect of the decision," Barry says, "is to place a greater value on American lives than on Canadian lives on a U.S. vessel." The American lawyers have plenty of incentive to appeal. They're handling the cases on a contingency fee basis: If they win awards of damages, they'll share fees with the Canadian lawyers of 30% of millions of dollars. If they lose, they'll recover nothing for all their time and expenses.

The Newfoundland lawyers, going by investigations into the disaster so far, say they expect the families' claims eventually will succeed, wherever they're heard. The U.S. National Transportation Board, reconstructing events leading to the sinking, concluded that waves broke a porthole in the rig's ballast control room, causing a short circuit in the control console. Valves regulating water entry into some ballast tanks on the port side opened on their own. As the rig's list increased, the crew was unable to override the controls with the manual system, and the Ranger went under. Evidence at the Canadian royal commission hearings into the disaster indicated that crew

members had not been trained adequately. A senior ballast control operator on the rig until 1981 testified that he had received no training for the job, did not know how to override the control panel manually and had not even been aware of that capability when he was on the rig.

ODECo and Mobil initially made offers to settle the claims out of court, but most of the families turned them down, and the companies withdrew the offers last January. Unless they make new offers upon which the lawyers can negotiate acceptable settlements, the cases will proceed in the U.S. and Canadian courts. Several more years may pass by before all jurisdictional snarls, trials and appeals are finally disposed of.

"If the cases drag on that long," says Cle Newhook, executive administrator of the Ocean Ranger Families Foundation in St. John's, "many of the dependents of the disaster victims will find themselves in serious financial need."

Meanwhile, the Ocean Ranger continued to claim lives this June. The Canadian government considered the rig a menace to shipping as it lay upside down in the shallow waters on the continental shelf, and ordered it raised, towed to deeper water and sunk. Accidents during that operation killed three divers.

Some veteran Newfoundland seamen claim the Ocean Ranger is jinxed. Whether that's true or not, this much is certain: For families of the oil rig's dead, the new fatalities revived terrible memories of the February disaster — just as the New Orleans court decision added to their financial worries.

—William Rowe



Barry: His law firm represents kin of a dozen Nfld. victims

## PROFILE

# Waiting for Brian

*A few months ago, P.E.I.'s David MacDonald was sure he'd soon be back in Ottawa's inner power circle. Now his future's up to a Tory leader he doesn't even know*

By Janet Bagnall

**F**or two years now, David MacDonald has been drawing the blueprints for the Second Chance, for the day Joe Clark became, for the second time, prime minister of Canada and MacDonald became, once again, one of Clark's "superministers."

MacDonald's job was to ensure that the Clark government didn't blow it when it arrived victorious to office some time in 1985. MacDonald was in the business of providing the Progressive Conservatives under Clark with private-sector pals, policies to spare and a plan of immediate action, something they lacked in their last, short stint in government in 1979.

Any reasonable person can be forgiven for thinking that David MacDonald, Red Tory, former federal cabinet minister and Prince Edward Island's son, should be out beating the bushes for another job.

Joe Clark's defeat at the hands of Brian Mulroney at the Conservatives' leadership convention June 11 has signalled an end to MacDonald's appointment as Clark's policy-maker.

But, by late summer, MacDonald was there still, in his office in the cool, quiet Opposition leader's floor, drawing up policy initiatives for nobody in particular; he was just another high-profile Clark supporter wondering if Mulroney means it when he says there'll be no purge, and if Mulroney really does mean it, does the no-purge rhetoric specifically include him?

MacDonald doesn't know Brian

Mulroney and Brian Mulroney doesn't know him, and in this non-relationship is contained MacDonald's hope for another kind of second chance.

He's waiting for his "talk" with Mulroney, the Montreal businessman who was not MacDonald's first choice of party leader. Depending on that talk, MacDonald, at age 47, is looking at a political career that is either over or rekindled. "If Mulroney's neutral or opposed to me, I won't run for office again," he says. "If he's enthusiastic, I'll run." When MacDonald talks about enthusiasm, he's talking cabinet-level enthusiasm.

First elected as a MP in the Island riding of Prince (now Egmont) at age 28, by 1980 MacDonald had served 15 years in federal politics. In the minority Tory government, he reached his zenith, a

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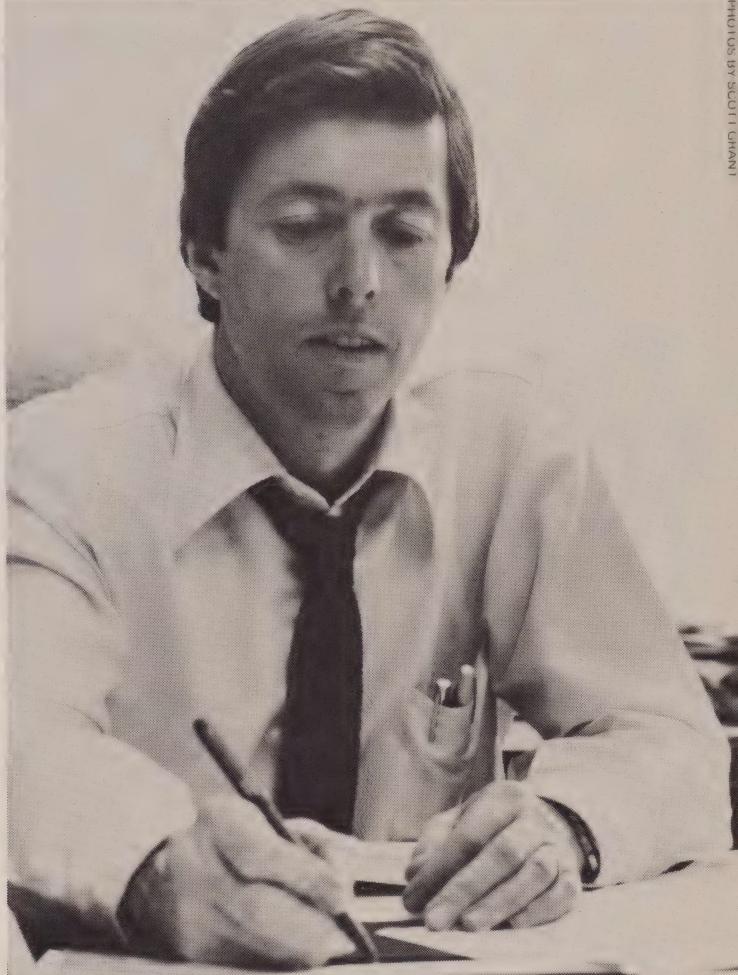
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MacDonald: Drawing up policy initiatives for nobody in particular

minister of two, nearly three portfolios — secretary of state, minister of Communications and minister responsible for the status of women.

In February, 1980, Joe Clark's government was swept out and David MacDonald was swept out with it. The down-home folk in Egmont riding were saying they had had enough. When their elected representative was quoted in the newspapers, they wanted him to be talking about fish, not satellite receivers. They elected George Henderson, a Liberal, who prides himself on "grassroots" constituency work, the kind of politician, says MacDonald, who is always photographed handing government cheques to constituency groups.

MacDonald says he could not go back to that kind of political work. "I won't run for the sake of running," he said. "I can't be a backbencher again. It would be like starting all over."

If he does run, it will be in Ottawa. He won't go back to Egmont riding. MacDonald is not the kind of Maritimer who views his life "away" as a purgatory to be traversed before coming home to heaven. "There's a tremendous sense of community in a place like Prince Edward Island," he says. "You know everyone; everyone knows you and that provides security and emotional well-being. But there's a dark side to it. There's an incredible sense of suffocation and incredible limitations set on people. You can't ask Frank Brown to do something because his father could never do it and his grandfather couldn't either."

As he talks about the Island, it's not hard to see him as the boy from back home. With his easy smile and slightly dated wardrobe, he has the freshness, candor and friendliness that tourist agencies all over the Maritimes tell us is part of the charm of Atlantic Canada.

He tells a story about his courtship with his wife, Sandra, the daughter of Harris Rogers, who twice ran as an Island Liberal candidate in federal elections. "I remember she said to me, 'I like you and I realize we're getting serious, but the thought of marrying a MacDonald appals me.' And I understood perfectly what she meant. In her Island world, MacDonalds weren't people you took seriously."

The world MacDonald moved into took him seriously. At first, there were interested reports on this young United Church minister who unexpectedly won the riding from Liberal cabinet minister J. Watson MacNaught, who, as MacDonald puts it, "brought in half Lester Pearson's cabinet" to help him campaign.

Later, in 1970, he stood alone in the House of Commons to vote against second reading of the War Measures Act, which Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau introduced to combat terrorist acts by the Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ). The vote cemented his reputation as a



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## PROFILE

man of principle.

He, Flora MacDonald, MP for Kingston and the Islands, and Gordon Fairweather, now head of the Canadian Human Rights Commission, formed the Red Tory trio and were called "the conscience of the Conservative party."

In his role as "superminister" under Clark, MacDonald left positive impressions and contributions. Doris Anderson was head of the federal Advisory Council on the Status of Women when he was minister responsible for the status of women. "He was tremendous, great," says Anderson, now president for the National Action Committee on the Status of Women, Canada's largest women's group. "He was a vast improvement over his successor, Lloyd Axworthy. David was prompt, decisive. He doubled our budget. He was sensitized to the issues affecting women."

The Liberals viewed MacDonald's contribution to the Canadian cultural scene as a tricky legacy that they'd have preferred to ignore. But they couldn't, faced with an arts community whose expectations were raised by MacDonald's initiatives to find a way to resolve its perpetual financial crisis. He set in motion the controversial Applebaum-Hebert commission on culture and the Liberals now have to deal with the thorny issues that report has raised.

In the painful months after his election defeat, MacDonald worked in the field of public policy, producing reports for private organizations such as the Toronto based Institute for Research on Public Policy. He also taught at the University of Prince Edward Island.

In 1981 came an offer that seemed tailor-made to his interests: He was invited to become executive-director of the freshly minted Futures Secretariat, which then External Affairs minister Mark MacGuigan said would be an agency to "inform and involve Canadians in the great issues of the developing world."

This exercise in Canadian education — still dragging about somewhere on paper — proved a fiasco, and no one emerged with his reputation untarnished, even MacDonald, who was sought precisely for his reputation and prestige. Nearly everyone involved had distinct and seem-

ingly incompatible ideas and agendas about what the secretariat would accomplish and at what speed. The *coup de grâce* came before the consensus. The federal Treasury Board refused to continue funding it: No plans, no action, no more money.

To date, hostility appears to be the secretariat's longest-lasting product. Kurt Swinton, an Austrian-born Toronto businessman, was chairman of the secretariat's board of directors. It was he who proposed MacDonald for the job. Shortly after MacDonald's appointment, Swinton began lobbying for his removal. Swinton cannot discuss the episode coherently: "Please, young lady. Please do not talk to me about that. I have

NOTHING good to say about that man [MacDonald]."

MacDonald says he was "enough of a Pollyanna" to believe that the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) would allow the secretariat some "legitimacy" to make a real contribution to Canadian involvement in developing nations. MacDonald believes CIDA viewed the secretariat primarily as its public relations department, a body that would confine itself to celebrating CIDA's deeds. He is polite and determined on the subject where Swinton sputters angrily. MacDonald just doesn't plan to get involved in another Liberal "let's try this" project.

If Brian Mulroney has nothing more to offer him than a pat on the back, he says, he'll probably take up a long-standing offer from an interdenominational church organization called the Inter-Church Communications Group. It wants to set up a model of a television series that would be broadcast on the religious programming station the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) recently has approved.

MacDonald, who now works with the group as a volunteer, describes the project as a "values-based television series that would include variety, children's programming and news documentary."

But that's a decision to be made in the future, after he learns from Mulroney which way the wind is blowing. A few months ago, he was sure he and Joe Clark were headed together back into power. "You can't make too many contingency plans," he says. "After a point, it's not realistic."

At the end of the interview, he's standing in front of the Wellington Building, across the street from Parliament Hill, thinking about Prince Edward Island. His four children love the Island; they love their summer home on Stanhope Beach, that beautiful stretch of white sand and endless horizon where time seems to stand still.

MacDonald seems to be seeing that, not the tourists and taxis that clog the street going by the Parliament buildings. "You can't live on nostalgia, can you?" he says, finally.



Not hard to see MacDonald as the boy from back home

# Kindergartens are coming. Do parents want them?

*Many New Brunswickers are starting to wonder if they really want the provincial government to deliver on a promise that helped get it elected*

**I**t was hard to find anyone in New Brunswick last fall with doubts about the merits of kindergarten. New Brunswick is one of only two Canadian provinces (the other is Prince Edward Island) without universal public kindergarten. But educators are unanimous in extolling the virtues of a kindergarten year, and all three major N.B. political parties promised universal kindergartens during last fall's provincial election campaign.

But this month, as the province's six-year-olds head, for what is supposed to be the last time, into Grade 1 without its benefits, New Brunswick parents still don't know what shape the promised kindergartens will take. And many are beginning to wonder whether kindergartens, at least as conceived by Fredericton, are worth it.

Few, certainly, are entirely content with the present system. As many as 60% of New Brunswick five-year-olds may attend some form of "kindergarten." But, according to Education Department spokesman Robert Steeves, no standards are imposed on the province's 200-odd private and community kindergartens: "There's no regulation governing them at all. A lady can take in six kids on the block and start running a kindergarten. The only regulations she's operating under are the fire marshal's. We know nothing about it at all."

In April, six months after the election, N.B. Education Minister Clarence Cormier unveiled his proposals for bringing scores of unregulated kindergartens under public control. By 1984, kindergarten would be available for all children who turned five before September. It would be compulsory for children who turned six before September.

Kindergarten classes would run for as long as 4½ hours, on the same calendar as regular school. Local school boards would operate the kindergartens, but might use some facilities belonging to private or co-op kindergartens. The province would set the standards to be met by kindergartens and kindergarten

teachers.

In a curious aside to his kindergarten proposals, Cormier added that he was thinking of dropping Grade 12 from the province's curriculum — presumably to cut costs — leaving students with a 12-year school career, even after kindergarten had been added before Grade 1.

However popular the kindergarten promise may have been earlier with voters, Cormier's proposals came under instant fire. School boards questioned the \$22- to \$30-million anticipated cost of kindergartens, at a time when their budgets for regular school programs were being savagely slashed. The New



Cormier: His kindergarten plans are under fire

Grade 12 and adding kindergartens under school boards' control, it was argued, amounted to no more than sliding the regular school-starting age forward a year. Cormier's plan to make kindergartens compulsory was a further sore point.

Cormier has since dropped one of his proposals and begun backpedalling on another. He now insists kindergartens will not be merely an earlier start to Grade 1, and will not be linked to a "compressed" high school curriculum. Nor will they be compulsory.

The Education minister isn't yet willing to go as far as the province's Advisory Council on the Status of Women would like, integrating kindergarten with day care centres, "after-school care" and the first years of public school, under a Commission for Early Childhood Services governing, as council spokesman Rosella Melanson puts it, "all the services children get, as citizens, up to age eight."

But Marian Cosman, one of Cormier's key advisers on kindergartens, allays fears expressed by the N.B. Day Care Association that the tone of New Brunswick's kindergartens will be too academic. "You would expect the youngsters would know colors, letters of the alphabet. But not as specific objectives, but because of the environment you create."

Kindergartens, Cosman says, will "capitalize on youngsters' inclination to play," to accustom children to working in groups under a teacher's direction, laying the groundwork for the more rigorous discipline of the regular classroom. Teachers in kindergartens, she adds, will need skills "very different" from those called for in higher grades. Whether the province's 120 unemployed licensed teachers will be considered qualified to teach kindergarten, or will need upgrading courses, remains to be decided.

The question of teachers' qualifications is one of several Cormier spent the summer studying, along with critics' reaction to his April proposals. A definitive blueprint for New Brunswick kindergartens, Cormier has promised, will be unveiled during the fall.

In the meantime, New Brunswick parents can be forgiven a measure of confusion about what kind of experience little Jane and Johnny face in a year's time. And perhaps more than a measure of doubt about whether it will turn out to be exactly what they had in mind, when they voted for it 11 months ago.

—Chris Wood

Brunswick Francophone School Trustees Association called Cormier's idea of kindergarten "a bad joke." The N.B. Day Care Association said the proposals "demonstrate very clearly that [Cormier's planners] don't know what kindergarten is." Even the Board of Trade of Saint John weighed in with the opinion that Cormier's kindergarten would do more damage than good to New Brunswick students.

Most critics concentrated on three of Cormier's key proposals. The 4½-hour classes, they said, would be too long for most five-year-olds, especially when many rural children have to spend as long as another hour on a bus travelling to and from the kindergarten. Dropping

# Sorry. Islanders need not apply

*You can make good money fishing crab off the shores of P.E.I. — unless, of course, you're an Islander*

Lobster fisherman Jim Reggie MacDonald of Souris, P.E.I., says it's a known fact: To own a crab licence is to have "a licence to print money." MacDonald lives 300 yards from the wharf. All through the 1982 season, he watched as fishermen from New Brunswick landed thousands of pounds of the luxury shellfish at his doorstep. But because he lives in P.E.I., he can't get a licence to catch them.

"We're sitting in the middle of it [the snow crab fishery] and everybody all around is taking advantage of it," he says. "I don't think it's right for us to be the only province without a licence. It's not fair."

In the arcane world of fisheries regulations, fair is not always the watch-

word. The Island pioneered the crab fishery in the mid- and late-Sixties. As many as 15 boats fished for crab then, and the provincial government promoted several experimental projects. But when prices dropped and the Island's only crab-processing plant closed in 1968, Island fishermen lost interest and stopped going after crab. When the Department of Fisheries and Oceans (DFO) decided to regulate the crab fishery in the mid-Seventies, it gave several hundred licences to fishermen in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Quebec, who had continued to catch crab. At the time, there was little outcry from the Island. Prices were still low and the crab fishery required a fairly steep investment in boats and equipment.

But in recent years, the crab fishery has become very lucrative indeed. With the collapse of the king crab fishery in Alaska, and an expanding market in Japan, prices paid to fishermen rose from 26 cents a pound in 1982 to 80 cents a pound in 1983. And more knowledge has improved the efficiency of the crab fishery: Traps are larger, and fishermen have a better idea where to find crab. Because of the great profits to be made, very few licences are inactive, and the hard workers fish straight through the season, from May to November (there's a break in midsummer when the crabs

are moulting), even at night. As a result, annual landings in the southwest Gulf of St. Lawrence have increased dramatically, from 4,600 metric tonnes in 1975 to more than 28,500 metric tonnes in 1982.

Cape Bald, N.B., fisherman Romeo Cormier says it's a good business. He lands 25,000 to 30,000 pounds of crab every couple of days. Jim Reggie MacDonald estimates he could increase his income by 500% with a crab licence. In New Brunswick, crab is a multimillion-dollar industry, providing employment to hundreds of plant workers, as well as fishermen and crew.

There's no indication yet that crabs are being overfished, but because of the tremendous rate of increase in landings, DFO froze the number of crab licences in 1978, and although P.E.I. has applied repeatedly for entry into the fishery, it's been refused every time.

What's even more galling for Island fishermen is that New Brunswick boats catch crab under their noses. The Bradelle Bank, between P.E.I. and the Magdalen Islands, is teeming with crab, as is the Orphan Bank, farther north off the entrance to Chaleur Bay. Crab are highly perishable, and the faster they can be transferred to a processing plant, the better. In 1982, nine New Brunswick fishing outfits found time and fuel could be saved by making their landings on the Island. In so doing, they brought unloading jobs, purchased fuel and food, and stayed in hotels in Souris. But their presence also reminded local fishermen of what they were missing. Pressure mounted on the Island government and the feds to issue crab licences to Islanders. More than 300 applications are now on file.

This spring, a group of Souris fishermen took out their frustration on one of the New Brunswick boats. The 65-foot *Sir Eldon*, owned by Stephen Ellis of Bathurst, N.B., had been landing crab in Souris. One day in late April, more than a dozen angry fishermen greeted the *Sir Eldon* as it approached the dock. Ellis' wife, Diane, was also on the boat. "They made it clear they didn't want us to land," says Diane Ellis. "I don't know what lengths they would have gone to. There was some talk of cutting the boat loose."

Violence is not unknown in the fishing industry. Ellis took the fishermen at their word and landed his catch at the nearby port of Georgetown. But unloading facilities there proved inconvenient, and he began returning to Caraquet to unload and refuel.

Lloyd MacDonald of Souris, who's been buying for several New Brunswick processing plants for about six years, first brought the crab boats to Souris. It was a good business for MacDonald, and for the 54 people he employed last year to unload crab and pack it into boxes with ice for shipment to New Brunswick. But the incident on the wharf scared away Ellis and other New Brunswick captains.

"It ruined me," MacDonald says. "It took me six years to get enough boats coming in here to make a profit, and they [the fishermen on the wharf] stopped it in five minutes. We paid out about \$120,000 in wages last year, and the next thing to nothing this year."

MacDonald was able to coax one New Brunswick fisherman, Romeo Cormier, into continuing to land in Souris. "I didn't know what would happen," Cormier says. "I thought maybe they would burn the boat. But I went back, and nobody touched me."

The facts that the crab boats aren't landing at Souris, that Souris fishermen can't get licences to fish crab, and that Souris workers aren't processing anger Souris Mayor Keith MacKenzie. "There's no reason for them not to grant a few licences when stocks are increasing," he says. He kept records last year, showing that more than three million pounds of crab were landed in Souris.

"Our inshore hasn't made a damn cent all spring. You can understand how they get cross, when they see the New Brunswick boats coming in." But even so, he says, most fishermen would prefer to see the New Brunswick boats back in the harbor. They realize that the town sorely misses the jobs and extra money the crab boats used to bring in.

Things may improve for Souris. Joseph Landry, owner of Cape Bald Packers in New Brunswick, says he plans to send two or three boats to Souris this fall if the season reopens. But Landry's long-term plan is to beef up his buying station in North Rustico, a small village on the Island's north shore. He hopes to get the wharf upgraded there. North Rustico is even closer to the Orphan Bank than Souris is, and it's closer to the ferry at Borden.

If Landry succeeds in moving the crab boats to North Rustico, Jim Reggie MacDonald will have the cold comfort of not having to watch as the New Brunswickers unload crab in an Island port. But he still has no assurance that he'll be able to take part in the fishery just outside his doorstep.

— Susan Mahoney

Lloyd MacDonald:  
Instant ruin

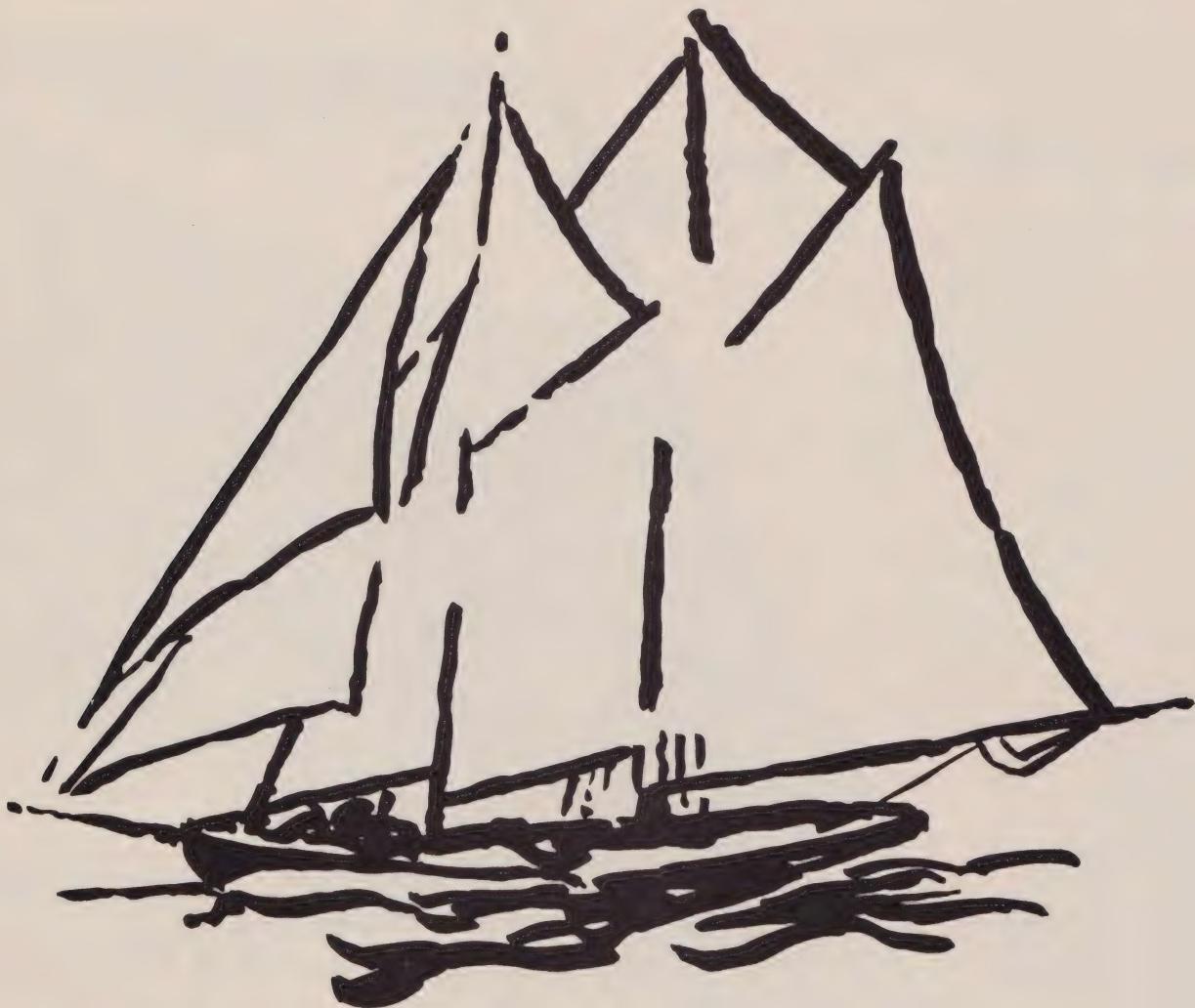


GORDON JONES

Seventies, it gave several hundred licences to fishermen in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Quebec, who had continued to catch crab. At the time, there was little outcry from the Island. Prices were still low and the crab fishery required a fairly steep investment in boats and equipment.

But in recent years, the crab fishery has become very lucrative indeed. With the collapse of the king crab fishery in Alaska, and an expanding market in Japan, prices paid to fishermen rose from 26 cents a pound in 1982 to 80 cents a pound in 1983. And more knowledge has improved the efficiency of the crab fishery: Traps are larger, and fishermen have a better idea where to find crab. Because of the great profits to be made, very few licences are inactive, and the hard workers fish straight through the season, from May to November (there's a break in midsummer when the crabs

# ST. JOHN'S



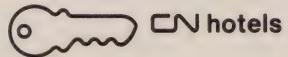
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# What's next for enigmatic Elmer?

*Central Nova's former MP is full of surprises. Stay tuned*

**H**e is an enigma wrapped in a riddle and surrounded by a conundrum. Elmer MacKay, 46, the once and — quite possibly — future member of Parliament for Central Nova, isn't easy to figure out, even for those who say they know him well. "He's close, God he's close," says a former political colleague.

When MacKay suddenly announced in June, for example, that he was abandoning the northern Nova Scotia seat he'd held for 12 years so new Tory leader Brian Mulroney would have a safe riding in which to run, even his own constituents "were in a state of shock," says Jack MacIsaac, Nova Scotia's Labor minister and an MLA from the area.

After all, MacKay was not only an able and extremely popular local politician who came home almost every weekend to tend to constituency affairs but also a former cabinet minister and early supporter of Mulroney's leadership bid. He could quite legitimately expect a key cabinet post if he remained in his place and the party won the next election. "But then," MacIsaac adds, "after you stopped to analyse Elmer's decision for a little while, it didn't seem like such a surprise after all."

Hadn't MacKay been protesting — from the time he went to Ottawa in a byelection in 1971 through four more successful re-election victories — that he didn't even want to be in politics? And wasn't he the least personally ambitious politician anyone in Pictou County could recall?

MacKay's own explanation is disarmingly simple. "Central Nova," he says, "was the one constituency we had in the country where Brian had roots. And from a party point of view, I felt it was important to seize the moment and not give Pierre Trudeau the chance to decide our future for us."

What about his own future? "Oh I don't know," he offers casually. "Taking a sabbatical just seemed to make sense at the time. That's all."

To outsiders, MacKay is an unfathomable contradiction: He's the country-loving farm boy who talks wistfully about abandoning politics for his beloved acres of woods while plunging deeper into the Ottawa political pool as Brian Mulroney's newly appointed chief political adviser. He's the civil libertarian opposition muckraker who blew the whistle on government excess even as he cosied up to right-wing zealots like former Toronto Sun editor Peter Worthington. He's the compassionate constituency politician who, according to a

former aide, "would break his ass to help some fisherman on the eastern shore," then break bread with the South African ambassador. And he's the bright, articulate lawyer who often talks about issues like the cruise missile with what one reporter calls "Commies-under-the-beds simplicity."

The son of a lumber baron in Lorne, 16 km from New Glasgow, MacKay had toyed with urban living during short stints at law school in Halifax and while working for a lumber company in Edmonton. But less than a year after heading west, MacKay came home to open the New Glasgow law practice. Over the next decade, he helped his



ROBERT GOURLEY

**MacKay: An unfathomable contradiction**

father expand the family business and built a solid local reputation "defending the little guy and speaking up for victims of injustice," according to Jack MacIsaac.

MacKay, who insists he had "no intention" of ever running for public office, changed his mind because of a meeting with Robert Stanfield, one of his heroes, after the 1971 byelection was called. "He said, 'It's not an easy life and you may not like it,'" MacKay remembers, "but it's important for the country that you do it." What could I say to that?"

As an MP, MacKay began asking what he considered reasonable, lawyerly questions in the House of Commons. When the government refused to answer them, MacKay didn't get mad, he got even. He asked even more carefully researched, even more penetrating questions. The result was a series of acutely

embarrassing scandals: MacKay opened the Pandora's box of the Skyshops affair, stirred up a public furor over Otto Lang's attempt to transport his children's nanny on a government plane and embarrassed Jean-Pierre Goyer with the revelation that the cabinet minister had illegitimately used his Air Canada pass to take a lady friend on a plane trip.

But MacKay's revelations may have revealed as much about MacKay as they did about the government: He has a very clear sense of right and wrong, and he is dogged about righting wrongs. He is not a man to be crossed lightly.

Even by Tories. In 1970, when the then-Tory provincial government's Lands and Forests Department did something to displease him, for example, MacKay, a lifelong Tory, refused to send his woodworkers to vote. The local Tory candidate lost by just 17 votes, and the Conservative government fell for lack of one seat.

That lesson, however, was lost on Joe Clark. Though MacKay, as minister of Regional Economic Expansion, didn't complain when he was left out of Clark's important inner cabinet, many think the snub rankled. Later, after Clark shuffled MacKay's deputy minister over his objections, an associate recalls, "Elmer's eyes went really hard and this cloud seemed to pass over his head. But he didn't say anything except, 'Well, it's his nickel.' That's all."

After the Tories lost the 1980 election, however, MacKay was one of the first MPs to jump ship, telling Clark he thought a leadership convention was needed to "clear the air."

While others regarded Brian Mulroney's failure to have run for office as a liability, MacKay saw it as a plus. "He wasn't tainted by being a professional politician," he says. "He could come in with a fresh approach as a kind of citizen legislator."

He says he's not sure what he'll be doing as the leader's principal adviser. "I'll do whatever he wants," MacKay shrugs. "It doesn't matter. Titles don't mean anything to me."

He is equally non-committal about the question of whether he will run again in the next federal election if, as expected, Brian Mulroney seeks a seat in Quebec. To a reporter from *The Globe and Mail*, MacKay says he doubts "very much that I will ever run again." In response to the same question from *Atlantic Insight*, however, MacKay allows that "if the seat comes open, I may very well want to take another shot at it."

Elmer MacKay is still as "close" as ever.

— Stephen Kimber

# The east-coast Jews: How a tiny minority survives

*Surviving can mean flying in kosher meat from Montreal.  
Sending your kids to Jewish summer camp and Hebrew classes.  
And resisting constant pressure to melt into the mainstream*

By Stephen Kimber

**M**urray Schwartz was worried. His nine-year-old daughter was going to spend her second summer at Camp Kadimah, the Atlantic camp for Jewish children near Bridgewater, N.S., but this year, for the first time, her older brother wasn't going with her. Since the Schwartzes lived in Antigonish where there were few other Jews, none of his daughter's neighborhood friends would be going either. Schwartz wondered if she'd be lonely.

She told him she'd be fine. "It's the only time I don't feel left out," she explained matter-of-factly.

"She wasn't saying she had a bad time at home," Schwartz is quick to add. "She was just articulating the point that when she was with other Jewish kids at camp, she could say anything she wanted — she could say, 'My bubba and zaideh [grandmother and grandfather] are coming to visit,' for instance — and they would understand what she meant. She could be comfortable at Camp Kadimah in a way she couldn't in Antigonish with her non-Jewish friends."

Schwartz pauses. "Ninety-five percent of the time," he says, "there's absolutely no problem being a Jew in a non-Jewish environment. But that 5% can be an important 5%."

Sheva Medjuck thinks so too.

There were any number of sound scholarly reasons for Medjuck, a sociologist at Halifax's Mount Saint Vincent University, to study the Jews of Atlantic Canada. In the past, when sociologists looked at how minority groups flourished or disappeared in the North American cultural shuffle, they inevitably focused on life in the teeming ethnic ghettos of big cities. There were weighty academic treatises on the Jewish experience in Montreal and Winnipeg, but virtually nothing about the Jews of Atlantic Canada.

Surely, Medjuck reasoned, hanging on to your ethnic identity in Antigonish, where there are just five Jewish families, must be much more complex and difficult — or at least different — than in Montreal, where there are thousands of Jews, hundreds of ethnic delis and shops, and dozens of synagogues and cultural centres.

That was the professional reason

Medjuck applied to Ottawa in 1980 for funds to study Atlantic Canada's Jews. But there was a personal reason, too.

Medjuck was the rabbi's daughter in Moncton, N.B.'s 80-family Jewish community. As a child, she recalls, she "constantly" had to explain to non-Jewish friends why she wasn't in school on Jewish holidays, why she didn't eat shellfish or pork, why her "Sunday" was on Saturday. Given the unspoken but pervasive social pressures to melt into Moncton's mainstream Christian community — and the ease with which it could have been accomplished — why did Medjuck's Jewishness and her understanding of its importance for her own life remain unshaken?

And although she later realized — while attending university in Montreal and Toronto — that it was not unusual for Jews to live and work and play and worship surrounded by other Jews, why did she still happily choose to return to what would be, culturally, a far more isolated life in the Maritimes after graduation?

Using the tools of her sociologist's trade, Medjuck set out to answer those and other questions. Mostly, she wanted to know how she and Atlantic Canada's 5,000 other Jews — making up less than 1% of the region's population and scattered in isolated pockets from Yarmouth, N.S., to Corner Brook, Nfld. — had managed to keep their religion and culture alive for so long, and what that might mean for their future.

Atlantic Canada's Jewish connection is surprisingly old. In 1677, in fact, Labrador was first claimed for England by a Jewish merchant-adventurer. Sixty years later, a group of French Jews apparently tried and failed to establish a settlement in Prince Edward Island. The first documented case of Jewish settlement in Atlantic Canada, however, is in Nova Scotia where a group of 30 Jews arrived in Halifax from the American colonies shortly after its founding in 1749.

What was for more than a century no more than a trickle of Jewish emigration — mostly from Britain — became a flood in the late 1800s and early 1900s as thousands of persecuted eastern European Jews fled their homelands.

Most did little more than give Atlantic Canada a passing glance from the

railroad cars taking them to the more promising Promised Land of central or western Canada. Some, however, did stay — often beginning as pedlars and eventually opening up their own shops — and most Jews in the region today are descended from them.

As a group, Medjuck discovered, they have achieved stunning secular success. More than 70% have been to university (30% have post-graduate degrees) compared with just 10% of the region's total population, and more than half are professionals, compared with 12.9% in the region as a whole.

They've undoubtedly encountered ignorance — "I find it astounding," marvels Gershon Freidlin, a New Yorker who became rabbi at Halifax's Shaar Shalom Synagogue two years ago, "how many normally intelligent, well-meaning people here still don't know the difference between a church and a synagogue!" And they've met anti-Semitism — ranging from the refusal of many employers to hire Jews in the early 1900s to the blackballing of Jews at social clubs like Halifax's Waegwoltic Club in the 1960s to occasional episodes of swastika-painting vandalism today. But the region's Jews generally have been well accepted by the larger society. Samuel Hart, a Liverpool merchant and politician, became the first Jew to serve in a British legislative assembly when he was elected to Nova Scotia's colonial assembly in 1793. More recently, Moncton, Amherst, Halifax and Dartmouth have all elected Jewish mayors; Corner Brook, a Jewish MP.

The future of the region's Jewish community appears in doubt. Many of the region's best and brightest young Jews still move away because of greater economic and cultural opportunities in larger urban centres, and few new Jews are moving here. The Jewish population has remained static for a generation. Worse, nearly a third of the population is now 60 or older — in some places, such as Saint John, N.B., the figure tops 60% — meaning that many once healthy small Jewish communities, such as those in Yarmouth and Glace Bay, are now simply withering away.

But Atlantic Canadian Jews appear determined to do whatever is necessary — setting up an Atlantic Jewish Council, promoting Jewish activities in smaller towns, sending their children to Camp Kadimah, working for Jewish and Zionist causes — to maintain their identity.

Four of five Jews in the region belong to a synagogue, compared with "maybe 40%" in cities such as Montreal. "That doesn't necessarily mean Jews here are more religious than other Jews," Medjuck cautions. "It's just that the synagogue here serves as one of the few ways in which Jews can affiliate with other Jews. The synagogue is a religious

centre, but it's also the place where the basketball team plays its games."

More than half of Atlantic Canadian Jews do something to observe the Sabbath ("even if it's as little as saying the traditional blessing over the wine and then lighting the Sabbath candles before going out to the movies") and nearly two-thirds observe at least some Jewish dietary laws. Medjuck says these observances probably have less to do with religion than with a desire to demonstrate "to themselves as well as to outsiders that they are different and that they are proud of it."

**Y**armouth lawyer Irving Pink brings in his meat supplies, frozen, by air freight from Montreal several times a year to maintain a kosher home (keeping "kosher," which literally means fit or proper, involves following a series of religious rules about what foods to eat and how they must be prepared and served) but he doesn't complain. "We maintain the traditions," he explains simply, "by virtue of the fact we are who we are."

Murray Schwartz admits he didn't

really discover who he was, religiously, until after he moved to Antigonish to teach psychology at St. Francis Xavier University a dozen years ago. In fact, Schwartz, who grew up in a Jewish section of Montreal, believes his Nova Scotia-raised children "may have a better sense of being Jewish than I did. In Montreal, where my friends and the people I knew were all Jewish, and even the newspapers wished us a Happy Hanukkah, I was Jewish by induction. I took it for granted. The paradox is that I became more aware of my Jewishness here, where 99% of the population is Catholic, because people here identified me as somebody different, as a Jew."

Schwartz and his wife knew they wanted to raise their own two children to understand their Jewish heritage, but they realized that, with just four other Jewish families in town and the closest synagogues more than 100 miles away, "we would have to take a very active role in the process ourselves."

Two years ago, they and the town's other Jewish families — all of whom weren't active in organized Jewish life before coming to Antigonish — set up

a Sunday school to teach bible reading, Jewish history and the Hebrew language.

A MACLELLAN  
But Antigonish, like Wolfville, N.S., and other university communities, are exceptions to what Irving Pink sadly calls "the liquidation of the Jewish community in small towns." This decline results partly from the passionate Jewish belief that education is the surest way to a better life. "The older folks weren't educated but they insisted on it for their own children," Pink says. "Then when their children got an education, they found there was no future for them in the small towns they came from, so they spread out to Halifax and Montreal and Vancouver."

Pink returned to Yarmouth after graduation from law school in 1936 "because it was the height of the Depression and you could at least get a

place to stay and something to eat at home," but his own three sons — all lawyers — now live in Halifax. "How many lawyers do you need in one town?" he asks.

The success of Jews in their larger communities has compounded the problem of keeping their culture alive. "If there's a great deal of hostility against you, it forces you to get together as a community," Medjuck says. "But because the Jews have been accepted in Atlantic Canada, because they've permeated all the professions and become part of their larger communities, they face real pressures to assimilate totally, to fit in with their larger community."

But the most serious threat to the Jews' long-term survival, suggests Rabbi Freidlin, may be a lack of will to create "a Jewish presence. There was a time when Halifax was much smaller," he notes, "but was still able to support its own kosher butcher. Today, the community is larger and there are a number of Jews who are prominent in the community, but it can't keep its own butcher anymore. The intense sense of Jewish life that used to be there just isn't there today."

Many smaller Jewish communities, such as the one in Yarmouth, which boasted 50 Jewish families and its own synagogue and kosher butcher until the late 1940s, are disappearing. Yarmouth's has dwindled to about a dozen families and can no longer even afford its own rabbi. Pink sees no hope for a turnaround. "After a while, the parents end up following their children. They decide they want to be near their grandchildren or whatever and so they move to Halifax or Montreal and then, after a while there's no one left."

Halifax now claims nearly half the region's Jews. Moncton is the only other Jewish community in Atlantic Canada to have grown in recent years. It has a vibrant community of 140 families, with programs for teenagers, Hebrew language classes, a senior citizens' group and a Jewish-run pre-school. Recently, the community even advertised for a full-time teacher for its after-school Hebrew classes, now attended by 30 students.

"Four or five years ago, there were only eight children in the classes," recalls Moncton native Irwin Lampert, a lawyer who came home to set up his practice in Moncton after graduation because he preferred life in a small Jewish community "where there is a sense of oneness with the community, a feeling that if people are sick or are having family problems or whatever that the community will be there for them."

But Lampert admits that even the Moncton community's future is far from secure. "Can we keep what we have and build on it?" he frets. "That's the big question."

Sheva Medjuck is cautiously optimistic. "It's a constant source of amazement to me to see how Jews in little communities where there are only five or 10 families work so awfully hard to continue to be Jewish," she says. "When you have that kind of dedication, you have to be hopeful."



Schwartz: Nearest synagogue is more than 100 miles away

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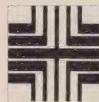
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# Pitney Bowes

# An angry province gets set to turn off the power switch

*If Newfoundland wins its Supreme Court case, it finally will be able to stop the flow of cheap power to Quebec*

The news from the front was bad — Newfoundland had just lost an important battle in its 20-year energy war with Quebec — and Newfoundland Energy Minister William Marshall was angry and disappointed. "The Newfoundland people are determined to have justice regarding Labrador power," he said. "Outrage is growing, resentment is building up, especially among our young people."

That setback occurred in June, when the Newfoundland Supreme Court denied the province's bid to recall 800 megawatts (800,000 kilowatts) of the power it sells to Quebec from the Churchill Falls hydroelectric station in Labrador. Quebec gets the power at extremely low rates under a long-term, 1969 contract that Marshall calls "this rubble of desecration around our necks." But a second court case, this time in the Supreme Court of Canada, is expected to be decided this month. If Newfoundland wins, it eventually will be able to stop the annual flow of 35 billion kilowatt hours of cheap energy to Quebec. Win or lose, the political consequences could be enormous.

The seeds of the Newfoundland-Quebec war were sown in 1961, when Joey Smallwood's administration passed the Churchill Falls (Labrador) Corporation Limited (Lease) Act, giving that company (CFLCo) the 99-year renewable right to harness and transmit power from the Upper Churchill River. For the next several years, Smallwood and Quebec Premier Jean Lesage — whose Energy minister was René Lévesque — wrangled bitterly. Smallwood frequently threatened to create a wholly "Anglo-Saxon route" for transmitting Labrador power: He'd place a submarine cable across the Strait of Belle Isle to Newfoundland, and then across the Cabot Strait to Nova Scotia. When it didn't appear that this would work, he suggested he'd ask Ottawa for permission to ram a transmission line across Quebec; Lesage wondered aloud how Newfoundland proposed to deal with acts of sabotage.

Finally, in 1969, Hydro Quebec and CFLCo signed the contract that led to the construction of the Churchill Falls project at a capital cost of \$930 million. That contract has led to the most recent round of battles. It gives Hydro Quebec the right to virtually all the power

Churchill Falls generates for 65 years (from 1976) at a price that actually declines from less than 3 mills (.3 cents) to 2 mills per kilowatt hour during that period. The contract contains no price-escalation or reopening clauses.

Translating these prices from electricity to oil, Newfoundland maintains that Hydro Quebec receives the equivalent of 55 million barrels of oil every year at an average price of \$1.80 a barrel for the first 40 years and \$1.20 a barrel for the next 20. "The total injustice of the power contract," says Newfoundland and Labrador Hydro chairman Vic Young, "is seen from the fact that even in a depressed world market we are paying about \$28 a barrel for oil for our thermal generating facilities in Newfoundland." Marshall estimates that Hydro Quebec makes \$600 million a year from Churchill Falls power; Newfoundland, only \$10 million.

In 1974, Frank Moores's government bought out Brinco's interest in CFLCo, bringing Newfoundland's holdings up to two-thirds of the company while Hydro Quebec retained its ownership of one-third. The government continued discussions with Quebec on raising the price of Churchill Falls energy and gaining access to some of the power, but Quebec's position has remained simple and firm: A deal is a deal. After all, the Parti Québécois government says, Quebec's completion guarantee on the construction and take-or-pay contract on the power output allowed the Churchill Falls project to go ahead in the first place.

Stonewalled, Newfoundland in 1976 launched its action against Hydro Quebec and CFLCo in the Supreme Court of Newfoundland to recall 800 megawatts of power — the quantity required to make construction of a transmission link from Labrador to the island economically feasible. Newfoundland's action was based on a provision in the 1961 lease between the government and CFLCo "that upon the request of the Government, consumers of electricity in the Province shall be given priority where it is feasible and economic to do so." At the end of the longest trial in the province's history — 99 sitting days — Mr. Justice Goodridge dismissed Newfoundland's action. Its right to recall power "is exercisable only in respect of power in excess of that already committed, and at the present time there is very little, if any,

of that," he ruled. Within hours, Energy Minister Marshall announced that Newfoundland would appeal the judgment.

The court decision was a serious setback for Newfoundland, but it's still awaiting the outcome of a much more important strategic strike in its war with Quebec. In 1980, the Newfoundland legislature passed the Upper Churchill Water Rights Reversion Act. If proclaimed, it would repeal the 1961 lease act and cause all rights leased or granted to CFLCo to revert to the province. The government referred the reversion act to the Newfoundland Court of Appeal for an opinion on its constitutional validity. In 1982, the court unanimously held that the act is valid, but the decision is under appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada. A final ruling is expected this month.

If Canada's highest court upholds the act, Newfoundland — after paying the \$525 million (U.S.) still owing to CFLCo's secured creditors — will be able to stop the flow of Churchill Falls power to Quebec. If Newfoundland loses this court case, the fight with Quebec will continue, "by other means," says Marshall, who won't spell out exactly what he means by that dark statement. "We don't intend to see the fleur-de-lis flying at Churchill Falls," he says.

Marshall represents the attitude of the feds on the entire affair. "The federal government has the paramount power to intervene and assure Newfoundland of her rights," he says. "Yet they have taken a strictly hands-off attitude vis-à-vis Quebec. If Newfoundland were located between Quebec and Ontario — in other words, if our roles were reversed — Newfoundland would not be permitted to sustain the position Quebec has taken, and nor should we be permitted to."

Newfoundland takes some comfort from national Tory leader Brian Mulroney's public statements that the Churchill Falls power contract is inequitable and should be renegotiated. But despite the best intentions of any federal politicians and no matter what the ultimate outcome of the legal battles may be, a mutually acceptable treaty to end the energy war will not be easy to devise.

"We might as well be Afghanistan instead of a sister province in Confederation," Marshall says. "There is an iron curtain between Newfoundland and Quebec."

— William Rowe



LOCKE KELLEY  
Marshall: "Resentment is building up"

# Raise a glass, if you please, to the Dalhousie Law School!

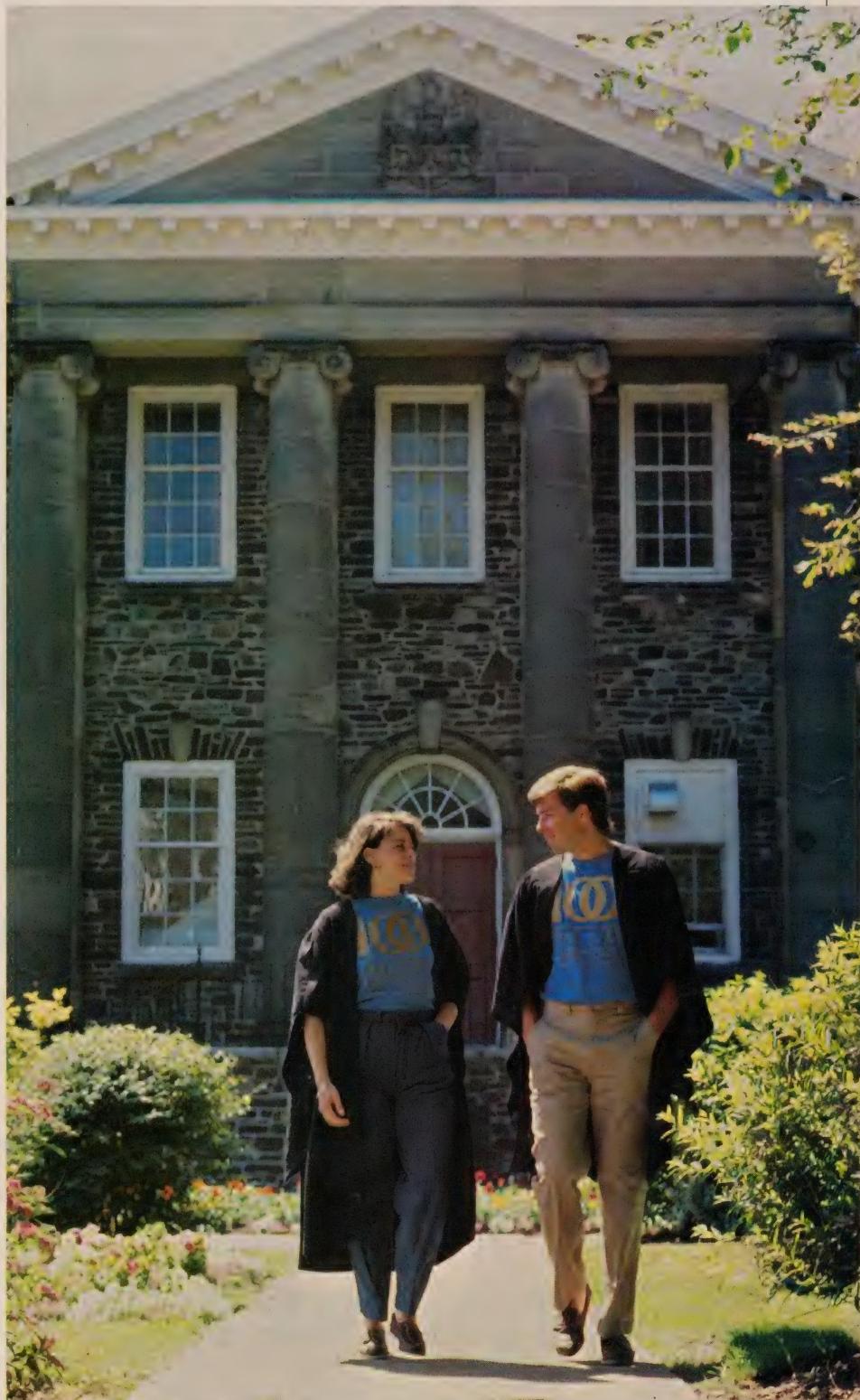
*Like the wonderful one-hoss shay, it was built in such a logical way it ran a hundred years to a day. Its challenge now is how to follow its own amazing act*

By Harry Bruce

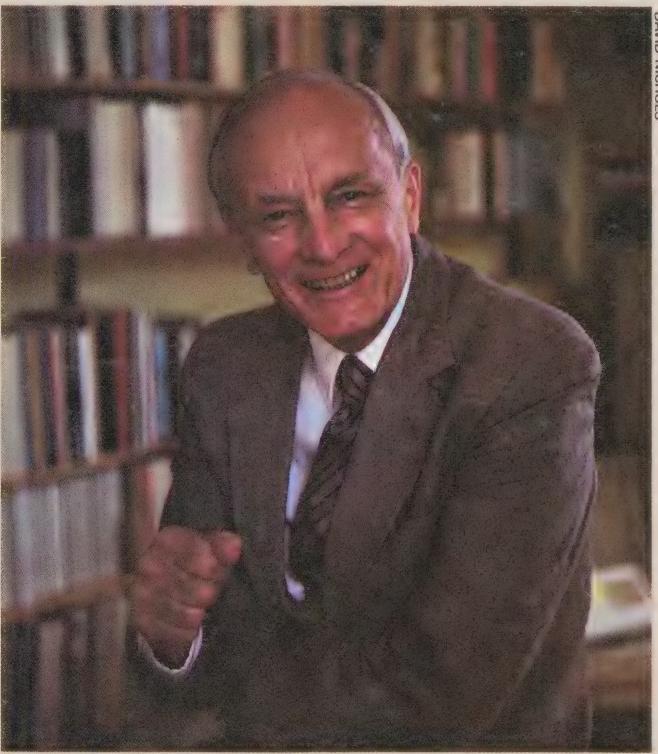
A man who had been exposing his person to females on Argyle Street was caught by Sergt. Meagher and lodged in the Police Station," the Halifax *Morning Chronicle* reported in the autumn of 1883. This Victorian flasher would need a mouthpiece. The paper also said, "An old lady, whose habits appeared to be half and half on the temperate line, was so drunk that she had to be brought in to the station in a handcart, and was sentenced to a \$6 fine or 40 days." One gathered she had not hired legal counsel. Police arrested "Two Very Suspicious Characters believed to be Fenian Agents," who had dynamite and Irish pamphlets in their luggage. Surely they intended to blow up the Governor-General, Lord Lansdowne, who was about to visit Halifax. Those fellows would need a lawyer, too, a *good* lawyer.

The arrest of the nefarious pair was such sensational news that "seldom in the history of Halifax has greater excitement existed." On October 30, however, the very day that a judge committed them for trial, a quieter but ultimately far bigger legal story broke in Halifax, and it would still be unfolding 100 years into the future. For it was on that same drizzly Tuesday that the Faculty of Law of Dalhousie University was born. Better known simply as the Dalhousie Law School, it was the first in the British Empire to educate students in common law. No institution of its size has so profoundly influenced the legal, banking, business and political life of Canada. Indeed, as P.J. O'Hearn (class of '47) recently wrote, "The history of Dalhousie Law School is a key to the understanding of Canada and its evolution in much the same way as are the stories of... Samuel de Champlain, W.L. Mackenzie King, John George Diefenbaker, Stephen Leacock and a host of others."

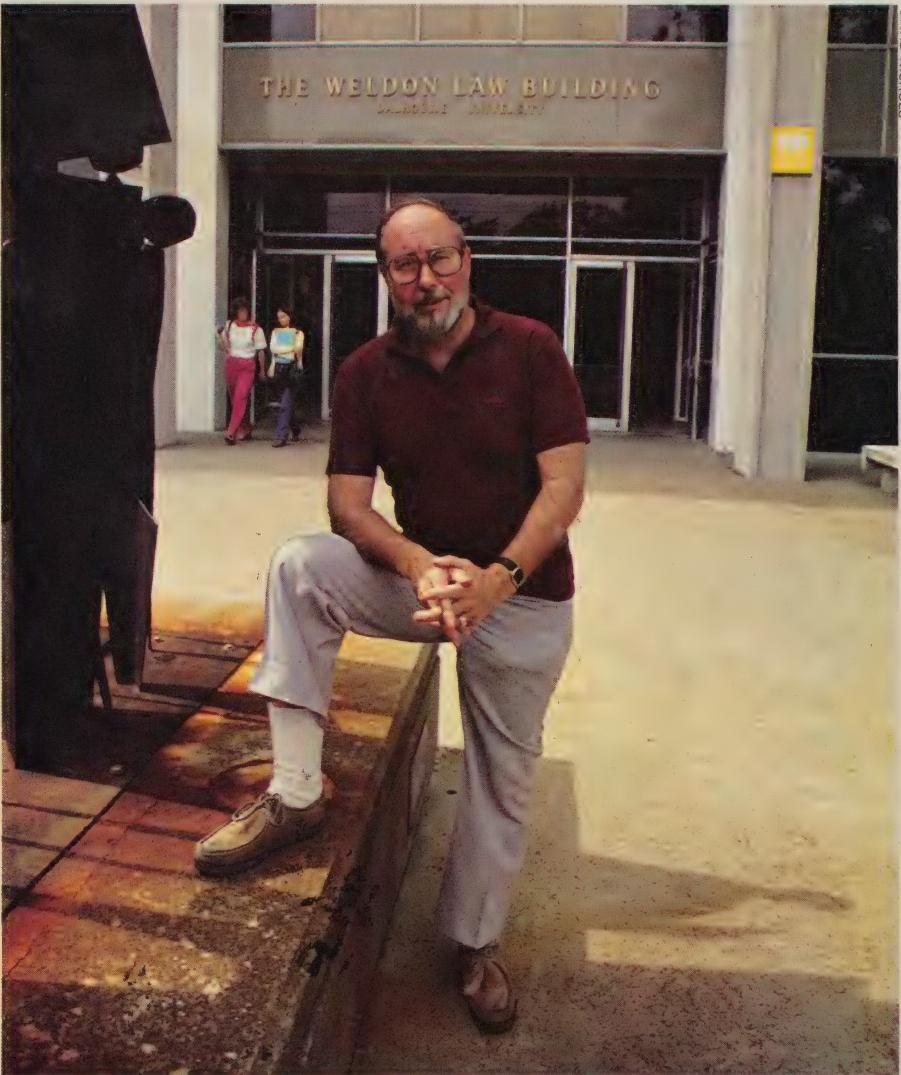
When Richard Chapman Weldon, the first dean, spoke at the inaugural ceremonies a century ago, he promised the school would "influence the intellectual life of Canada as Harvard and Yale have influenced the intellectual life of New England.... The light, of course,



The old law school building, Studley campus: Light from a little eastern school



Professor and former dean Ronald St. John MacDonald



Current dean William H. Charles: Graduates form a national old boys' network

DAVID NICHOLS

should come from the east. What more delightful city than this, wrapped round on all sides by the sea, in which to spend one's student days?" The light of legal leadership, as things later turned out, did come from his little school in the east. For generation after generation after generation, the light shone in courtrooms, boardrooms, university presidents' offices, and legislative chambers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the border to the Arctic, from the main drags of two-horse towns to the offices in the sky over every city in the country.

Now, in the last weekend of October, in the city that's

wrapped round by the sea, Dalhousie Law School will celebrate its first century with a monumental bash. By early summer, the school had reserved 575 hotel rooms, laid on charter flights and expected close to 1,000 alumni and their spouses to descend on a campus that the ghost of the great Weldon would scarcely recognize. The three-day festivities include a dinner and ball; a Government House reception; innumerable house parties and frat parties where alumni will raise glasses and drown in nostalgia; and the sale of centenary T-shirts, golf shirts, baseball caps, crests, ties, lapel pins. Months ago, the thriving Southern Ontario alumni had already challenged all other branches "to out-attend us.... Dust off your Weldon Tradition, bend your ears and elbows at Domus [Domus Legis, a student hangout], quaff Ten Pennies, pig out at Peggy's, and remember things past."

But the school will punctuate the revelry with serious events: The launching of a commemorative postage stamp; the opening of an exhibit of school memorabilia, a special convocation that should fill all 1,041 seats at the Rebecca Cohn auditorium; professional workshops; and lectures by legal luminaries from the United Kingdom, the U.S. and Toronto. Professor and former dean Ronald St. John Macdonald expects the speakers will explore "what's happened to our legal system in the past 100 years, and where we are going from here." No theme could be more appropriate. As the Dalhousie Law School glides merrily and seriously into its second century, it knows it has an exceptionally tough act to follow: Its own.

Dalhousie University, including the law school, owes its existence to a 19th-century crook. That, at least, was how English publishers and authors saw him. George Munro was actually a devout and gentle Presbyterian from Pictou County, N.S., but he made good in New York doing what the English called "literary piracy." International copyright law was so primitive no one could stop him; and besides, he wasn't the only publisher-pirate. He was just smarter than the others. As publisher of The Seaside Library, he put out cheap reprints of works by Charles Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, William Thackeray, Charles Reade and hundreds of lesser authors. He thereby provided the American masses with good reading, the fuming English publishing industry with zilch, and himself with so much money that he erected the tallest building in New York with one hand, and rescued a sinking university with the other.

A sentimental bluenoser who called his New York apartment building "Dalhousie" and his Catskills retreat "Pine Hill," Munro came back to Halifax for a visit in 1879. He was 54, and promptly launched a philanthropic campaign that would see him pump into Dalhousie University a sum that was stupendous in its

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Rye Drinkers’  
Rye.”**

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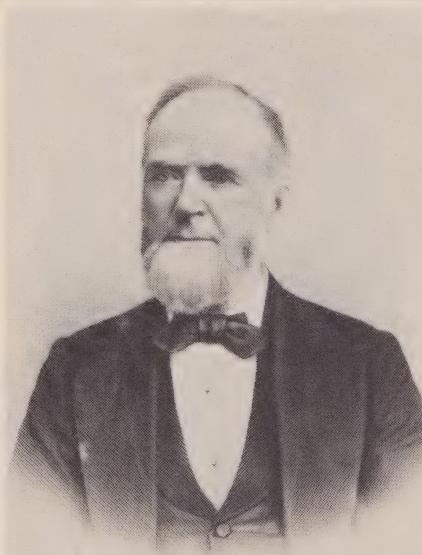


## COVER STORY

time: \$350,000. This godsend came about, as so many things did (and do) in Nova Scotia, through a family connection. Munro's brother-in-law was Halifax clergyman John Forrest, and it was Forrest who inspired the publisher to become "the Great Deliverer" of the university. When Munro established a chair in history and political economy, it was his wife's brother he installed in the job; and perhaps in partial recognition of Forrest's amazing fund-raising coup, the university soon named him president.

Meanwhile, after Munro had published a superior edition of the New Testament — Number 1,000 in The Seaside Library — he endowed the law school and fingered Weldon as its first dean. The son of a New Brunswick farmer, Weldon earned his BA from Mount Allison University at 17, spent five years teaching to scrape together enough cash to study law at Yale, got his PhD there, studied public law at Heidelberg and, when the call came from Dalhousie, was back at Mount Allison as professor of mathematics and political science. "Six feet three inches in his shoes, weighing 220 pounds," David MacDonald wrote in *Maclean's* (1954), "he was a handsome, stern-looking man with the face and mane of a lion and the gentle manner of a lamb." He was so vigorous that at 47, while honeymooning with his second wife, he swam 10 miles across one of the Bras d'Or lakes. He was so good, a graduate recalled that "kindliness clothed him as with a garment." He was so powerful an influence that after his death in 1925, Dalhousie president A. Stanley Mackenzie said, "He was not merely the dean of the law school; he was the law school." When he arrived, he was recognized for his brilliance. When he left 31 years later, he was revered for his character.

It's doubtful if more than one in 10 among the thousands of lawyers across Canada know what they owe to Weldon (and, beyond him, to the 19th-century king of dime paperbacks) but his school set a pattern that every Canadian law school eventually copied. As John Willis wrote in his history of the school, it achieved "between itself and the Nova Scotia Barristers' Society that separation and co-ordination of functions in preparing people for the admission to the practice of law which is today [1976] universally accepted right across the country: a period of full-time academic study in an independent law school, supplemented by a shorter period of apprenticeship in a law firm." Moreover, "from its very beginning [it was] a university law school with a liberal as well as a professional orientation — which is what all Canadian law schools are today." The school began with only a handful of men: The dean; the diminutive and beloved Professor Benjamin Russell, almost as profound an influence on the



George Munro, who started it all



Richard Weldon, the school's first dean



The tiny, beloved Professor Benjamin Russell

character of the place as Weldon; a few "downtown lawyers" and judges (including future prime minister John S.D. Thompson) who served as part-time lecturers; and perhaps 10 students, who paid \$150 each for books, tuition and 25 weeks of board per term. But this "daring experiment," tiny though it was, survived to become Canada's *only* method of training lawyers.

It was Weldon who established what Willis called "the triple tradition of high academic standards, public service, and an easy relationship between teacher and student." Now that the school has 450 students and close to 80 full-time and part-time faculty — all in a modern, five-storey box that's known, naturally, as The Weldon Law Building — some of the ivy-covered intimacy of earlier days has died. But on the whole, the three-pronged "Weldon Tradition" still dominates the teaching philosophy, just as it did when Victoria was queen, the automobile was yet to be born, and no one had ever heard of environmental law.

Speaking of tradition, a Toronto law professor once snidely observed, "Any time two Dalhousie lawyers get together outside the Maritimes, they start boasting about their Great Men.... Horn-tooting has always been a good Maritime trait. Dalhousie just made a tradition of it." Sour grapes may have inspired this mild gibe. For the truth is, the Dalhousie Law School has a record of graduating distinguished men and women that justifies whatever horn-tooting it cares to do. It has been called "a training ground of great men," "the brainiest school in the country" and "the school that produces premiers." Even before the turn of the century, its graduates included future prime minister R.B. Bennett (class of '93), and future industrialist-financier James Dunn (class of '98), both of whom would later endow the school handsomely. (A classmate of Dunn's was J.R. Johnson, possibly the first black lawyer in Canada. His brother-in-law murdered him.)

In the 46 years following 1883, the number of grads per year sank to as few as five and never surpassed 25, but out of these tiny classes had already come two prime ministers of colonial Newfoundland and two premiers in each of British Columbia, P.E.I. and Nova Scotia. In 1929, 25 Dal graduates sat as judges in high courts in seven provinces, and in Ottawa. A former lieutenant-governor of P.E.I., a mob of Maritime-born lawyers who helped settled the Canadian west, and the attorney-general of Honolulu were all certified heirs to the Weldon tradition. So were future lieutenant-governors, university presidents, premiers and a raft of future provincial and federal cabinet ministers, bank directors, giants of the legal profession and private industry, and Frances Lillian Fish (class

PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

of 1918).

She was the first woman ever to graduate from a Canadian law school, and the first admitted to the Nova Scotia bar. Much later, Sandra Oxner (class of '65) became the first woman judge in Nova Scotia; Constance Glube ('55) became the first woman to serve as chief justice, trial division of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia; and Bertha Wilson ('57) became the first woman on the Supreme Court of Canada. By 1983, more than a third of the school's students were women. That Francis Fish really started something.

**P**ower and people have shifted westward since 1929. The number of Canadian law schools has increased to 22, and Dalhousie is no longer the lion of legal education that it once was. But its champions insist it's still among the three best law schools in Canada, and the eminence of its graduates continues to prove the point. Graduates of the last 30 years include world-recognized authorities on international law, top corporation lawyers for the Canadian establishment, bank directors, mandarins in Ottawa and provincial capitals, company and university presidents, an ambassador, a labor leader, a newspaper publisher, a newspaper editor, a professional broadcaster, a slew of judges across the land and, surely, more backroom boys and party bagmen than even Weldon, a federal MP himself, could ever have dreamed possible.

Listing the name and field of every big-league achiever from the school would be about as interesting as reading a telephone book. But just consider the politicians, and the modern health at the school of Weldon's century-old conviction about "the duty which every university owes to the state, the duty which Aristotle saw and emphasized so long ago — of teaching young men the science of government.... We all have political duties, some higher, some humbler, and these duties will be best performed by those who have given them some thought."

In the early Seventies, four Dal Law School graduates were provincial premiers: Allan Blakeney (gold medalist, with an 85.3% average, class of '47) in Saskatchewan; Gerald Regan ('52), Nova Scotia; Richard Hatfield ('56), New

## COVER STORY



J.R. Johnson, black graduate of '83



Students Taska Carrigan, Jay Humphrey



First Canadian woman law grad, Frances Fish

Brunswick; Alex Campbell ('58), P.E.I. Regan had succeeded G.I. Smith ('32) as premier, and would be succeeded by John Buchanan ('58). When Regan entered the federal cabinet, he was only doing what at least a dozen other fellow alumni had done. R.B. Bennett had four Dal Law School grads in his cabinet, including himself. Mackenzie King had five in his wartime cabinet.

When Conservative George Cooper ('65) beat former Trudeau aide Brian Flemming ('62) in Halifax during the election of 1979, the contest was so close and the candidates so able the whole nation had its eye on it. What the whole nation didn't know, however, was that this was not just a tilt between Tory and Grit, but one more political battle between Dal law grad and Dal law grad. Same thing when Buchanan beat Regan for the premiership in 1978. Same thing when Regan beat Cooper for a seat in the federal house in 1980.

Not all these men knew at graduation they'd become politicians, but an entry beside Hatfield's photo in the Dalhousie yearbook for 1956 suggests his tastes were already both political and adventurous: "Italian spaghetti, sidewalks of New York, salt on the potato chips, appointments made on time, oyster omelettes, the latest on the Conservative party, ties right for every occasion, kilts in Cincinnati and Arrow shirts at Black's, a waking knowledge

of the theatre and the law. Ask Dick. He remembers!"

One Hatfield classmate was John Crosbie, cabinet minister in assorted Newfoundland governments, Finance minister in Joe Clark's short-lived federal government, briefly cantankerous loser in the recent race for the leadership of the federal Tories. If brains were all that counted in politics, the wise-cracking Crosbie would long since have been the second Dal law graduate to serve as prime minister. He graduated with an 86.9% average in 1956. Not since 1920 had anyone scored such a high mark. MP Patrick Nowlan (class of '55), beaten by Joe Clark at the Tory leadership convention in 1976, is a Dal law school grad. So is that veteran Tory revealer of perfidy among federal Grits, Eric Nielsen ('50).

Sometimes you can scarcely open a newspaper without having names of the school's alumni jumping at you. Who's

one of the two masterminds behind Central Trust's takeover of Crown Trust? Why it's Reuben Cohen ('44). And who's Central Trust's chief executive officer? None other than Henry Rhude ('50). And who's the ace criminal lawyer who's defending a woman charged with the hideous abuse and murder of a young boy? It's young Joel Pink ('68). When the country was boiling about interest rates, who was on the executive committee of the Bank of Canada? Well, among others, William Mingo ('49). Who's the tough-minded, mercurial labor lawyer who's forever championing Newfoundland fishermen? Richard Cashin ('61). Who helps decide whether such stories are front-page stuff? Cameron Smith ('60), managing editor of *The Globe and Mail*. If you hate a CBC television show, whom do you blame? Try Peter Herrndorf ('65), vice-president, the English network.

Even the school's dropouts sometimes excel. Joe Clark attended for a year, got bored, earned mediocre marks, never returned. Brian Mulroney was at the school briefly but finished his law studies at Laval University. Then there were graduates who did not bring honor to their alma mater. The most famous was Leo Landreville ('37) who, as mayor of Sudbury, accepted a gift of shares in Northern Ontario Natural Gas, which wanted a franchise to distribute gas in his city. Landreville made a quick \$117,000 by selling the shares but in 1967, when he was Mr. Justice Landreville of the Ontario Supreme Court, parliamentarians decided the NONG affair was sufficiently smelly to justify his removal from the bench. To avoid becoming the first federally appointed judge in modern Canadian history to suffer impeachment, he resigned. Robert McCleave, Tory MP from Halifax, accused him in the Commons of perjury, and demanded the government deny him his pension. And where had McCleave earned his law degree? At Dalhousie, of course, class of '46.

Since roughly 1,000 lawyers practise in Nova Scotia, it may be a tribute to the ethical standards the school promotes that, in the years 1971-81, the provincial barristers' society disbarred only six for misappropriation of trust funds, and one of them had earned his law degree in Toronto. Misappropriation means stealing, and there are a few in every line of work who develop expensive habits they cannot control. Since such culprits are scarcely typical of the school's alumni, it's understandable that the centennial party features no tributes to the grad who recently hired a thug to break his own brother's leg, or to another grad who was not only disbarred for, ahem, misappropriation of trust funds, but also found guilty of rape and income-tax evasion. Alas, the barristers' society even found it necessary briefly to suspend a grandson of Richard Weldon himself, for an indiscretion with money that was not his.

**M**any lawyers fear law schools produce too many graduates for the good of the profession. The Ontario bar, for instance, objects to a tidal wave of young competitors because there's only so much legal work to go round; and in Nova Scotia there are whisperings of lawyers on welfare. Even though the Dalhousie Law School accepts only the top 150 of the 1,000 students who apply annually, it has churned out as many grads in the past 15 years as it did in the previous 85. Some lawyers have expressed their concern about this to Dean William H. Charles ('58).

"There's no doubt," he says, "that compared with 10 years ago, graduates in the bottom half are finding it tough to get into private practice exactly where they want to be." Some refuse to live in small towns. Some take government jobs. For good students, however, a degree from the Dalhousie Law School remains a fine thing to have. Law firms from British Columbia, Alberta and Ontario still recruit bright, graduating students right on campus. Such firms are under pressure to recruit in their own backyards, but Charles says, "Being as



objective as I can, I'd say that despite that pressure our graduates are getting a very good reception across the country."

Why? Well, for one thing, the school deliberately reserves 40% of its enrollment for students from outside the Atlantic provinces. They take their degrees home with them. More than the graduates of other law schools, Dalhousie alumni fondly remember rubbing shoulders with students from across Canada. The school, in short, has not merely an old boys' network but a *national* old boys' network. "But it's not just that," Charles says, "it's also the reputation of our previous graduates who've gone out there." Charles is a pleasant, direct, ruddy man with a short beard. "They seem to be able to think their way through a problem," he continues, with a sort of matter-of-fact pride. "Graduates of other law schools may have more pure legal information in their heads, but ours know what to do with what they know, and where to find what they don't know."

Since the school trains students to think for themselves, look at all angles

of every problem and question the accepted, it inevitably fosters young critics of itself. Students know that Dalhousie Legal Aid, a storefront clinic for real people with real problems, is one more in the school's long list of Canadian firsts. They know, too, that the clinic, the graduate program, and courses in marine and environmental law amount to impressive proof that the school grows with the times. And most agree that, on the whole, they're getting superior teaching. But they have their grievances.

Some think the three-year undergraduate program should be cut to two; that students aren't allowed to specialize enough; that the school is unconsciously but powerfully elitist with respect to the makeup of its enrolment; and, going to the heart of Weldon's ancient marriage of technical skills to a liberal education, that the teaching is excessive in theory and deficient in the actual practice of law. "Would you go to a doctor who had learned clinical technique by rote, in a classroom, far removed from the hospital?" Alison Rowe, a graduate, asked last fall in *Atlantic Insight*. "That's how lawyers are trained." Some students argue that the "case method" of teaching is "a century old," "incredibly boring," and creates "hired guns" who are proud of their glib skill at defending people and causes that they secretly abhor. (The "case method" haunted one student's phrasing even as he knocked it. Having attacked its emphasis on objectivity, he suddenly switched ground with phrases such as, "Of course, to be perfectly objective... On the other hand... The case for the other side goes like this...")

Not only students, but the administration and faculty know change is essential to distinguished survival, and as the school opens its 100th fall term the calendar reveals important changes in the curriculum. "One thing we're trying to do," Charles says, "is to take account of the fact that there's more and more specialization going on. We'd also like to introduce more *doing* sorts of experience." He talked about the expensive possibility of establishing a Public Law Clinic which, as a sort of law students' parallel to the Ecology Action Centre, might help financially strapped environmentalists fight cases. But the key to all curriculum change was "a program with some kind of progression." That, of course, is exactly what the school has been for 100 years: A program with some kind of progression.

The Dalhousie Law School will soon be tooting its horn, but it won't be resting on its century of laurels. If its eye to the future inspires ghostly applause to float among the trees near what was once called "the little red college by the sea," it'll be because the spirit of Richard Weldon is more than a little happy. ☒

# Sad tidings from the oil patch for Newfoundland and Nova Scotia

*Brian Peckford has lost the jurisdictional war over Hibernia. And the flame of Nova Scotia's Venture field has begun to flicker*

The hydrocarbon gods have been twiddling the wheel of fortune again, sending the affairs of coast-dwelling governments and politicians into a tizzy. What they have done this time is restore Newfoundland's Hibernia oilfield to favor and caused the flame of Nova Scotia's Venture natural gas field to flicker.

This is not good news for the Nova Scotia government. And because of the mischievous ways in which the gods spin, it's not good news for the Newfoundland government either. Very simply, the war over offshore jurisdiction is over. Political peace — regardless of how it's won — is a big item at multinational headquarters. So the rigs are returning to the Grand Banks and talk of developing Hibernia — perhaps with the Newfoundland government looking on from the sidelines — is on the rise again.

The federal government has won the war, as was inevitable. The forces were unequal and the province's claim that it exercised a near-sovereign jurisdiction well-nigh to the mid-Atlantic was brave but doomed. Theoretically that question remains open as the Supreme Court of Canada's verdict on who wins the seabed is still pending. In reality, the chances are that you'll sooner see a herring playing the violin than the Supreme Court overturn the Newfoundland Supreme Court's decision of last winter that gave Ottawa the offshore.

At least the federal government thinks so. It began the process of imposing jurisdiction as soon as the Newfoundland court's judgement was out last winter. The turning point came in mid-July as Energy Minister Jean Chrétien announced a large exploration program for the Grand Bank without so much as a how-do-you-do to the provincial government, and Fisheries Minister Pierre De Bané reorganized the Newfoundland fishery without a federal-provincial agreement — a rehearsal for what may happen in the oil patch.

Meanwhile, the resumption of attention on the Hibernia field leaves Nova Scotia's Venture adrift on its uncertain economics. Venture was puffed for political reasons by both Ottawa and Mobil Oil — to put pressure on a recalcitrant Newfoundland and because Ottawa needed some action on at least one frontier project to show that its vaunted National Energy Policy was working. After

Nova Scotia signed its agreement with the federal government a year and a half ago, the honey began flowing. Nice things were said about the Nova Scotia government, drilling rigs converged off the province and Mobil announced that the Venture deposit had enough gas to justify a pipeline ashore.

It's a funny thing about this last one. Now it seems that there isn't enough gas. One more well — results to be known this fall — still has to be completed. This brings us back to a situation similar to pre-agreement days when "one more well" was always the last hurdle before paydirt, only to be followed by still another. And Mobil has been hinting that, being an oil company and not a gas company, it may not be interested in such a marginal project with its problems of natural gas surpluses and low prices in the U.S. market. Meanwhile, the dozen drilling rigs that were supposed to be off Nova Scotia this summer have turned up in only half that number, and the several billion dollars worth of drilling announced by the oil companies after the agreement was signed may not materialize.

It's true that oil companies always try to make a project look unpromising so as to extract as much as possible from governments in tax breaks, but nevertheless the economics of Venture are known to be soft. A new book written by economist Roger Voyer for the Canadian Institute for Economic Policy calls Venture merely an "economic development project" as opposed to Hibernia which is an "energy project." Hibernia, in short, is a vital project — the one hope the country has for self-sufficiency in the 1990s. There's no urgent need in Canada for Venture's less valuable natural gas. Although he expects more discoveries off Nova Scotia, Voyer (who is otherwise suspicious of oil companies) says that Venture by itself will require large tax writeoffs to make it go.

For the Nova Scotia government, the bad news is this: Venture may go ahead, jobs may be created, but the province may have to forget about revenues for a long time to come. And with the federal government and oil companies preoccupied with Hibernia, will Venture become a lingering victim of the "one more well" syndrome for several more years yet?

So the scene shifts to Newfoundland.



Here there are questions of a different order. Under what political conditions will work on Hibernia proceed? The jurisdictional war is over: Will the vanquished keep skirmishing or make the best of the inevitable? Will the victor be magnanimous or vindictive?

Premier Peckford's last hope is a vain one: That when the Liberals are swept from power the new federal government will give Newfoundland the offshore. The federal Conservatives intend, officially, to do that. But party leader Brian Mulroney is a centralist, indeed a subscriber to Prime Minister Trudeau's constitutional views. In the end, complications will arise and the offshore will stay in federal hands.

Brian Peckford has nowhere to go. But a few things should be remembered. Despite his spit-in-your-eye style that has made life so difficult for federal negotiators, in substance he has been basically right in his demands. The Nova Scotia-style agreement the federal government has wanted to impose on him is not enough. With a cutoff of offshore revenues when the province reaches 120% to 140% of national fiscal capacity (that is, when, theoretically, Newfoundland becomes 20% to 40% richer than the average province), the Nova Scotia-style agreement would get Newfoundland off equalization payments but do little more.

Peckford's demands for strict environmental controls and maximum industrial benefits for the province are also not reasonable. In fact, Roger Voyer points out that Peckford's restrictive 1978 regulations that caused such a fuss because of their Newfoundland-first hiring policy on the offshore were just trend-setters. Many provisions of those regulations were later picked up by none other than the federal government and became part of the NEP.

Peckford's battles have not been entirely fruitless. Like René Lévesque in Quebec, he has forced the federal government to fight for legitimacy in his province, to take account of past neglect. The question is, now that Ottawa's in control, will it continue to feel it must justify itself in the eyes of Newfoundlanders or will the development of Hibernia be one arrogant federal show?

Brian Peckford has lost the jurisdictional war, but he's not entirely beaten. The fight to gain Newfoundland a better deal must go on, although the tactics may have to change.

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## FOOD

# Summer in a bottle

*Isabel Wilson turns produce from her Island garden into prize-winning jams and jellies*

By Pat Lotz

**I**sabel Wilson of Bay Fortune, P.E.I., has been winning prizes for her jams and jellies at the annual Dundas agricultural fair since she first entered in 1971. That year she returned to her home community with husband, Barry, a teacher at nearby Dundas Consolidated School (he's now the principal), and children, Lynne, now 16, and Greg, now 15.

How do judges pick the winning jams and jellies? "They look at texture, color — it should be near the natural color of the fruit, and jellies should be transparent," says Wilson. "They look for natural flavor, with not too much or too little sugar." They consider the containers, too. Wilson uses Mason-type jars for competitions, because all exhibits must be vacuum-sealed, but for the home, "you can use almost any type of jar or jelly glass."

She stresses the importance of clean, sterilized containers and proper sealing. To seal Mason jars, Wilson fills them up to an  $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch from the top, then immediately puts the lid on and screws the metal band on tightly. For other jars she uses a hot paraffin wax seal. She fills the jars to within half an inch of the top, taking care not to dribble any jam or jelly on the glass in this space. She covers the contents with a thin layer of hot wax, lets it cool and harden and pours on a second layer, rotating the jar so that the wax sticks to the sides. "Melt the wax in a double boiler, never over direct heat," warns Wilson. "It ignites easily."

To test that the jam stage in the cooking has been reached, Wilson places a teaspoon of hot jam on a cold saucer and chills it. "If the jam doesn't set to the required thickness," she says, "cook it for a few minutes more and test again." To test jelly, "I dip up the hot syrup with a metal spoon, hold it well above the kettle and let it run off the side. When it starts running off the spoon in two distinct lines of drops which then sheet together, I know my jelly's ready."

Wilson makes jams and jellies in small quantities for exhibition; in fact, "it's always better to make small quantities." You don't have to make all your jams and jellies at once. "I often freeze fruits and make my jams and jellies as I need them," Wilson says. Because some fruits tend to collapse on thawing, making accurate measurement difficult,

Wilson recommends packing measured quantities for freezing. "And don't add sugar to the fruit you want to use later for jams and jellies," she warns.

The strawberries, apples, rhubarb and pumpkin for Wilson's jam and jelly making come from her garden, the raspberries from her father-in-law's. The blueberries come from a nearby patch of ground whose location she keeps a secret. "You must use all Island products for exhibits," Wilson points out. Here are some of her prize-winning recipes, plus an easy and delicious non-contender, rhubarb and pineapple jam.

### Apple Jelly

2 dozen juicy apples  
Sugar

Wash apples, remove stems and blossom ends, cut into eighths or slices, cover with cold water. Simmer apples in a covered pot until they are soft and mushy, crushing them during cooking. Pour the hot cooked apples into a moistened jelly bag made of several thicknesses of fine cheesecloth. Hang up over a bowl and allow to drain until the dripping stops. (Squeezing the bag will increase the quantity of juice, but the jelly will not be so clear.) Measure the juice (you should have about 8 cups) and boil, uncovered, for 3 minutes. Remove from heat and test for pectin by measuring 1 tsp. juice and 1 tsp. rubbing alcohol into a small dish. Blend quickly together and let stand 30 seconds. Don't taste this mixture as rubbing alcohol is poisonous. If a jelly-like mass or clot is formed, the juice contains sufficient pectin and juice may be added. If a clot has not formed, return juice to heat, continue boiling and testing until pectin test is positive. Add 8 cups sugar (1 for each cup of extracted juice) to the hot juice, slowly. If you have to continue cooking apples to achieve a satisfactory pectin test, reduce sugar to 6 cups ( $\frac{3}{4}$  cup for each cup of extracted juice). Boil juice briskly for 15 minutes, uncovered, removing scum as it forms. Test for jelly stage. When ready, remove immediately from heat, let juice stand for about 1 minute and remove the last bit of scum with a cold fork or spoon. Pour into hot, sterilized jelly glasses and seal. Makes approx. 10 medium jars.

### Strawberry Jelly

3 $\frac{1}{2}$  qts. fully ripe strawberries  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup strained lemon juice  
 $\frac{7}{2}$  cups sugar  
1 bottle commercial liquid fruit pectin

Crush the strawberries thoroughly. Place in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Measure strawberry juice (you should have about  $3\frac{3}{4}$  cups) and put into a saucepan with the lemon juice. Add sugar and mix well. Place over a high heat and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. At once stir in fruit pectin, then bring mixture to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute, stirring all the time. Remove from heat and skim off foam.



Wilson: Champion jam and jelly maker

Pour into hot sterilized glasses and seal. Makes approx. 11 medium glasses.

### Raspberry Jam

8 cups washed, crushed ripe raspberries  
6 cups sugar  
juice of 1 lemon

In large saucepan, bring raspberries to a boil and cook, uncovered, for 15 minutes. Add sugar and lemon. Mix well, bring to a boil and continue to boil, uncovered, to jam stage (about 15 minutes), stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, stir and skim 5 minutes. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal. Makes approx. 9 medium jars.

### Rhubarb and Pineapple Jam

5 cups rhubarb, cut into  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pieces  
5 cups sugar  
19-oz. can pineapple tidbits  
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. box strawberry jello

Bring rhubarb and sugar to a boil and add pineapple with its juice. Boil 20 minutes. Remove from heat, stir and skim 5 minutes, then add jello. Stir and pour into hot sterilized jars and seal. Makes approx. 7 medium jars.

### Blueberry Jam

8 cups washed blueberries  
7 cups sugar  
2 tbsp. lime juice  
pinch salt

Place blueberries and sugar over high heat and bring to a boil. Boil, uncovered, for 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add lime juice and salt, mix well. Bring back to a boil and boil, uncovered, to jam stage (about 15 minutes), stirring occasionally. When jam stage is reached, remove from heat, stir and skim 5 minutes. Pour into hot, sterilized jars and seal. Makes approx. 7 medium jars.

### Pumpkin Jam

Medium-sized pumpkin, peeled  
Sugar  
1 lemon  
1 orange

Cut peeled pumpkin into cubes and measure out 4 qts. Add 8 cups sugar (2 for each qt.). Leave overnight, and in the morning drain syrup into a large preserving kettle and boil until syrup begins to thicken. Add cubed pumpkin and the orange and lemon (skins left on), cut into bits. Boil a few minutes until clear, then remove from heat. Stir and skim 5 minutes. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal. Makes approx. 10 medium jars.



# Should you drink if you're pregnant?

The question is very much in the news these days.

Studies are being done in many countries to determine the effect of alcohol on unborn children, but because the investigation is still so young, and because mothers' lifestyles are so varied, medical people have yet to reach a unanimous conclusion.

So if you drink, go very easy. Too much beer, wine or spirits can be harmful to the child you're carrying — and not good for you, either.

Your wisest move would be to ask for and follow your doctor's guidelines. Our advice: why not put a hold on the drinking during your pregnancy? You could be saving yourself doubt and worry.

After all, nothing is more worth celebrating than the birth of a healthy child.



## Seagram

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## Vermont on a bicycle

*You know you're really sightseeing when you can touch, feel and smell the scenery. And cycling's a great way to do it*

By Judy Ross

Folks in Vermont invite other people to visit their state by playing up the attraction of "life in the slow lane." Spending five days bicycling through the backroads and staying in their famed country inns, even though it rained for two of those days, couldn't have provided a better route to the heart of the country.

I am neither young nor remarkably fit nor an experienced cyclist. I simply liked the idea of escaping from the city for a few days, combining some outdoor exercise with some good food and Yankee hospitality in the country inns.

My husband and I got interested in the idea of biking in Vermont when we heard that a touring company would organize it all, book our reservations, provide a van to carry our luggage from inn to inn, give us a daily route of 25 to 40 miles, with suggestions for sightseeing stops along the way, and, most important (I thought), be there with the van to pick us up if we fell over from fatigue.

It was the right decision. Vermont's environment is more scaled to a bicycle than a car: No superhighways or skyscrapers or sprawling shopping malls, just two-lane roads and tiny villages and scenes reminiscent of Norman Rockwell.

There are hills, but the tour operators have cleverly circumvented the worst of them. And we found it pleasant to be in a place where motorists treat cyclists with respect.

Because Vermont is so perfect for biking it has spawned three bike touring companies in the last 12 years which, between them, take thousands of cyclists through the state each season. We chose Bike Vermont, the smallest of the three companies, which keeps its group numbers to a maximum of 20 and can therefore accommodate everyone in the smaller, more intimate inns. There are several tour choices, some on more difficult terrain than others, but all the midweek (Sunday night to Friday) tours stay at a different inn each night. The weekend tours stay in one inn and cycle from there. The midweek tours cost \$365 (U.S.) including accommodation, breakfast and dinner for 5 days, and the weekend tours are \$145. We chose the midweek Proctorsville tour, which is classified as intermediate.

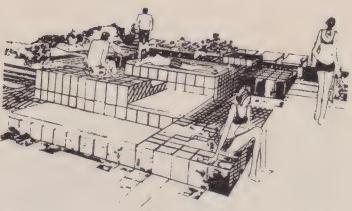
Our trip got off to a wet start in Proctorsville, a dreary village in the south central part of Vermont. The gutted remains of a woollen mill which burnt to the ground last year and left its

Vermont's environment is more scaled to bicycles than cars

singed imprint on the surrounding modest frame houses wasn't quite the picture-postcard New England I'd come to see. However, atop a hill was the welcome white clapboard sight of the Golden Stage Inn. This 200-year-old inn has a colorful history as a stage coach stop and a link in the "underground railroad" to Canada, a route to freedom for escaped slaves.

As we drove up, Bob McElwain of Bike Vermont greeted us and cheerily announced that it's always good to have the rain while we're not on our bikes. The sight of our colonial bedroom with its wide planked floor, fireplace and book-filled shelves helped warm us up. So did introductions to the rest of our group, made over wine and cheese in the large living room. There were 17 of us, half of us Canadians, ranging in age from a young couple in their 20s to a grandmother of 62. Bob explained our route, advised us of bike safety rules and generally whetted our appetites for what was to come in the next five days. Dinner in the cosy candlelit dining room was delicious — all expertly home cooked and served by innkeepers Shannon and Tim Datig.

We awoke to the sound of rain still pelting against the windowpane and the desperate voice of one of our tour leaders cajoling a fellow cyclist on the verandah outside — "You're here to relax... get a good book... this will burn off..." It didn't burn off. We lingered over a hearty breakfast, decided the rain was here to stay and cycled off like brave soldiers, in single file, our yellow safety



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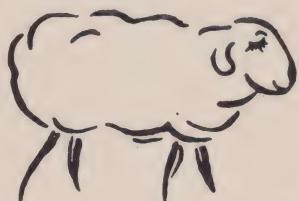
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## TRAVEL



Vermont abounds with tales of vacationing couples who never went home

flags bobbing through the grey mist.

For the first few wobbly miles I was less than enchanted. More engrossed in the fit of the helmet and the clanking of my gears, I barely noticed the passing scenery and, six miles later, was vastly relieved to come upon the general store in Tyson where others of our group had stopped for coffee on the covered verandah. But gradually the riding became easier and, despite the persistent drizzle, I began to enjoy the freshness of the countryside. Wonderful musky smells emanated from the earth and there was the soothing sound of rushing water from the mountain streams. It is true that you touch, feel and smell the scenery when you travel by bike.

Around a bend we came upon the hilltop hamlet of Plymouth Notch, birthplace and home of Calvin Coolidge, the 30th president of the United States. In true American fashion, Coolidge has been memorialized so that you can, if you want, see the bed he was born in, the living room where he was sworn in as president by his father in 1923 and the grave where he lies buried. A favorite story told here about Coolidge involves his reputation for being taciturn. When told by a visitor to the White House that she had bet she could make him say more than two words, he answered, "You lose."

The charm of Plymouth Notch is that it's a perfect replica of an early 20th-century rural village. There is a barn museum full of early agricultural tools, a cheese factory, still run by Coolidge's son, which produces old fashioned granular curd cheese, and a handsome Greek Revival style church built in 1840. But most welcome of all to our sodden group was a yellow clapboard house where we sat down, out of the rain, to steaming bowls of home-made soup and generous sandwiches.

By then, we'd covered about 20 miles. Six easy miles downhill lay ahead to our destination of Bridgewater Corners.

Along the way I stopped at a storybook farm to watch some newborn lambs meandering through the gentle mist rising from the green hills. The natural beauty here is breathtaking and it is not just a lucky accident. People in Vermont have fought hard to maintain it. They legislated against non-returnable pop and beer cans, which effectively eliminated roadside litter, and passed tough laws controlling road and highway signs. Flashing neon and billboards are non-existent.

The October Country Inn has a kind of haphazard comfort that made us feel instantly at home. Innkeepers Ruth and Pete Hall welcomed us and immediately accommodated our sopping clothing on laundry racks around the pot-bellied stove in the back hall. We gathered, like moths to a lightbulb, around the massive stone fireplace in the living room. A large pot of coffee brewed in the corner and the smell of burning wood mingled with the sweet cinnamon scent of sticky buns baking in the oven.

At dinner time, our hosts served us at two large tables, family style, with heaping platters of turkey, potatoes dauphin, onion herb bread and those sticky buns, fresh from the oven, vegetable casserole and crisp green salad. There were complimentary carafes of wine. No wonder this 150-year-old farmhouse is so popular with skiers in the wintertime with Killington Mountain just a few miles down the road.

It rained all night so the following morning the ground was spongy underfoot but the sun was trying to break through. The day's route, with an optional sidetrip to Woodstock, would total 40 miles and most of us decided that Woodstock sounded worth the extra pedalling. It is an impressive village. Buoyed by Rockefeller money (Laurance Rockefeller has a home here), it exudes affluence. Its mansions are pristine and there is a Currier and Ives flavor to the perfect little shops and galleries in the town centre.

You can't help but learn some of the basic tenets of bicycling on a tour like this and I discovered the difference between riding upstream and downstream on the long, eight-mile ride from Woodstock back up to Bridgewater Corners along the meandering Ottauquechee River. It was tough. At the end of this run, the County Junction Store with its enormous cigar store Indian out front was a welcome sight.

The state's name comes from the French *verd mont* or green mountain and it's because of these mountains that the weather is so changeable. Despite the promise of morning sun, it rained again for our afternoon ride through the thickly wooded roads of cottage and lake country. It's a haven for fishermen and every stream and lake had one or two of them trying their luck. As we passed one old fellow my husband called out, "Must be good weather for fishing." "Nah," he replied, "it's too wet for them."

It seemed to be a point of honor that no one resorted to climbing in the Bike Vermont van. Like survivors of a battle, we developed a camaraderie on the road, greeting each other enthusiastically at the various stops along the way. The 40-odd miles came mercifully to an end at the Okemo Lantern Lodge back in Proctorsville. The conviviality of this Victorian inn reflects the delightful family who run it — Charles and Joanie Racicot and their children, Lisa and Shon. Lisa helped carry bags up to our room, which was a serene vision in aqua and white, overlooking an old-fashioned flower garden. A hot shower, dry clothes, a glass of wine in the comfortable antique-filled living room and the world seemed right again.

Home cooking is an overworked term but we found it had true meaning in the inns of Vermont. Breads and desserts were always freshly baked, vegetables were home grown and although we were too early for fresh produce we were usually served what remained in the freezer from last year's crop: Cheese and smoked meats are Vermont specialties, as is maple syrup. Their poultry had a flavor I remembered only from childhood and we never saw jams or jellies that weren't home made. Dinner at the Okemo Lantern had a very homey feeling. Served at two large tables, it began with Joanie saying grace and ended with a superb dessert which Lisa called, "The next best thing to Robert Redford": It was a custard-topped, pecan-crusted, chocolatey bit of heaven.

We woke up to sun streaming through the white curtains, blossoms in the air and a certain stiffness in the limbs. Our route this morning took us along the Black River, through country fresh and fragrant from all the rain. Many of Vermont's roads have been shaped by the curve of a river so you're never far from water. It wasn't quite toe-dipping weather but we stopped often to refill our water bottles from the clear mountain streams.

We passed an old covered bridge and later a gorge and waterfall at Brockways Mills, then arrived in Chester, a lovely village noted for its stone houses, in time to stretch out on the village green for a picnic lunch. People come from miles around to a bakery here with the improbable name Baba à Louis. It is justly famous for its breads such as cheese and herb, milk and honey, whole wheat and barley.

Pleasant Valley Road is just that. A rural valley road with farms so close we could hear the farm sounds and touch the barn doors as we passed. The pungent aroma of manure wafted up from the rich brown fields all ready for planting. As I struggled up one of the longer hills I was passed by Susan, a young enthusiastic cyclist from Boston. Earlier we had discussed the virtue of toeclips which she had and I didn't. As she pedalled effortlessly past me she called out, "Toeclips make all the difference, Judy!" I wished it were that simple.

It's always a great relief to come upon a gentle downward slope like the last few miles down to Saxtons River. Suddenly, the town appeared out of nowhere and we were at the Saxtons River Inn, a 1903 relic, right on the main street. With its five-storey corner tower it reminded me of the Bates Hotel in Hitchcock's film *Psycho*. Built originally as an inn, it was inhabited for years by a lone eccentric called Major L.L.B. Angus. When he died in 1973 the inn was bought and completely restored by the Campbell family and it is now run by one of the 11 Campbell children, Averill Campbell Larsen. She has decorated the

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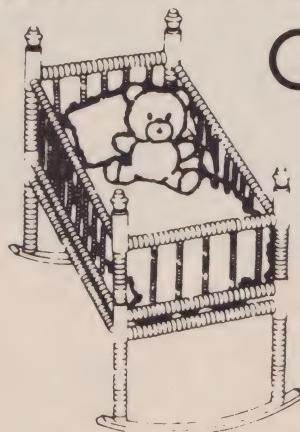
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Saxtons River, originally a woollen mill town, has not been made postcard-perfect by any historical society and has a certain bizarre appeal. In a town of only 800 people, it houses such unlikely things as the headquarters of Rubber Stamps of America and a huge emporium of African imports. Since 1876 it has also been the home of the Vermont Academy, a co-ed prep school with a lovely campus where we were able to play a few sets of tennis before dinner at the inn.

There's an old saying about Vermont's weather: "There are only two seasons — winter and two months of damn poor sledding!" Our last full day of cycling was proof that spring does exist here. It was a golden day and the winding seven-mile ride along the white waters of Saxtons River to Grafton took us past stretches of farms that looked so prosperous even the cows gleamed.

The village of Grafton lured Bob McElwain from his job as a merchant banker in Chicago nine years ago and it is from here that he runs Bike Vermont tours from May until October and "relaxes" in the wintertime. It is easy to understand the appeal of life in this village. Although it looks like the New England set of a Hollywood movie it is a lived-in town which has been restored to its original 19th-century grace with the help of a magnanimous foundation. There's lots to explore here — an art gallery and graphics workshop, beautiful old churches, the Windham Foundation Centre with its display of early American carriages and, down across a covered bridge, the Grafton Village Cheese company, famous for its cheddar, which is made from the original formula using only whole raw milk.

Leaving Grafton reluctantly we headed toward Chester on a tough stretch of very hilly road where we encountered our first unpaved section — a true test for both bike and rider. Spumes of dust blew in our faces whenever a car passed and we needed many water stops along the way. Back in Chester, we picnicked again on the green and read the names on the Civil War monument. Vermont was strongly against slavery in the years before the Civil War and a large percentage of its men joined the fight. Over 5,000 died — a high price for a small state to pay.

Our group had been stalwart, not a laggard amongst us, so I was chagrined to discover that I was the only one who didn't take the optional eight-mile loop to the conservation area at the end of the day. Instead, my sore legs propelled me directly to the Inn at Weathersfield and I was sitting there on the wide-columned verandah, showered and relaxed, when the others came pedalling up the lane.



Lots to explore along the way

This 200-year-old inn is spectacular. Set in the woods off the road, it looks like a Southern colonial mansion with stables for horses at the back and plenty of riding trails through the woods. All the guest rooms are furnished with period antiques. Ours had a fourposter canopy bed covered with a handmade quilt. The extra touches made this inn special: A bowl of fresh fruit on the antique dresser, chocolate mints on the ruffled pillows, vases of fresh wildflowers and scented potpourri in an antique porcelain jar. And for me it was sheer heaven to discover a stack of the latest magazines on a pine washstand.

Soon after our group arrived we were served high tea from a silver tea service in the tiny Victorian parlor: Hot muffins served with bowls of cottage cheese and apple cider jelly. This jelly has been made by the same Vermont family since 1882 and is simply evaporated cider, nothing more. And it is delicious. The inn sells it, and I brought home several jars.

The inn has a new wing under construction, which made service a bit erratic, but at dinner, served at a long table in the lovely book-lined dining room, every course was exceptional. Besides being an innkeeper, Ron Thor-

burn is an accomplished pianist and when he wasn't busy helping his wife, Mary Louise, in the kitchen, he played the grand piano in the corner of the dining room.

Breakfasts on this tour had all been hearty and delicious and on our last day at the Inn at Weathersfield there were stone-ware jugs of juice, plenty of hot coffee and heaping platters of buttermilk pancakes and bacon. We were tempted to stay on but we all had to return to the Golden Stage Inn where our cars had been parked for the past five days. Today's route was flexible and we took the fastest 12-mile course to the inn, where we were given towels and the use of the showers before packing the car for the return home. As we left we could smell the french bread baking in the oven as Shannon prepared for the next bike group, who would arrive later that day.

Vermont abounds with tales of vacationing couples who never went home. Many of the innkeepers are classic examples and their stories have an appealing escapist charm. A lot of celebrities have homes here. Television and film producer Norman Lear (*All in the Family*) owns a 220-acre farm here which once belonged to Robert Frost. He loves it here and once said, "Vermont is what I wish the real world were." After five days of bicycling through this beautiful state, I think I agree. ☒

We have a bike rack on our car and decided to take our own 10-speed bikes, but it's not necessary because Bike Vermont will rent you a top quality 10-speed for \$9 a day. Their rental bikes come equipped with water bottles, handlebar bags and rear safety flags. They recommend wearing helmets and will rent these for \$1 a day. I balked at this but found they were not as uncomfortable as I expected.

If you take your own bike be sure it has a water bottle. It's important to keep drinking when cycling because dehydration happens quickly. Another essential is some kind of pannier or handlebar bag for carrying money, raingear, extra sweaters. Some handlebar bags have handy plastic flaps on top for displaying maps — something we wished we had.

Bicycle stores can overwhelm you with the amount of apparently necessary equipment for such a simple sport. You can outfit yourself with everything from special shoes to sheepskin saddle covers if you want, but basically you need comfortable clothes that don't bind and have no bulky seams to cause chafing (track-suits are ideal). Because the weather changes through the day wear layers that can be peeled off as necessary. Raingear is essential. The very best item of clothing I own is a pullover rainproof windbreaker that folds up into its own pouch and attaches around the waist when not being worn. The key word on a bike touring holiday like this is casual and you'll have no need for any other kind of clothing — even at the inns at night.

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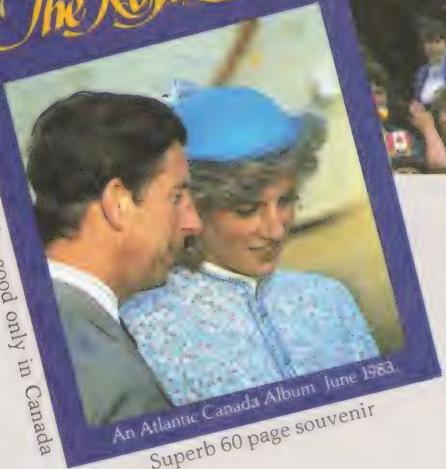
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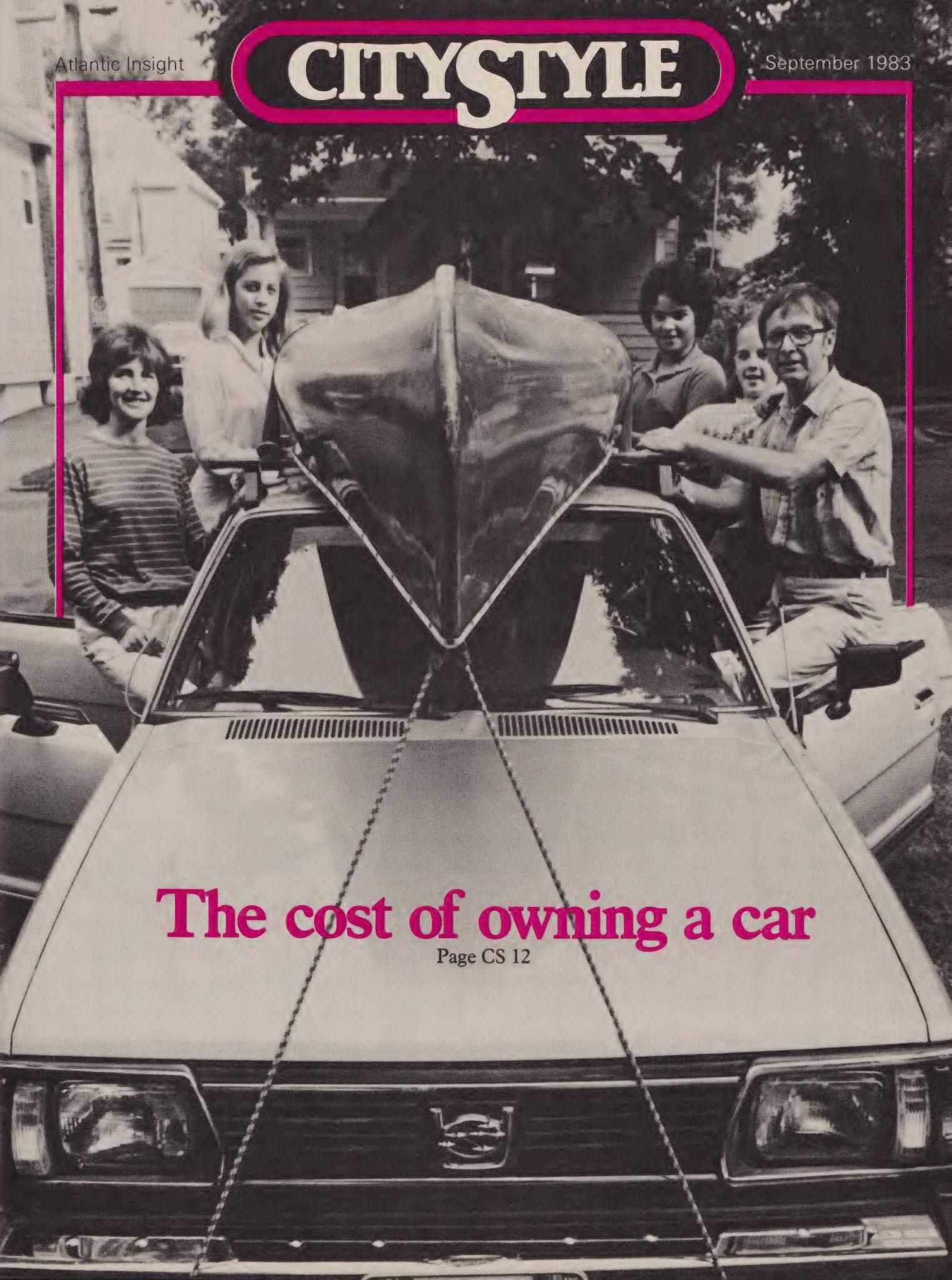
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Atlantic Insight

# CITYSTYLE

September 1983



## The cost of owning a car

Page CS 12

# Halifax Town Crier Peter Cox: They don't make them like him anymore

Peter Cox made history last year.

He became the first living person, with the exception of Royalty, to be created as a Coalport figurine.

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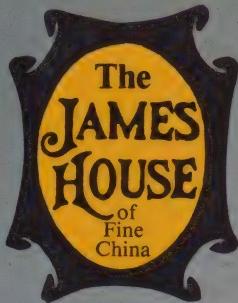
Of that original 1000, only 300 came to Canada. One has already returned to England, as an official gift from the city of Halifax to Prince Charles and Princess Diana.

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# Bill Mont's king of the castoffs

*Years ago, he set out to show the world what a poor kid could do. He hasn't finished yet*

**B**ill Mont's childhood memories are not fond. He recalls a prizefighter-father he never got to know, "a real travelling man" who smothered to death in a railway boxcar on his way to a boxing match when Mont was just five. He remembers a step-grandmother who sent him to school with no pencils and a teacher who sent him home for the same reason, and the juvenile home on Quinpool Road where he spent two years between the ages of nine and 11 because he hadn't gone to school, because he didn't have any pencils.

He also remembers Green Bank, the long-since demolished shacktown on the wrong side of the railroad tracks in the south end of Halifax, where he lived with his mother and step-grandmother. He says he led a kind of double life there: He attended nearby Tower Road school with the children of Halifax's richest families, "real big-shots," but he himself lived in poverty, scrounging half-burned coal from beside the railroad tracks, begging fish leavings from the fish plant and meat scraps from the butcher.

Though he placed first in his classes in school, what he remembers most vividly is the "embarrassment and humiliation" of being the poor kid in a world of rich kids. When he quit school in 1942 to take a full-time job picking up papers and scraps in the CNR yard, he

**Mont:** The kid from the wrong side of the tracks now owns Canada's oldest auction house

was just 13.

But if Bill Mont's memories aren't fond, they aren't nearly as bitter as you might expect. That's because he learned from experience. Being poor in a world of wealth, he says, taught him everything he needed to know about the difference between the two, and having to scrounge for survival taught him how to put other people's junk to good use. He resolved to use those lessons to show the world just what a poor kid from the wrong side of the tracks with a Grade 6 education could really do.

He showed them all.

Today, Mont, 53, is the proud King of the Castoffs. He owns both the Sackville Flea Market, the largest marketplace of its kind in the Maritimes — "on a per

capita basis maybe the biggest one in the whole country" — and Melvin S. Clarke Co. Ltd., the oldest auction house in Canada.

"It's like I'm in paradise," he offers with a smile as he glances around his cavernous auction hall in north end Halifax. "Today, it's a health food store that went broke and a guy who cleaned out all the marine stuff in his basement. Tomorrow, who knows! If you get bored in this place, there's something wrong with you. This is pack-rat heaven."

Always restlessly ambitious — "I'm a Gemini on the cusp, or clusp, or whatever" — Mont fills up his off-hours haunting other people's auctions and basements or wandering along the beach with a metal detector

collecting more odds and ends. His collection includes everything from valuable pictures of early Halifax to the old railroad station in Windsor Junction he bought one day on a whim for a dollar. The station, he says, might make a good home for the railroad caboose he picked up on another occasion.

In spare time he says he doesn't really have, Mont dabbles in real estate. He owns Devil's Island near Halifax and has also developed numerous subdivisions, including Eaglewood in Bedford.

Even the subdivisions tie in with his penchant for used goods: He built his first subdivision in the late 1940s out of what he salvaged while demolishing a pre-fabricated wartime village



**Being poor taught Mont how to put other people's junk to good use**

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on the outskirts of Dartmouth. The federal government paid him \$400 for every house he tore down; he sold some in sections for \$150 each, then rebuilt and resold others on land he bought nearby. "It was great," Mont jokes. "The government paid me to tear them down, then they paid me again under Winter Works to put them back together again." Mont and his wife, Dorothy (they have two grown daughters and a seven-year-old son), still live in one of the rebuilt pre-fabs.

But Mont, who had taken on the federal contract and begun building his subdivision while still employed by the CNR, soon became restless. Maybe it was the fact that his father had boxed in California or that he'd visited the place himself once on a railroad pass or maybe simply that, as a CNR red cap, he'd carried Ronald Reagan's bags when the then-Hollywood actor visited Halifax after the Second World War, but — whatever the reason — Mont got it into his head in 1965 to move to California.

He and his family settled in Orange County near Disneyland, where he worked as a carpenter in a mobile home factory and as a marine carpenter in a yachtbuilding yard and then bought a small employment agency. The Monts came back to Nova Scotia in 1970 because, he says, "my wife wanted to go home."

The most significant discovery he made in California was the flea market, a bazaar where people set up stalls and sell their old household goods and clothes. "I spent all the time I could at them," he says. "But when I came back and started mine, people here didn't even know what they were."

They know now. Every week during the spring, summer and fall, the Sackville Flea Market attracts as many as 450 sellers and up to 7,000 bargain hunters. "Where else," Mont asks with a flourish, "could you pay \$5 to set up a stall and be guaranteed 7,000 people would pass in front of it?"

Although it is easily the most popular flea market in the area, Mont says he wants to make it even more of an event with everything from live entertainment to a dunk tank and pony rides for the kids.

"The problem," he says, "is there just isn't enough time. I got so much I want to do. I want to write a book, something historical, and get involved in making movies — I almost did that in California — and there's some more property I own I want to put into a subdivision . . . ."

Bill Mont, the kid from the wrong side of the tracks, isn't finished showing them yet.

—Stephen Kimber

**CITYSTYLE**

# A taste of India

The once-tiny Guru has grown in recent months, but the food is still tasty and reasonably priced

People always used to mention the Guru's size when they talked about the Argyle Street restaurant. It had room for only 14 diners in cramped but cosy surroundings. A few months ago, the restaurant moved down the street to more spacious (seating for 55) but spartan facilities that look a bit like a basement rec room, except for the Indian pictures on the walls, the Indian music and the Tiffany lamps. But the Guru's food hasn't changed. It's still tasty, tantalizing and reasonably priced.

The Guru attracts a largely under-35 crowd, not the set who frequent Halifax's more trendy spots. But its patrons seem devoted; many probably have supported this friendly little restaurant since Dalpat and Damayanti Parmar opened it nine years ago. Dalpat still does most of the cooking while Damayanti makes the breads, desserts and yogurt. Damayanti, an attractive, sari-clad Indian who grew up in England (Dalpat's from the state of Gujarat in western India), sometimes also waits on tables.

You can start your meal at the Guru with an alcoholic drink, but if you want to do as the Indians do, try a salty or sweet version of a yogurt drink called a lassi. (Our pleasant waitress assured us that many people like the salty variety, but I stuck with the sweet, refreshing one.)

For starters, try the pakoras (hot vegetable fritters made with chick pea flour) spicy dal (lentil) soup (\$1.95) or India's version of

chicken soup, called mulligatawny soup, at \$1.95. The Guru features mostly dishes from Dalpat Parmar's home state, but it also serves a few fiery-hot specialties from the south, such as chicken Madras (\$7.95), and several northern dishes, such as chicken Kashmiri served with cream and pineapple (\$6.75).

Because many of India's predominantly Hindu population are vegetarians, the Guru's a good bet for non-meat eaters — although it has made concessions in the beef department (orthodox Hindus don't eat beef). The night we went, the vegetable curry included eggplant, cauliflower, peas and chick peas (\$5.25).

Not all the vegetables were fresh. Sometimes it's hard to get good fresh vegetables in Halifax, but the Guru would do better to avoid the frozen stuff and stick with what it can get. Better yet, when fresh produce is available, the restaurant could offer daily specials.

Indian cooks do wonderful things with such vegetables as okra, cauliflower and zucchini, none of which the Guru specifically lists on the menu. The Parmars serve a vegetable korma with nuts and fruit (\$5.95), but once when I ate there they did the unthinkable — substituted canned fruit cocktail for real fruit.

They make a satisfying dal (lentils) at \$5.20 that goes well with the breads, chapatis (\$1.15) or my favorite, puris (\$1.75), light, airy, fried

wholewheat rounds served directly from the stove. The Guru makes all its dishes to order, mild, medium or hot, depending on your preference. But unless you habitually snack on chili peppers, medium is probably hot enough. Dalpat Parmar, who imports all his spices from Gujarat, knows exactly how to combine them. We savored his shrimp curry (\$8.50), a mélange of big, succulent shrimps — there could have been a few more — in a tomato-based sauce. The pilao rice (\$2.50) tied the meal together, but fresh veggies instead of frozen peas and beans would have improved the dish.

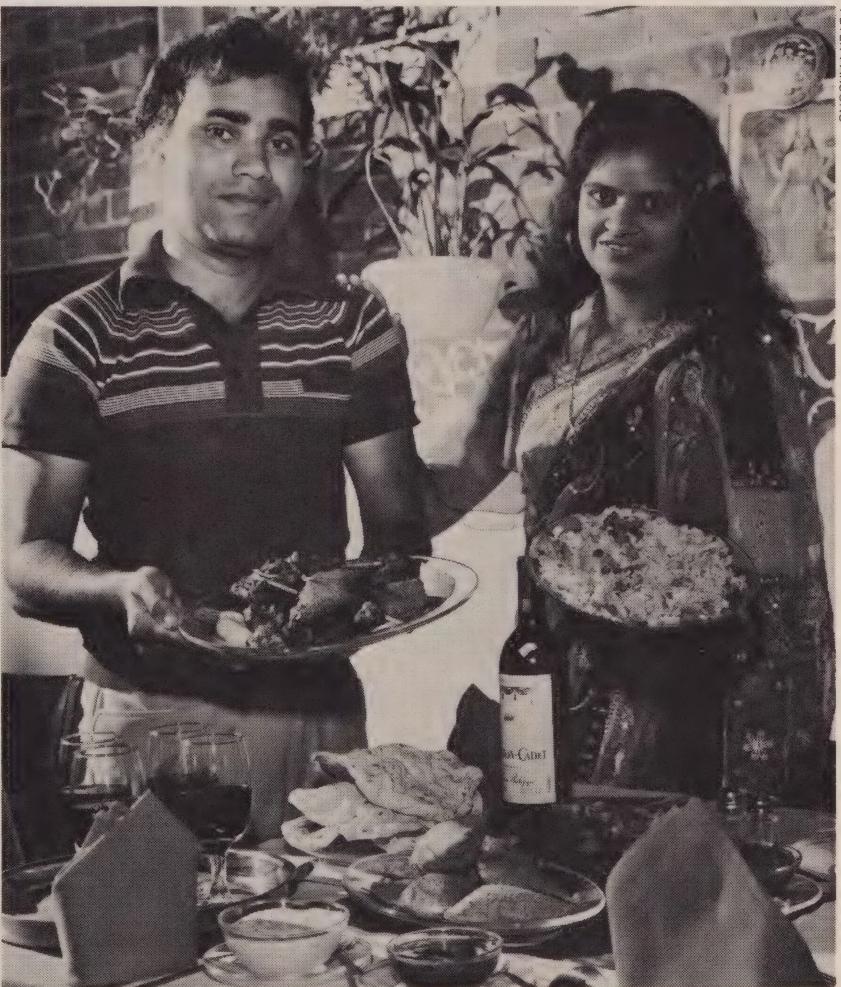
As a side dish, Damayanti Parmar makes a creamy yogurt served with grated cucumbers and other vegetables as raita (\$1.95) to complement the spicy entrées. You can also order, as side dishes, daki (plain yogurt) at \$1.25 or mango (\$1.25). Our

four-dish dinner for two, with two orders of puris, raita and beverages totalled just over \$37.

For a special treat, try the Tandoori Murga (chicken) for two at \$29.50 for a full-course meal. Tandoori chicken is to Indian food what Peking duck is to Chinese. The chicken is marinated in yogurt and spices and broiled. At the Guru, they need 12 hours notice to prepare this northern Indian specialty.

A word about Indian desserts: Some westerners find them too sweet. But if you have a sweet tooth, you might try the julab jamans (\$.95), a sort of milk and cheese dumpling in syrup. I've tasted richer, more flavorful versions. The Guru doesn't serve the best Indian food you can find, but it's a fine introduction to what's considered one of the world's great cuisines.

—Roma Senn



Dalpat and Damayanti Parmar: Their patrons are devoted

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# The political rebirth of Eileen Stubbs

You'd think Eileen Stubbs, Nova Scotia's controversial first lady of populist politics, would have had her bitter fill of political life. She gave politics 20 good years — from home and school association to ratepayers' group to Halifax County Council to Dartmouth alderman to mayor — and it gave her back more pain and humiliation than any one person should have to bear.

To make matters worse, when she'd been turfed out as mayor of Dartmouth in 1976 after just one term, she got a rude reminder of the real worth of a defeated politician.



ALBERT LEE

Stubbs: A few scores to settle

"One minute, I was the mayor," she remembers now, "a member of the golf club and the boat club, and people were always inviting me to become a member of this or that and serve on this board or that committee. Then, as soon as I stopped being mayor, nobody asked me to join anything anymore. No more invitations, no more memberships."

And no job either. Because "I wouldn't take welfare," the woman who had once been chauffeured from appointment to reception in a Dartmouth city police cruiser went to work for a local transport company, driving airline employees between the airport and Halifax hotels.

In 1978, she landed a business manager's job with Thomas Communications Ltd., a financially troubled Halifax public relations firm she helped turn around and now owns.

"This has been the real challenge of my life," she proudly tells a visitor to her warehouse-like office in a converted clothing store in downtown Halifax. Seated behind her desk, surrounded by pamphlets and paraphernalia,

**CITYSTYLE**

alia touting the Metric Commission (her major client), Stubbs says transforming the business into a money-maker has allowed her to utilize "the innate abilities I had in public life, but could never use to the full. I was always so frustrated." She pauses. "I will never, ever be put down again."

And yet...

When the chance came to run for political office again, she couldn't resist. She lost in her first come-back bid in 1979, then won an alderman's job last year. Why bother? "I didn't run," she says evenly, "to sit around for three years." Eileen Stubbs still has a few things to prove. And a few scores to settle.

She's already ferreted out what she is convinced is a major scandal in the planning department at Dartmouth City Hall. This spring, Stubbs and Alderman Arnold Peters, a former city official, claimed city planning director Don Bayer and development officer Glen L'Esperance acted as private developers and bent city rules to help their private interests while ostensibly working for the city.

But city administrator Cliff Moir produced a report this summer exonerating staff of any impropriety, and the provincial attorney-general turned down Stubbs's request for a public inquiry. She is unimpressed. "I've been down this road before, you know. I'm going to stick with this one, too, until I get some results."

Stubbs has been sticking with it for more than 60 years. Ontario-born and raised, she moved to Halifax with her husband during the Second World War.

She got her first taste of politics while worrying about what was to become of her brood of eight children. "No one was prepared for the backwash from the post-war baby boom," she explains. After conducting her own survey to show her local high school couldn't cope with the number of children working their way through the elementary grades, she began attending county council sessions for her own enlightenment. "I was shocked," she says now. "They were drunken brawls most of the time." Deciding she "must be able to do better than that," Stubbs ran and won a council seat herself in 1958.

In 1960, she paid a surprise inspection visit to the Halifax County Hospital, a mental institution, and found "planning discrepancies and missing funds and all kinds of incredible things." Although her initial calls for an inquiry were dismissed, the government eventually did appoint a royal commission that supported most of her allegations. "Isn't it interesting?" she says of her current efforts to get an inquiry into the Dartmouth situation. "Here it is 20 years later, and we've come full circle."

Stubbs switched to city politics after her county district was annexed to Dartmouth in 1961. Always outspoken and controversial, she eventually was defeated as an alderman in 1970. She then dabbled in journalism as a *Dartmouth Free Press* columnist and CJCH-radio open line host for three years before running for mayor in 1973. She won by just 25 votes in a four-way contest.

Stubbs, who loved the job and was, by her own reckoning, "a damn good mayor," lost it three years later to bland, unassuming Dan Brownlow, a neophyte alderman with barely a year's experience in municipal politics.

Hurt and embittered, Stubbs told

her family she was finished with politics. Even today, she says with a straight face that she plans to retire (her husband retired last August after 46 years with Canadian National) after her term expires in 1985 and she's "cleaned up that mess at city hall."

What about running for mayor again? "I can do so much more in council than I can up in the [mayor's] chair," she insists. She wouldn't even consider it? "Well, my family says they'll believe I'm retiring when I really do, and I've learned never to say never anymore..." She laughs. "I guess I'm like a fire horse. I still jump when I hear the bells ring."

—Stephen Kimber

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# Doing the farmers' shuffle

*City hall wants the nomadic farmers' market to move to its Gottingen Street urban renewal project. The farmers aren't pleased*

In the early autumn chill, long before the sun rises over Halifax harbor, Mary Ann LaPierre, who has a 10-acre farm just outside Dartmouth, unloads baskets of potatoes, flats of eggs and bunches of beets and carries them into the Devonshire Centre in north-end Halifax. Sharon Dunbar sets out breads, buns and biscuits made at her bakery in Hammonds Plains. Retired engineer Harry Gosley brings the potted house-plants he's grown in his greenhouse at Hackett's Cove. Barbara Newport treks the 96 km from Wolfville to sell clotted cream, which she says is "a little bit of Devonshire in Nova Scotia." Others bring apples and cider, hand-knit sweaters, home-made wicker baskets, even Garfield-the-cat figurines.

This is the pre-dawn ritual at the Halifax city farmers' market, held Friday and Saturday mornings during the growing season.

Market business is up this season. LaPierre, who's secretary of the 49-member market vendors' association, says serious farmers can now make "a good week's income" from the two mornings the market operates. But the prosperity is bringing big problems. Halifax city hall, which legally controls the market and spends about \$10,000 a year subsidizing its operation, wants to move the now-thriving market into a former pool hall on Gottingen Street. City officials say making a farmers' market the centre of an urban renewal project would solve two long-standing prob-



ALBERT LEE

Mary Ann LaPierre: "People are tired of supermarkets"

lems: It would boost the rundown Gottingen business district, and it would give the farmers a permanent home.

The farmers — and some of the customers — are not pleased. This summer, 41 vendors indicated they would boycott the move to Gottingen. LaPierre says the Heinish building lacks enough space for all the market sellers, doesn't have proper truck-loading facilities and requires vendors to carry their produce to a second level. She also worries about the street's reputation for crime and drugs. "A lot of our customers are kind of leery about the area. The vast majority of them have said they won't be coming down to Gottingen. And that kind of makes me feel that if our regular customers don't want to go, I don't feel like going." And farmers don't support longer market hours because "you can't farm and go to market five days a week."

Shuffled around like a poor country cousin, the Halifax market has little to show for its 232-year history. It started on the city's waterfront a year after Halifax was founded, and has moved to whatever municipal property has been convenient to the city. The market now operates at the Devonshire Centre from spring until mid-October when the hockey ice goes in; then sellers migrate to the corridors of the Halifax Forum until Christmas. Both places feature easy truck access to the stalls and adequate parking, but changing selling locations during harvest time isn't convenient for either vendors or customers. The city had promised farmers a permanent site at the Forum after the Windsor Street facility was expanded, but those \$8-million

renovation plans are now shelved indefinitely.

City council is so sure its farmers' market relocation idea will rejuvenate Gottingen Street, it quietly bought more than \$200,000 worth of properties by the corner of Gottingen and Cornwallis streets early last year. Then the city spent \$60,000 on landscaping to make an outdoor plaza on part of the land. Aldermen are considering spending about \$200,000 more of federal, provincial and municipal funds to restore the former pool hall, originally the Heinish department store, at 2129 Gottingen St. City officials envisage a market on two floors of the renovated building, with offices, a restaurant and craft studios filling the other two. The city has informed the market vendor's association that this is the only city property they can use next year.

The Gottingen Street Merchants' Association solidly backs the city's plans. President Fred Leavens says a relocated market would draw more people and commerce to Gottingen Street.

Where farmers will sell their harvest next fall is anybody's guess, but they have a number of choices. Halifax developer Hugh Smith, president of Clarence Investment Corp. Ltd., wants them to move to the restored courtyards of his company's \$12-million Keith Hall project on Hollis Street. Smith's idea of re-establishing a city market near its original harborside location is similar to a proposal made four years ago by the Waterfront Development Corp. Smith is critical of how the city used public money to develop the Gottingen Street market proposal.

"It sounds like a real schimzzle to me," he says. He admits the city could offer market space rentals at far below commercial rates, but he says farmers would find costs at his property "very reasonable."

The farmers have talked about going their separate ways — some to Gottingen Street, to keep the city happy; a few to various flea markets; others to the new market at the Kinsmen's rink in Dartmouth. Halifax market florist Harry Gosley sees the new Atlantic Winter Fair site near the junction of the Prospect and St. Margaret's Bay roads as a possible market location. "A market has to continue in Halifax," he says. "I believe it's part of the culture, the same sort of culture as a public library."

Customers from the entire metro area shop at the Halifax market, some arriving as soon as the doors open at 6 a.m. Nellie Shaffner, wife of Nova Scotia's lieutenant-governor, sometimes shows up in her chauffeur-driven limousine. "People are tired of supermarkets, I guess," LaPierre says. "They want the difference the market offers — the direct talking to the farmer and buying stuff right directly from him. We give them a choice at the market, and people like to get back to that."

She believes the market vendors' association eventually will settle the location issue with the city once and for all, even if it takes petitions and protests. "The vendors have the one feeling that we have got to have a good market and a strong market," she says. "We're all going to stick together even if we have to get a tent or something."

— John Mason



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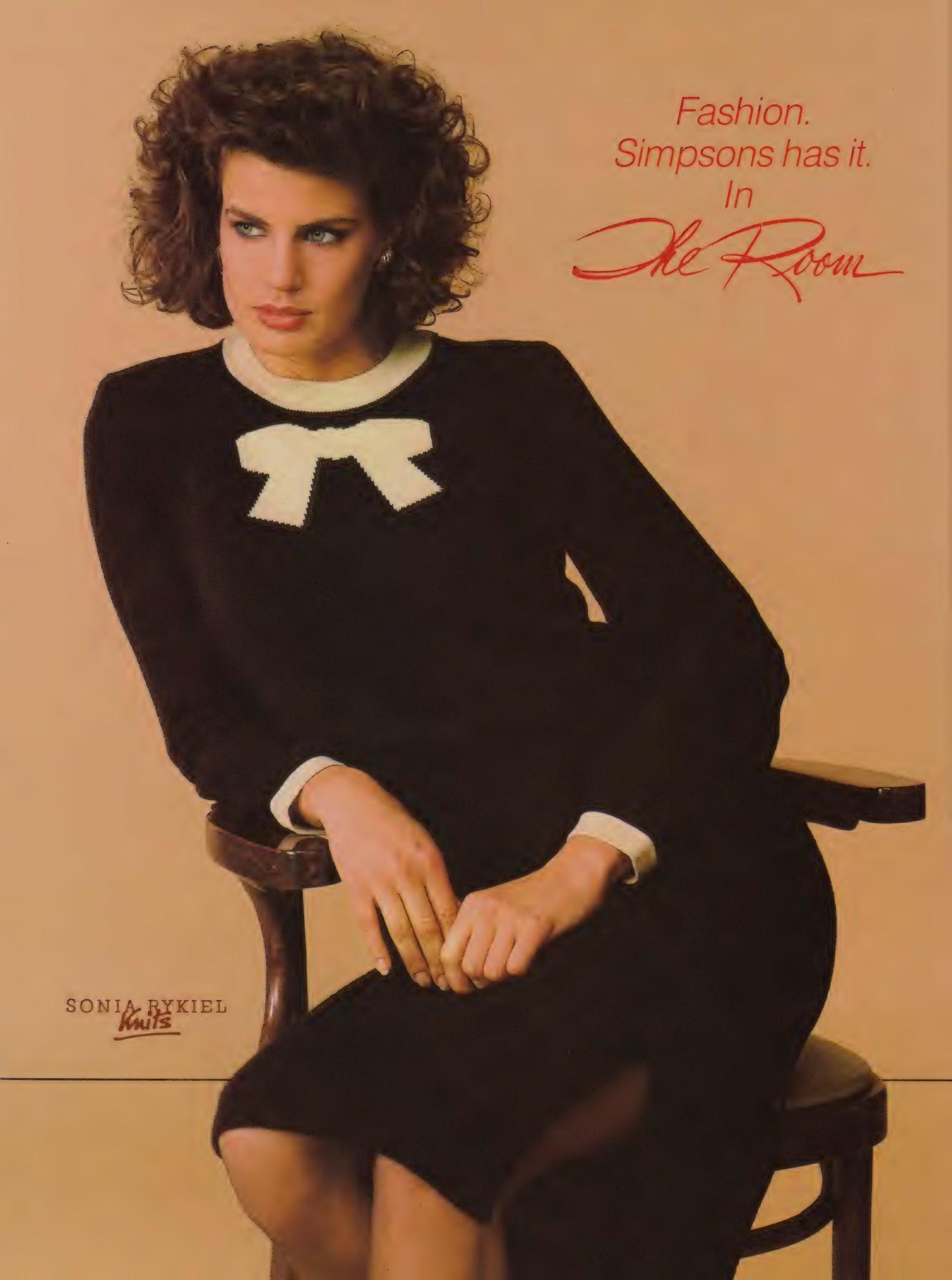


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## ART GALLERIES

**Art Gallery of Nova Scotia.** (Main Gallery): To Sept. 18: *The Painter and the Printer: Robert Motherwell's Graphics*. Courtesy of the American Federation of Arts, this exhibition includes graphic works from lithographs to etchings; Sept. 22-Nov. 6: *John Nesbitt: Sculpture*. Nova Scotian artist Nesbitt exhibits a major collection of aluminum sculpture representing eight years of work in Cape Breton, New York and Montreal; (Second Floor Gallery): *Permanent Collection*. Nova Scotian works of art from the 18th, 19th and early 20th centuries. Features a recently acquired painting by Dominique Serres of early Halifax and its environs. (Mezzanine Gallery): To Sept. 18: *Nova Scotia Collects — Oriental*. An exhibition of 30 ceramics from the MacKenzie Family Collection. 6152 Coburg Road. 424-7542.

**Dalhousie Art Gallery.** Through Sept. Ernest Lawson from Nova Scotia Collections. Exhibition of paintings by Halifax-born artist Lawson (1873-1939); Sept. 22-Oct. 30: *Tom Sherman: Cultural Engineering*. This exhibit includes video and audio tape installations, text and photographs. Organized by the National Gallery of Canada. Special Exhibitions: *Canadian Paintings from the Sobey Collections*. Sept. 22-Oct. 30: Part One: Cornelius Krieghoff. Sept. 25: Opening reception begins at 2 p.m. with opening remarks by Dr. Andrew MacKay, Dalhousie president. All are welcome to attend. 6101 University Avenue, 424-2403.

**Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery.** To Sept. 18: (Downstairs) *Primary Flowers*. Paintings by Charlotte Wilson Hammond. (Upstairs) *Nova Scotia Crafts IV*. Wood sculpture by Barry Wheaton; Sept. 23-Oct. 16: (Downstairs) *Correspondences*. Tim Zuck, Christopher Pratt, George Legrady and John McEwen. Courtesy of the Walter Phillips Gallery; (Upstairs): *Nova Scotia Crafts V*. Ceramics by Jane Donovan. Bedford Highway. 443-4450. **Saint Mary's University Art Gallery.** Sept. 6-Oct. 5: *Marcel Guay: Recent Work*, drawings. Hours: Tues.-Thurs. 1-7 p.m.; Fri., 1-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun. 2-4 p.m. Sept. 30: Chamber Music in the Gallery at 12:30 p.m. 429-9780. **TUNS, School of Architecture**

**Gallery.** Through Sept.: Annual exhibition of student works (all years). Spring Garden Road. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. For information call 429-8300. **Anna Leonowens Gallery (N.S. College of Art & Design).** Through Sept.: Student exhibitions, rotating weekly. Includes paintings, graphic designs. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs. evening, 5-9 p.m. Sun. 11 a.m.-3 p.m. For information, call 422-7381, Ext. 184.

## CLUB DATES

**Teddy's.** Piano Bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. Sept. 5-30: Gordon Hayman plays for your enjoyment. Open Monday through Saturday. Happy hour between 5-7 p.m.; Entertainment between 9 p.m.-1 a.m. nightly.

**Peddler's Pub.** Lower level of Delta Barrington Hotel. Aug. 29-Sept. 3: *Intro*; Sept. 5-10: *Sequence*; Sept. 12-17: *Armageddon*; Peddler's hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m.-12 p.m.

**The Village Gate.** 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. Sept. 5-10: *Track*; Sept. 12-17: *Southside*; Sept. 19-24: *Armageddon*; Sept. 26-Oct. 1: *Rox*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 10 a.m.-12:30 a.m.

**The Network Lounge.** 1546 Dresden Row, Hfx. Sept. 12-17: *The X-Men*; Sept. 19-21: *Blue Peter*; Sept. 26-28: *Tenants*; Hours: Mon.-Sat. till 2 a.m. Most groups Montreal or Toronto-based.

**The Ice House Lounge.** 300 Prince Albert Road, Dartmouth. Top-40 bands. Aug. 29-Sept. 3: *Rox*; Sept. 5-14: *Tense*; Sept. 26-28: *Tony Quinn*; Sept. 29-Oct. 1: *Paul Lawson and Cameo*. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m.; Sat., 5 p.m.-2 a.m.

**The Pasta House Trattoria.** Spring Garden Road (over Pepes). Aug. 29-Sept. 3: *John Alphonse Swing Quintet*; Sept. 7-10: *An Evening of Yuk Yuk's Comedy Cabaret*; Sept. 12-24: *Acadian Festival* includes: Sept. 14-17, Jarvis Benoit Quartet; Sept. 19-24, Raymond Savoie. Hours: Mon.-Sat. till 1

a.m. Please note that all dates may be subject to change. For information, call the jazz line at 425-3331.

**The Misty Moon Cabaret.** Kempt Road, Hfx. Sept. 1-3: *The Fabulous Thunderbirds*. A cool, white blues from Texas. Open seven days a week until 3 a.m.

## IN CONCERT

**Dalhousie Arts Centre.** Sept. 17: *Mary O'Hara* performs. One of Ireland's finest musicians, O'Hara accompanies herself on harp and sings the best of traditional Irish music; Sept. 19-24 and Sept. 26, 27: *Rock and Roll*. John Gray's hit musical centres around a band reunion in Mushaboom, N.S. A musical look at growing up in the Sixties. Featuring Frank MacKay; Sept. 28: *Jim Galloway* is internationally acclaimed for his work in traditional and mainstream jazz. Performing on soprano saxophone, his music is both melodic and swinging; Sept. 30 & Oct. 1: *Les Grands Ballets Canadiens*. The most avant-garde of Canada's three principle companies, they celebrate their 25th anniversary with a program which includes Nault's rock-ballet *Tommy* (The Who). All performances at the Rebecca Cohn. For tickets and times, call 424-2298.

**Metro Centre.** Sept. 7-11: *Moscow Circus*. The world-famous, internationally acclaimed circus each evening at 8 p.m. There will be three shows on Sept. 10, at 11 a.m., 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. One show only on Sunday at 2 p.m.; Sept. 22: NHL Exhibition game between the Montreal Canadiens and the Boston Bruins. For information, call 429-7600.

**Dartmouth Sportsplex.** Sept. 12-14: *Guildford Trade Show*; Sept. 15-19: *Wacky Wheatley Electronic Show*; Sept. 22-25: *Food Fair Atlantic*; Sept. 28-Oct. 2: *Ideal Home Show*. 110 Wyse Road. For information, call 421-2600.

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Sept. 5: Susan Crichton exhibits oil paintings; Sept. 5-26: Exhibition of photography by D. Sharpe; Sept. 26-Oct. 17: Oil paintings by Mrs. Eugene Terry. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 1 p.m. - 5 p.m.; Sun. 2 p.m. - 5 p.m.; Wed., 6 p.m. - 9 p.m. 100 Wyse Road, 421-2300.

**Nova Scotia Museum.** Sept. 10-Nov. 6: *Collecting Manitoba's Natural Heritage*; an "artifact rich look at Manitoba". Panels describing the insects, mammals, flowers and fauna of Manitoba and the tools necessary for collecting them. Museum hours: Tues.-Sat. 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.; Sun. 12-5 p.m. 1747 Summer St., 429-4610.

## MOVIES

**Dalhousie Sunday Film Series.** Sept. 11: *Taxi Driver*. Directed by Martin Scorsese, this 113 min. feature film stars Robert DeNiro, Sybill Shepherd, Peter Boyle and Albert Brooks. A "gritty drama of urban life"; Sept. 18: *Gregory's Girl*. This 1980 British film is 95 mins. in length and tells the story of a youth who falls for a girl who replaces him on the school soccer team. Directed by Bill Forsyth; Sept. 25: *La Dolce Vita*. 1960 Italian with English subtitles. Director Fellini examines moral decay among Rome's

jet-setters. Stars include Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg. All shows at 8 p.m. The box office opens one hour prior to screening. Call 424-2298.

**National Film Board.** (Wed. night film series) Sept. 7: *Scream from Silence*. This feature-length docu-drama is based on the rape and eventual suicide of a nurse; Sept. 14: *Why Rock the Boat?* Feature length romantic-comedy based on the book by the same name. Focuses on the Montreal newspaper world of the 1940s; Sept. 21: *The Great Chess Movie*. This film elaborates on the history and significance of the game of chess. Footage of Bobby Fischer during one of his famous Russian matches; Sept. 28: *J.A. Martin, Photographer*. Feature drama running 101 mins. set in the Quebec countryside at the turn of the century. NFB showtimes at 7 and 9:30 p.m. All screenings at NFB Theatre at 1572 Barrington St. For information, call 426-6000.

**Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema.** Sept. 1-4: *Battle Beyond the Stars*. Sci-fi, with screenplay by John Sayles (*Return of the Secaucus Seven* and *Lianna*); Sept. 8-11: *If*. Directed by Lindsay Anderson and starring Malcolm McDowell; Sept. 15-18: *O Lucky Man*. The continuation of *If*; Sept. 22-25: *Blackmail*. Alfred Hitchcock's first sound film; Sept. 29-Oct. 2: *Chan Is Missing*. A low-budget Chinese detective story filmed in San Francisco's Chinatown. These films shown at NFB Theatre, 1572 Barrington. Sept. 2-8: *The Year of Living Dangerously*. Australian, directed by Peter Weir; Sept. 9-15: *The Night of the Shooting Stars*. Special Jury Prize winner, The Cannes Festival; Sept. 16-22: *Lianna*. Directed by John Sayles; Sept. 23-29: *Britannia Hospital*. Directed by Lindsay Anderson; Sept. 30-Oct. 2: *The State of Things*. Directed by Wim Wenders. Winner of the Golden Lion at the Venice Film Festival. Showtimes: 7 and 9:30 p.m. These films shown at 1588 Barrington. For information, call 422-3700.

## THEATRE

**Halifax Independent Theatre.** Sept. 16-24: *I'll Be back Before Midnight* by Peter Colley. This comedy-thriller plays at Neptune Theatre nightly at 8 p.m. Tickets available through Neptune box office, 429-7070.

**Kipawo Showboat Theatre Company.** Weekends throughout Sept.: *On Golden Pond* with Jack Sherif and Ruth Wood. Showtimes, 8:30 p.m. Located on the second floor of the Bean Sprout bldg. at 1588 Barrington Street. For ticket information, call 429-9090.

**No Name Productions.** Sept. 12-17: Chekov's *Uncle Vanya*. Stars Jeremy Akerman, Terry DeWolf, Richard McConnell, Dominic Larkin, Erin Murphy. Showtime, 8 p.m. on the Cable

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**Theatre Arts Guild.** Sept. 29 — Runs Thurs., Fri., Sat. for three weeks. *Hot'l Baltimore*. Comedy directed by Rob Vandekieft. Showtime, 8 p.m. at the Pond Playhouse, Jollimore. For ticket reservations, call 477-2663.

**Theatre Nova Scotia.** Aug. 30-

Sept. 2: *Mary, Mary* by Jean Kerr; Sept. 6-Sept. 10: *The Breadwinner* by Dr. Arthur L. Murphy; Sept. 13-17: Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap*; Sept. 18-25: Dr. Arthur L. Murphy's *To the Editor*, Sir tells the account of Joseph Howe's trial in which he acts as his own defence. Directed by John Dunsworth; Sept. 26-Oct. 1: Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap*. Showtimes: 8:30 p.m. Tues.-Sat. For ticket information, call 423-0867.

## DINNER THEATRE

**The Henry House.** Through Sept. *Order of the Good Time* is a farcical version of Champlain's Feast from the Order of Good Cheer. Original musical score. Tues. through Sat. at 7 p.m. 1222 Barrington St., Reservations only. Phone 423-1309.

## TRACK & FIELD

Sept. 11: Women's Bonne Bell 10-km Run at 10:06 a.m., Halifax; Sept. 18: Terry Fox Annual Fun Run, 10 km. For information, call 425-5450; Sept. 25: Art Gallery of Nova Scotia 5-mile run. Begins at 5 p.m., Art Gallery, Coburg Rd., Halifax. For information, phone 424-7542.

## JOSEPH HOWE FESTIVAL

**Sept. 16:** Craft Market at 9:30-10 p.m. at MicMac Mall; Opening ceremonies from 7-8 p.m. in the Red Chambers of Province House; Racquetball Tournament (evening) at Bayers Road Racquet Club; **Sept. 17:** Pancake Breakfast, 9-12 at Halifax's Grand Parade; Whaler Parade, 9-10 a.m., downtown Halifax; Whaler races 10 a.m. - 6 p.m., at waterfront, Historic Properties; Horseshow tournament, 9-6 p.m. at Lieblin Park; Schooner Races, 11-3 p.m. at the Maritime Museum Wharf, Halifax harbor; Racquetball Tournament, all day, Bayers Road Racquet Club; Craft market, 9:30-5 p.m. at MicMac Mall; Painting exhibit by Ken Tolmie, 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Evergreen Historical House, Dartmouth; Sixth International Town Criers' Championships, all day at Historic Properties.

**Sept. 18:** Costume Promenade,

10 a.m. at Hfx's Public Gardens; Soap Box Derby, 11:30 a.m. starts at Queen Street, Hfx.; Terry Fox Run, 1-4 p.m., Halifax Commons; Bike Race, 1-5:30 p.m. on the North Commons; Waiter & Waitress Race, 2 p.m., Historic Properties

**Sept. 19:** Comedy Bowl, 8 p.m. at Gingers.

**Sept. 19-24:** Play at Theatre Nova Scotia.

**Sept. 22:** Mayflower HandQuilters Quilt Show, 9:30-a.m.-10 p.m., at Maritime Mall; Casino, Evening, Hotel Nova Scotian.

**Sept. 23:** Quilt Show, 9:30 a.m.-10 p.m., Maritime Mall; Badminton Tournament, 6-10:30 p.m. Local High

School; Joseph Howe and the Boosting of Halifax, 8-10 p.m., Province House, Legislative Chambers.

**Sept. 24:** Soccer Tournament, all day, Halifax Commons; 6th annual Joseph Howe Senior open Belt Judo Tournament, 1 p.m., CFB, Shearwater; Lawn Bowling, 10:30 a.m.-3 p.m., St. Mary's Lawn Bowling Club; Slow Pitch Tournament, 9 a.m.-7 p.m., Windsor Park; Beerfest, evening, Metro Centre.

**Sept. 25:** Table Tennis Championships, 9-6 p.m., Joseph Giles Elementary School, Dartmouth; Slow Pitch Tournament, 9 a.m., Windsor Park; Century Ride, all day. Starting, Grahams Cove. For more information, call 422-9801.

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**CITYSTYLE**

# The *real* cost of owning a car

Would you believe almost 800 \$5 cab rides a year?

By Roma Senn

**W**hen Halifax broadcaster Harris Sullivan considered buying his first car a few years ago, his tax accountant advised against it. Sullivan, 45, had managed to live without a car for years, and that, the accountant told him, was "the only smart move you've ever made."

Sullivan is still carless, and he manages quite nicely, thank you. Apparently, 13 million other Canadians don't. They rely on their own car to get them to work, to the beach, to stores, to school, to the dentist — even to the park.

"Many consumers organize their lifestyles around a car," says Margaret Holgate, president of the Nova Scotia branch of the Consumers'

Association of Canada. Living without one requires "a radical change in lifestyle."

But it can be done. And it can save you a lot of money.

Three years ago, Michael Bradfield, his wife, Suellen, and their three children sold their 10-year-old Austin and tried the carless life for a year and a half. Bradfield, an economics professor at Dalhousie University, didn't find it a sacrifice. When you don't have to worry about car loan payments or maintenance and gas costs, he says, you can afford to spend on alternatives. "If we needed a cab, we took a cab." He figured the Austin cost about \$55 a week to operate, so taking cabs still saved him money.

Suellen Bradfield found her life "much more tranquil" without a car. Instead



of zipping to six different places during a day, she went to one — by bike or on foot. "You order your life in a better way when you don't have a car," she says. The family also became fitter. When the Bradfields had a car sitting in the driveway, Suellen would feel guilty about suggesting that the kids walk or take a bus to the library. With no car, "the kids became much more independent."

Occasionally, the Bradfields rented a car, scheduling errands around the rental. If, for example, they were buying something heavy, they'd wait until the weekend they'd have the rented car. Because the Bradfields live and work on

the peninsula, doing without a car was fairly easy. They broke down and bought a car before they moved to Virginia, where Mike was going on sabbatical. They needed a car in Virginia, and now they're back in Halifax with their subcompact Subaru. "Our problem is, once you buy the car, is it worth selling?" Mike says.

When Harris Sullivan started working in the newspaper business at 16, he couldn't afford a car on his \$32-a-week salary. By the time he could, he'd become used to living without one. He often could use a company car, and he's always had "very understanding, generous friends" who let him borrow their wheels. He walks a lot, and he uses cabs liberally — to the tune of about \$250 a month. He



PHOTOS BY DON ROBINSON

The Bradfield family: During the year and a half they were without a car, "the pluses outweighed the minuses"

doesn't like buses, so he takes cabs every day from his flat in the South End to his job at the ATV studios in the North End.

**A**nd he often rents cars. Most rental agencies offer special weekend rates, which can amount to \$59.95 and up for a sub-compact for three days plus \$5 a day collision insurance and \$2.25 a day personal insurance, and free mileage. Some larger rental agencies let you drop off the car in another city. But they charge a drop-off penalty — about \$85 if, for example, you rent the car in Halifax and leave it in Charlottetown.

It's easy enough to figure out how much you might spend on cabs and rentals;

calculating the costs of car ownership is tougher. "Most people look only at the out-of-pocket costs," says Lars Osberg, an economics professor at Dal. The Canadian Automobile Association says that for some people, a car may be their largest single expense, and "for many, it is second only to food and housing."

In estimating all the hidden and out-of-pocket costs, first consider depreciation. By the time you drive your spiffy, new, \$11,000 Ford Mustang from the dealership parking lot, for instance, it's already depreciated 25%. It's now worth \$9,250. "Would you invest in a stock that guaranteed you that it would be worth less than half its value after two years?" asks Phil Edmonston of the Automobile Protection Association in his book *Lemon-*

*Aid: New Car Guide 1983.* "Yet this is bound to happen if you buy a new car." (As he points out, however, some cars, such as the Corvette and Mercedes-Benz, depreciate more slowly than others.)

Osberg solves that problem by driving a "fully depreciated old clunker" worth \$300 to \$400. That costs less than relying on cabs, he says. But some clunkers are better than others. If yours lives at the repair shop or won't start on cold mornings, it's no bargain.

If you pay cash for your car (60% of new and used-car buyers don't), you forfeit investment income. If, instead of buying a modestly priced Ford Escort at \$9,000

(that includes Nova Scotia sales tax and licence), you invest that \$9,000 at 11%, it's worth \$12,300 in three years. In three years, your Escort's probably worth only \$3,800.

**B**ut many consumers don't pay cash, and some don't add the costs of credit when calculating the costs of car ownership. Assuming you purchase a \$9,000 car with a downpayment of \$2,000, you'll pay \$239.39 per month over three years at a 13 3/4% interest rate. In 36 months, you'll pay \$8,582.04 for your \$7,000 loan. (Interest rates vary from banking place to place, according to your credit rating, status, whether you bank at the place where you apply for the loan.) Can you afford it? Canadian Consumer says you

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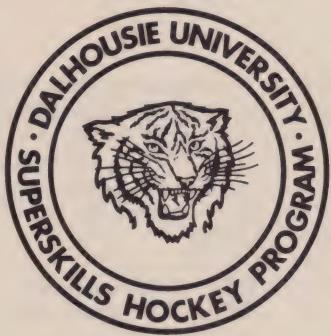
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Vanpooling is economical for long-distance commuters

should have enough cash to pay a 25% downpayment plus the cost of licence and insurance. It also suggests tucking away 10% of the cost of the vehicle "as a cushion for unexpected repairs."

In Halifax-Dartmouth, you can expect to pay a minimum of \$6,319 for a Russian Lada (including Nova Scotia sales tax and licence). The popular Japanese Honda Accord costs nearly \$11,000, if you can get one. (The feds have restricted the importation of Japanese cars to Canada to about 158,000 this year. At the Halifax Honda dealership nearly 100 customers are on a waiting list for Accords.) A mid-sized Chevrolet Malibu goes for about \$12,600.

Before whizzing off in your new purchase, you must licence, register and insure it. In Nova Scotia, you pay \$5 for a licence and an annual registration fee ranging from \$24 to \$110 for passenger vehicles, depending on the weight. Insurance costs aren't so cut and dried. "If you're young, single and own a car, you probably spend as much on car insurance as you do on gas," *Canadian Consumer* says in its spring car-buying issue. "Even if you're middle-aged and drive only on Sundays, car insurance is a major expense."

What you pay for insurance depends on such factors as the car you

drive, your age, driving record and where you live. A single, 18-year-old male, for instance, could pay up to \$1,200 for full coverage; a couple in their 40s with a good driving record and a mid-sized car could pay about \$350.

Before long, you'll need winter tires. For two average-to-top-quality tires for a sub-compact you'll pay \$120 to \$160; for a mid-sized car, you'll pay \$160 to \$220.

Now, let's look at what you've pumped out so far in fixed costs as outlined by the Canadian Automobile Association — insurance, snow tires, licence and registration, depreciation, financing. For a couple with a good driving record, a new sub-compact and rented parking space, here's a rundown of expenses in the first year of ownership:

**Fixed Costs**

Insurance (compulsory, accident benefits and collision) .....	\$350
Snow tires (sub-compact) .....	150
Parking .....	150
Licence and registration .....	40
Depreciation .....	1,750
Financing (22.2% down; Loan 14%/3 years) .....	538
	\$3,152

Obviously, you need gas and oil to

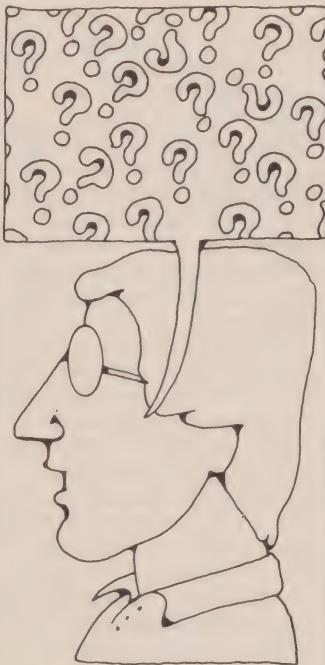
run your car; what you spend depends on such factors as the engine size, how much you drive, how well maintained the vehicle is and what the driving conditions are. During your first year of ownership you shouldn't ring up a large repair bill unless you've got a lemon. But you will want to maintain the car properly. Suppose you own a sub-compact with a gas consumption rating of 7.5 L/100 km — good gas mileage — and drive about 16,000 km per year. (Gasoline prices are based on \$.50 per litre.)

#### Variable Costs

Gasoline .....	\$600
Maintenance .....	100
	\$700

Remember these costs (total \$3,852) were calculated using a small economical car and don't include extras such as parking tickets. Recently, *The Gazette* in Montreal calculated that a typical Quebec family, driving a sub-compact about 31,200 km a year, spends \$5,584 a year to run it.

It's a lot of money. But there are ways to cut down. People who work in Metro but live elsewhere often form a pool with other commuters to cut costs. Andy Parker of Kentville, a provincial government employee, commutes



## How to cut costs



Many people consider a car a necessity, but they'd like to cut costs. Here are a few tips:

Before buying a car decide exactly what you want. *The Canadian Consumer* warns buyers not to get talked into buying options they really don't want, or need. Because salesmen make higher profits on the options than on the car itself, the magazine says, they push the extras. Sometimes they press people into buying option-loaded cars in the show window. "The more your car is worth, the more it will cost to insure," the magazine says. "And like any other part of your car, options are prone to failure." And extras such as air-conditioning make your car guzzle gas.

Basically, the same rules apply in buying used cars: Avoid option-loaded models. Beware of sports cars that may have been driven hard; they're expensive to insure. Try to avoid discontinued models. Stick with cars that have a good name, even if they cost a bit more.

Before settling on a car (after you've chosen a model to fit your needs and checked on its performance record in automotive and consumer magazines), check out the dealer's reputation with the provincial Consumer Affairs Department or the Better Business Bureau. Even with a reliable car, you need a dealer who will service it properly —

and promptly.

If the dealer says the vehicle is rust proofed, you'll want to know you can take his word for it. It's nearly impossible to check up on the work. In the Maritimes, rustproofing is almost essential because so much salt is dumped on the roads in winter. Rustproofing can extend the life of the vehicle. *The Car Economy Book*, published by the federal Department of Energy, Mines and Resources (EMR), says, "Make sure a written guarantee accompanies any rustproofing job."

As soon as you've got your car home, take time to read the owner's manual. "It's not just manufacturer's gobbledegook," says Anne Merry of the Nova Scotia Consumer Affairs Department. (Merry says her department receives more complaints about cars than about any other product.) Although there are general maintenance rules, every model is slightly different.

*The Car Economy Book* suggests owners conduct monthly 10- to 15-minute checks of fuel lines, the radiator, radiator and heater hoses, coolant levels, lubrication system, battery, belts, fluid levels, tires and lights. "It is the kind of work which will uncover minor problems before they cause major ones," the book says. Although you might think you save money by avoiding

repairs, you won't. "Money saved by neglecting needed repairs will usually show up in the form of increased depreciation," the Canadian Automobile Association notes. It suggests a motor tune-up and adjustment each spring and fall. The tune-ups will improve fuel economy. One EMR-sponsored test showed that tuned cars improved their gas consumption 13% to 28%. Some decreased consumption by more than 40%. (A tune-up costs about \$45 to \$80.)

Another gas-saving tip: Don't tell the gas-station attendant to "fill'er up." Often, he'll overfill the tank, spilling gas in the process, to present you with a nice round bill. Then, every time you accelerate or turn a corner, gas will spill from the tank. When you pull into a station, get out of your car and watch the attendant fill the tank. Fill only until the pump clicks, then shuts itself off.

Margaret Holgate, president of the Nova Scotia branch of the Consumers' Association of Canada, advises consumers to learn as much as possible about their cars. "Consumers are always more easily misled if they don't understand," she says. She suggests finding a "reputable mechanic," although that's easier said than done. *The Car Economy Book* offers easy-to-understand tips to drivers and is available free from EMR.

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daily to Halifax and carries at least one passenger in his Rabbit Diesel (the number-one car for fuel efficiency, according to Transport Canada's *Fuel Consumption Guide*.) The 224-km round trip costs him \$7 a day in gas. Each passenger chips in \$5 or \$6 a day to help defray costs — gas, parking, wear and tear on the car — and Parker pays slightly higher insurance costs to carry paying passengers.

In winter, Rick Ratcliffe and Judy Hollett of St. Croix catch a ride to Halifax with a school teacher. They pay \$4.50 a day for the 100-km round trip. Hundreds of other commuters park their cars at the 17 commuter parking lots outside Halifax and hop into passenger-filled vehicles destined for Metro.

Halifax-based Vanpools Ltd. operates 11 vans within commuting distance of Halifax-Dartmouth. For drivers who travel a fair distance each day — from 64 km to 96 km one way — vanpooling could cost less than single-passenger car travel, especially for drivers who'd have to pay parking in Metro. A 192-km two-way trip on weekdays costs \$37.50 a week by Vanpools. If you drive a full-sized Chrysler Cordoba, that trip would cost about \$50 per week. Parking in downtown Halifax runs about \$50 per month (it's \$6 a day at some parkades). If you take your chances and use street meters, count on getting tickets — from \$5 to \$15 — from Halifax's hawk-eyed

Canadian Corps of Commissioners and city police.

Another alternative to car ownership is leasing, but not everyone advocates it. In *Lemon-Aid*, Phil Edmonston says, "If you do lease a car, chances are you'll pay more than if you had bought a car, since the leasing arrangements will always include a markup for the leasing company's profits." Why lease? It's convenient, Edmonston says. You don't have to bother with financing arrangements and initially you're not hit with a large downpayment. One leasing company co-owner in Dartmouth says some customers find budgeting easier than with ownership, and they're immune to depreciation. Consumers can also

buy a full-maintenance lease to cover most repairs. "The general philosophy," explains Steve O'Regan of O'Regan Leasing, "is that a car is not a good investment. Why not rent or lease and invest in appreciative assets?" In dollar terms, O'Regan says, there's little difference between buying and leasing.

Should you lease or buy? Or should you just rely on your own two feet, plus buses and the occasional rented car? In the end, the answer depends on how much you're prepared to pay for convenience. But there's at least one family in Metro who liked life better without a car. "For us," Suellen Bradfield says, "the pluses outweighed the minuses."

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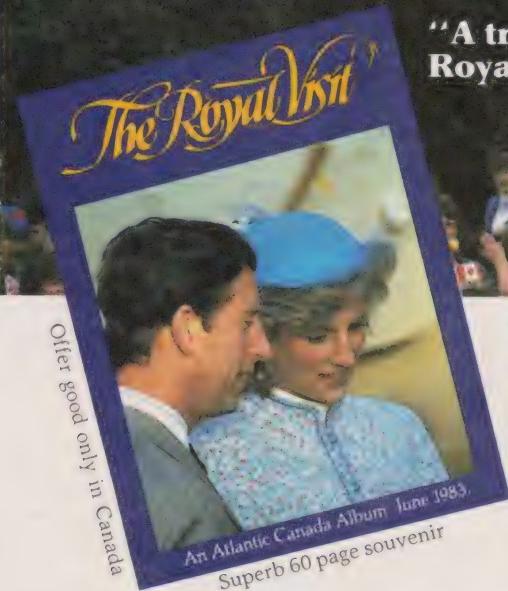
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## Advocate, N.S.

*This beautiful town on the Minas Basin is one tourists tend to miss. It also faces threats to its traditional economic base, the forests and the fishery. But Advocate people are fighting back with an ancient, time-proven remedy: Helping each other*

By Harry Thurston

**T**his is a forgotten shore and that's a shame. For nowhere in Nova Scotia will you pass through white clapboard villages with a better prospect of the sea than along the Chignecto peninsula, north of Parrsboro. With the great blue, shifting bulk of the Minas Basin at your side, the road dips, climbs and switchbacks through lonely stretches of the hardwood-covered Cobéquid Mountains. Through the V-shaped mountain slots, you can sight Cape Split and Cape Blomidon, headlands worthy of their place in Micmac tradition as the seats of power of the god Glooscap. Their red-faced cliffs rise defiantly from the waterline to 122-m heights, and overlook the Minas Channel whose strong current stands out like a blue vein on the brawny arm of the Bay of Fundy.

It never ceases to surprise me that this 32 km of shoreline is so little known, even to many Nova Scotians. Downshore

residents call it "The Little Cabot Trail." It is well named, as it offers up the most spectacular Nova Scotian seascape west of Chéticamp and Cape

The village of Advocate Harbour stands at the end of this yet-to-be-discovered tourist route. It is flanked by two mountainous headlands of its own, Cape d'Or and Cape Chignecto — cradling the sister communities of East Advocate and West Advocate — and faces the eminence of Isle Haute. The houses of the three communities, locally called Advocate for short, form a continuous string like colonies of white barnacles hugging the tideline. The dramatic setting impresses you with an almost unearthly quality, as if it had been laid out on the easel of a 19th-century romantic landscape painter.

The harbor is protected at its mouth by a natural breakwater of driftwood that has piled up along a 6-km-long sandbar. The narrow difficult entrance

to this snug berth was well known to the coastal trade. Also, Advocate men followed the sea in locally built ships with names as exotic as their destinations — like *Calcutta* and *Amazon*. Today there are a half-dozen fishing boats beached by the side of the wharf, waiting to be refloated on the tide. For now, the famous Fundy tide has retreated, turning the harbor into a muddy lagoon.

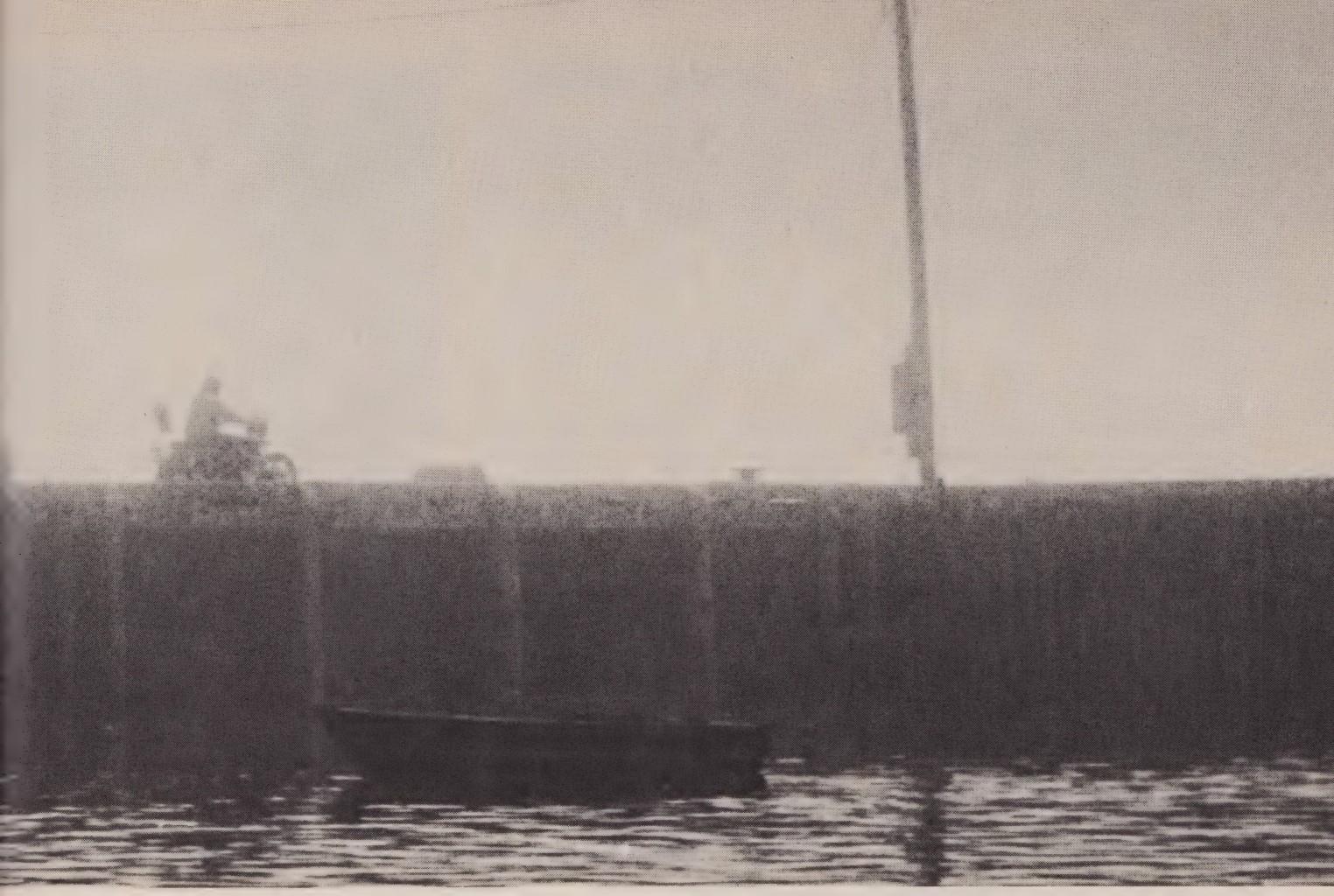
The fortunes of the town also seem to be on an ebb. They have always depended on the fishery and lumbering but these resources have been severely depleted in recent years. Local fishermen claim that the fishing's been bad ever since Polish factory ships anchored off Cape d'Or several years ago and scooped up the spawning herring stocks. Now, many residents fear that Scott Paper's 20-year onslaught on the Cape Chignecto timber stands is reaching its inevitable conclusion. Some people in town say that the next decade could see the community's largest employer pull out. And all the talk about tourist potential is still just that: Talk and potential.

Advocate is facing up to these grim prospects in what seems an unusual way, in these times of widespread discontent, but continued dependence on government initiative. They have formed a good old-fashioned self-help group. The Advocate and District Action Organization began in 1979, when a local farmer's



**A**dvocate men have followed the sea in boats they built themselves, and named them for their exotic destinations — *Calcutta, Amazon*. Fishing boats still float beside the wharf. Bathed in a golden glow of sunset, the town hopes the sun has not set on its own fortunes





barn burned down. Bernard Elliot was in his early 60s, had no insurance and, it seemed to him, no option but to abandon farming.

Byron Hefferon, the United Church minister at the time, called a community meeting to deal with their neighbor's plight and eventually raised \$2,500. Scott Paper donated free stumpage, the logs cut, sawn and trucked by volunteers. The new barn went up in a week. It was the first barn building bee in the community's living memory, and people surprised themselves with what they had accomplished. In fact, the notion looked too good to just let drop.

Since then, the Action Organization has replaced a home for a family that was burned out, and met other day-to-day emergencies, such as supplying milk and home heating fuel to families whose unemployment insurance had been cut off.

Walton Rector, a retired car salesman, was the first president of the group and is now the area's county councillor. He's seen the changes in attitude that the self-help model produced: "A lot of young people gained confidence and have come to realize that you can do something if you are willing to cooperate and work together."

**B**arn building and supplying milk, of course, are different propositions

from tackling the economic ills that afflict the community as a whole. However, the action group has begun to sponsor community works — in effect, to act as a village council — and recently undertook its most ambitious project: The construction of a recreation complex to meet current local and projected tourist needs.

They've laid out a ball field, with bleachers, dugouts and an outfield fence scrounged from a derelict outdoor hockey rink. The centrepiece will be a log recreation centre, which is being funded by a government grant. Rector insists, however, that it is not just another make-work project with no hope of paying returns. He sees a cottage craft industry in the recreation centre's basement, and eventually, log cabins and a motel for tourists, a camping area, and perhaps even a tennis court in the old gravel pit.

"That's my vision," Rector says, casting his eyes over the now idle acres at the back of the village. "It's reasonable, and let's say, I have high hopes."

He pauses, then adds in an exasperated tone: "That goddamned road is the whole key."

*That road* is now a broken line on the province's highway map; in reality, a dirt track that connects Advocate to Joggins, N.S., and completes the loop around the Chignecto peninsula. Advocate stands at

the top of the peninsula. Rector maintains that tourists avoid the unpaved section "because they don't like gravel roads and they don't like back tracking." Therefore, they never reach Advocate to see what it has to offer: Fishing, hunting, beachcombing, but mostly, magnificent solitude.

Rector doesn't want handouts, just incentive: "I feel that if the highway is opened up, tourism will gradually develop on its own through the private sector."

However, the Action Organization's perennial petitioning of government to pave the road so far hasn't paid off. It is not surprising. The area is a political barren. With the exception of the small settlements of Apple River and New Salem, there are only lumbering ghost towns between Advocate and Joggins.

Local tourism boosters argue, perhaps rightly, that the backwoods ambience is just the tonic the Trans-Canada and city-weary traveller is seeking. Ironically, perhaps even tragically, the area's unsullied beauty is the last natural resource left to bargain with.

Burnell Reid is 70. Like his father before him, he operated a sawmill. He remembers when he could hear the whistles of three other locally owned mills every morning. His own was the last to close, in 1967. Now there is only a pile of rotting sawdust to mark where it sat on the

## SMALL TOWNS

beach at West Advocate, and a color snapshot in his kitchen to remind him of what it looked like.

Reid saw that he was not going to be able to compete either for the best woodsmen or access to the best timber with Scott Paper Maritimes Ltd., who had established a larger sawmill in Parrsboro, "so we got out before we had to get out."

The closing of Reid's mill also signalled the passing of a time-honored approach to forest management. Reid was of a generation of local lumbermen who didn't cut a tree that was less than a foot in diameter at the butt. It was a practice that ensured a wood supply for the future. "But when the big companies came in and when they put a road through, they wanted everything cut that there was," Reid explains, "because they could move out of here and not come back for 100 years."

**R**eid's speculation has the unsettling ring of prophecy. In recent years, Scott has mounted a reforestation program, but Reid is not alone in thinking that it may be too little too late.

"A few years ago, before they came in on this clear cut, they said they were going to farm out woods — replant and farm — and that our woods were all go-

ing to come back. They were going to show us how to produce lumber.

"But before they got done — just go and take a picture. The destruction! There'll be no more cutting for maybe 125 or 150 years," Reid insists.

To make matters worse, the reforestation program itself runs contrary to Reid's lifetime experience of the forest: "One thing the people resent the most of anything is this replanting and then spraying to kill off all the hardwood. It's not natural. It's natural for our forests to have spruce and hardwood. And if you change the thing, it's not going to work.

"It might work for one generation," Reid concedes, "and then the land's going to run out."

With the timber resource promising a slow-recovery at best, and the fishery in apparent decline, what does it augur for Advocate's future? "It's a good place for retirement, old age pensioners, and that's what we're going to have the most of," Reid says sadly.

Still, there are young people who are willing to stake their future in Advocate.

Gerry Field says, "I was one of the first to break the chain of young guys leaving." After finishing high school, Gerry cut pulp for Scott Paper, which is often the only employment option open

to the community's young men. He found that the work not only jarred his bones but rankled his principles. "I helped them slaughter the land," he says with regret. "If it wasn't for the need of money, I wouldn't have done it."

For the past two years, he's turned his back to the woods and looked to the sea for a living. At the same time, he erected a 9-m tower that commands a view of the tide-rip off Cape d'Or, and the blue finger of land on the horizon that is the Annapolis Valley's North Mountain range. The tower, his self-built home and the acre of garden that surround both stand as stubborn symbols of Field's new-found independence, his determination to make subsistence farming and part-time fishing a way of life, much as it was for Advocate's early settlers.

The fishing, however, hasn't been as good as he would like. "It used to be," he says, with the air of an old salt, "you could fill a boat off there, but now you don't know whether you'll get enough for a meal."

Like most fishermen, Field is always hopeful. His optimism that the fish will return is shared by Mike Fraser. The two young men plan to fish together this summer.

Fraser, 19, could be found this spring in a boatshop that belongs to his grand-

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# Canada



Reid's mill closing marked end of era

uncle, Captain William Morris, at 80, one of the last of a generation of Advocate men to distinguish themselves as sea captains. While Fraser worked feverishly, fitting his Cape Islander with a new keel and replacing worn out planking, Captain Morris watched admiringly: "I couldn't do that at his age — I couldn't

do that now."

Fraser doesn't have illusions about the standard of living that fishing can provide. He says that he'll be happy if he can net \$10,000. Although there's always risk associated with making a living from the sea — particularly, given the area's precarious stocks — it's as reliable, perhaps more so, than work in the woods.

"There's never been steady work here. You never know whether it's going to snow and you'd be 13 or 14 stamps short. Then you'd have no money all winter," Fraser explains.

This uncertainty has bred a deep-rooted fatalism in many young people. Pogy is as much an accepted way of life in Advocate as it is in other small, isolated Maritime towns where the work is seasonal. The recent nine-month Abercrombie plant strike against Scott Paper shut down the woods and removed even that economic crutch. It provided a disturbing glimpse into what might be in store for the community if Scott Paper ever did pack its bags: Idleness and tension spilled out in acts of vandalism — "What is there for young guys to do but drink and raise hell," rationalized one disenchanted youth.

Jet Robinson's General Store was a target of the discontent. "It gives a guy a funny feeling to come in and find the window blown out like that," Robinson says, pointing to his office window which

bears the unmistakable pattern of a shotgun blast.

"You go home at night and see the tide coming and going, and you think it's such a peaceful place; then you have ridiculous things like that happen."

Robinson, who left a dairy farm in Connecticut and followed a "Land for Sale" ad in *Field & Stream* to Advocate, is philosophical about what could easily be interpreted as local bigotry. He points out that he hasn't been the only victim, and that business has actually picked up since the incidents started.

"I was rather impressed with how well we were received by the town, and especially after we took over the store. Small town people — I think they're a warmer type of person."

The doctor comes in and Robinson promptly plunks a fresh halibut down on the counter: "This is for you." Someone, wishing to remain anonymous, has left it as a gift, in the tradition of small town gratitude for a service.

That same week, Dr. Maurice Meyers was planning to leave his post as the only doctor at the rambling farmhouse that has served as the community hospital since 1945. Advocate's relative isolation makes having its own hospital a necessity, especially to cope with woods accidents and obstetrical emergencies. Older patients like it because it's homier, but the staff has to adjust to antiquated equipment, such as the 40-year-old U.S.

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## SMALL TOWNS

Army field unit x-ray which, Meyers points out, is identical to the model Klinger used on M\*A\*S\*H. "A fellow straight out of medical school would have quite a problem," he says.

Meyer, who served in Canada's North, was attracted by the professional and personal independence that Advocate's rustic isolation offered. However, after four years, he began to recognize the creeping signs of rural doctor burnout: "In the old days," he reflects, "you had somebody to drive your horse, now you have to drive yourself." Meyers was the 14th doctor to serve Advocate in the last 30 years. He plans on semi-retirement, but will return to the area to spend time at his cottage.

The area seems to hold a special attraction for individualists like Meyers. Notable among them was playwright and actor Sam Shepherd. Shepherd was a 1960s cohort of Allen Ginsberg and Bob Dylan, but regained a modicum of academic respectability by copping the coveted Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1979 for his play *Buried Child*. "Sam was deep," remembers a neighbor.

Shepherd hasn't been back to Advocate in a decade, but it's believed he still owns the house that once belonged to Captain Joshua Dewis. Dewis was the builder of what just might be the world's most famous sailing ship, the *Mary Celeste*. Christened the *Amazon*, she was launched in neighboring Spencer's Island in 1861. In 1872, the ship was found abandoned in the mid-Atlantic. The crew's food was on the table, but no trace of them was ever found. Their fate remains a mystery to this day.

Joshua's grandson, Rhodes Dewis, still lives in Advocate. He remembers his grandfather's common sense version of events. The *Mary Celeste* was carrying a cargo of alcohol. Spontaneous combustion took place, blowing the hatch off: "He says all that happened was they panicked. They jumped ship and didn't attach a line, and the ship drifted away from them — they just made a stupid

move."

Dewis is now in his 70s. As a boy he remembers playing among the ribs of vessels shaped by the hands of some of the world's best shipwrights, in what is now his grassy beachside yard. He fears that these proud ancestral memories will be lost with his generation: "It's only the last few years that people have been writing the history down."

Don Gamblin, a young teacher at the Advocate District School, has been doing his part to keep alive memories of Advocate's more halcyon days, when it

of the demise of wooden ships that ravaged local economies. However, he still sees the resourcefulness in the Advocate people that accounted for their entrepreneurial past.

"People from this area have their own unique character," Gamblin maintains. "If you took a look at the people in this area and their ability to do things on their own, they have a lot of natural resources to draw on. I learn from them all the time. If I want to fix something or, say, build a patio deck, I don't buy a book; I go and ask one of my buddies."

This innate resourcefulness is a quality that the times seem to demand. A number of young people have been forced to return to the area by the deepening recession. As one young man who had spent a few years in Alberta told me: "You can pick up odd jobs — nobody starves around here."

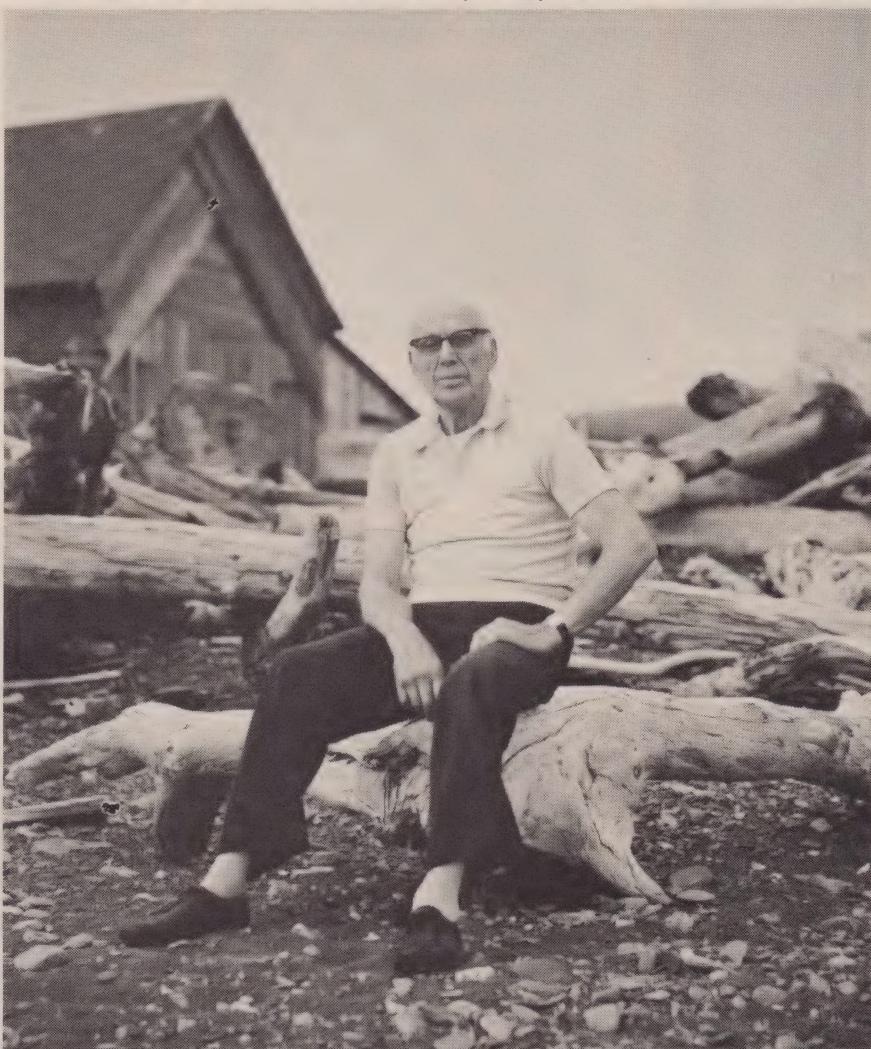
At least, in Advocate they have the support of family, or as the Action Organization has shown, of the community, if the circumstances are bad enough.

Current Action Organization president, Arthur Fillmore, spent 15 years in the services before moving back home. He believes, "If the economy stays the way it is, I think people are better off in a community like this than in a larger town or city."

However, Fillmore acknowledges that there is little future if the tourist potential isn't developed to offset the

loss of jobs in the forest and fishery. He's confident that it can be: "I've been over the Cabot Trail, and I think it's every bit as pretty here. It's just not as long, that's all."

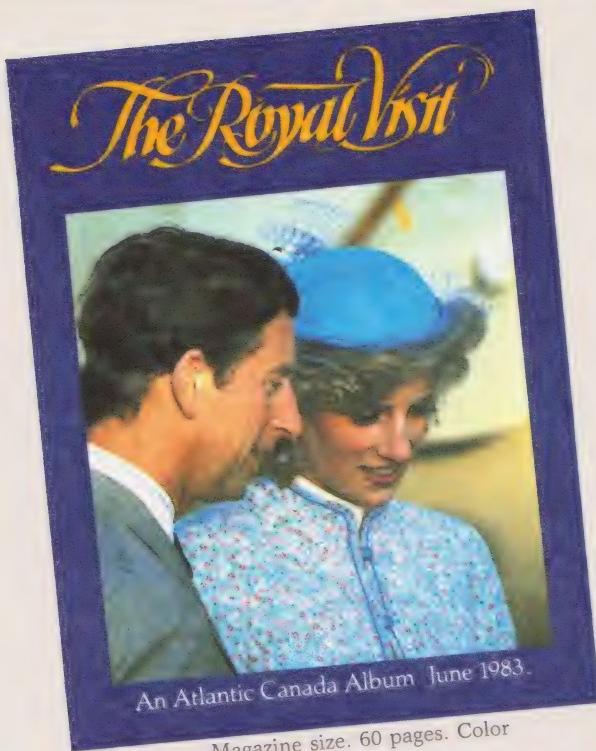
Right now, many tourists who come to Advocate get there quite by accident — they take a wrong turn at Parrsboro. "Once they are here," says William Morris, proprietor of the Harbour Lite restaurant, "they can't understand why there are so few people around." Of course, that's just the way some residents want to keep it. They are quite content to be at the end of the road, with the magnificent view all to themselves. ☒



Rhodes Dewis is grandson of Advocate's most famous shipbuilder

boasted a fur shop, photography salon and several hotels. He's been getting his social studies class to assemble a scrapbook of old photographs. They show a prosperous sawmill in the ghost town of Eatonville, mining row houses at the abandoned Cape d'Or copper mine, sailing ships in Advocate harbor, decks piled high with deal. In every photograph, proud men — in some cases the children's grandfathers — stand before the camera sure of their small but important place in history.

"Some ask, 'What happened?'" Gamblin recounts the familiar story



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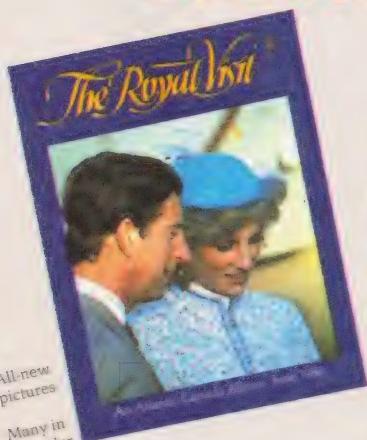
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# Up in smoke

In Nova Scotia alone in 1982, chimney fires caused loss or damage to the tune of \$1.5 million.

So it isn't surprising that provincial fire marshals, local fire departments, stove and furnace suppliers and insurance companies are all taking a greater interest in chimneys.

It also stands to reason that the users of stoves, fires and furnaces should recognize the importance of this most important segment of the heating system.

Remember, the smoke that goes up the chimney contains all manner of harmful ingredients — corrosive and toxic. Gases, salts, minerals, and of course if you're a wood burner, creosote.

Creosote, there's a word to cause many a sleepless night when the cold has settled in over the land, and the roar and crackle of the wood fire makes you wonder what actually is happening up there in the flue.

No matter what you burn, the care and maintenance of your chimney is a key factor to your comfort and safety. Just think for a minute, and try and figure out when was the last time you had your chimney professionally checked?

You would do well to make an appointment to have your chimneys inspected and cleaned *before* the start of the heating season. A good chimney sweep is a lot more than just a man with a dirty face and a funny hat! He could easily be a life saver.

You can make a preliminary examination of your chimneys: A visual examination from the inside and the outside. Look for creosote build-up, cracks, loose bits and pieces, anything that looks a little out of line. But, if like most of us, you haven't made much of a study of chimneys, get some expert advice. At the very least, the chimney sweep can tell you what to look for.

Now what happens if your existing chimney is a disaster area just waiting for an inopportune moment to do its worst? Or you want to add a stove or furnace and you need a new chimney. What are your options?

To all intents and purposes, there are three types of chimneys, and when we talk chimneys we are really concerned more with the flue itself, the actual chamber that carries the smoke out of the house and into the environment.

## The clay flue and brick chimney

This is the kind of system found in most homes built with a fireplace and/or heated by an wood, coal or oil-fired furnace. Forgetting about the brick shell for a moment, the flue itself is made up from a number of burned-clay flue sections cemented together.

There is probably little question that the clay flue liner and brick chimney is the best you can have. But it does have drawbacks.

To build this kind of chimney requires the services of skilled masons, and their work doesn't come cheap. And if you're adding a chimney, the only reasonable way you could build this type would be on the outside of the house. And that way you miss the added heating value of a warm mass of brick passing through your home. The problem being that to construct a brick chimney you need a very hefty foundation, and room for the masons to work.

But if you are building a new home, why not plan to build it around the fireplace and



flue, and have the brick exposed throughout the house. Looks good, feels warm, helps save energy.

## The prefabricated chimney

The trend toward wood stoves that has been growing over the past decade or so rekindled interest in these chimneys. They had originally been designed as chimneys for the kind of oil-heater you found in service stations and out-buildings.

Of course, these pre-fabricated chimneys have been changed and greatly improved to meet the new requirements of domestic heating systems. In fact today, they are in many ways the preferred flue system when you are burning wood, the reason being that creosote is formed on chimneys when the hot gas condenses on the cold chimney. A metal chimney warms up faster than the clay flue, and all things being equal, your metal chimney is a good, safe investment. However, a chimney fire which develops an incredible heat can adversely affect the insulation qualities of a prefab chimney. Obviously the thing to do is to never have a chimney fire, but if you have that misfortune, be sure to have your chimney thoroughly checked afterwards.

## The steel flue liner

This is a relatively new idea, and is one solution to the problem of an old brick chimney that is no longer safe for use.

A flexible stainless steel chimney liner is inserted into your old chimney, with insulation poured between the outside of the liner and the inside of the old chimney.

While some manufacturers recommend this system for all types of chimney applications, you should check with your provincial fire marshal. It could be that the system is only approved for use with oil furnaces.

In any event, it is definitely an idea whose time has come and there must be many hundreds of appropriate applications in the Atlantic provinces.

## Play it safe

With all chimney works, repairs or new installations, it pays to have the work handled by qualified people. There's no advantage to saving a dollar on the installation, only to lose many thousands of dollars due to malfunctions of the system.

Before you install any new chimney, check on local regulations, and with your insurance company.

There's a lot more than just smoke that can go up the chimney.

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# Burning issues



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Old, loose-fitting windows are real heat-loss villains and replacing them is always money well spent.

## No easy answers

Assuming that your insulation is up to snuff, but your fuel costs are still out of line, what are your options?

Naturally, there is no one simple all-encompassing solution, because there are too many variables. For example: If you happen to have a woodlot, a chain saw, a pickup truck, and two sturdy sons (or liberated daughters), some form of wood heating makes all kinds of sense.

On the other hand, an elderly couple suffering from arthritis are obviously restricted to turning up the thermostat to generate extra heat.

So what exactly are the options? You do have a choice, but not much of one.

## Newer is better

If you have an oil-fired furnace, you should know that, generally speaking, newer is better. Twenty years ago you could expect a heating efficiency of about 60% from your oil furnace. Today, the best units operate at about 80% efficiency.

You can get a gas-fired furnace with an efficiency rating of around 95%. But it's going to cost you! You have to consider very carefully how much your annual fuel cost savings are going to be to justify spending around \$3,000 for the furnace.

Of course, you can pay less than three grand for a gas furnace and still get good efficiency. But you'll be burning propane (an oil derivative) that just doesn't deliver the way heating oil does.

You get about 166,000 BTU's per gallon from oil, compared with only 114,000 BTU's from a gallon of propane.

One day, we all hope and pray, our very own natural gas will flow onshore and we will happily change some of our approaches to heating. But until that long-heralded dawning, we will face many a cold day and



colder night. And when it does flow ashore, you can bet your bottom dollar that nobody will be giving the stuff away.

## Quick and clean

Electric (baseboard) heating has all kinds of advantages. No furnace, no chimney, no smell. It's quick and clean and flexible. It's ideal for spot heating or zone heating. Electric heating is touted as being 100% efficient. And so it may be from the user point of view. But inefficiencies in generation and transmission drastically reduce its true efficiency.

Regionally, electricity is generated from oil-fired equipment. Coal is taking a great part in that business, but we need new technology to make the greatest possible use of our vast coal reserves. Of course, we could all switch to electricity and enter the nuclear age!

## What about wood?

For most people, and especially town and city dwellers, wood heating is worth considering but only as a secondary system. Some wood stoves are remarkably

**S**o you're going to do something about your home heating.

Last year, your heating costs soared well beyond the point of reason and you achieved new highs in blood pressure with each bill you paid.

However, before you plunge into the basement and rip out "old faithful," you should bear in mind one simple fact of home heating economics: *The easiest, fastest, cheapest way to reduce your home heating costs is to upgrade your insulation.*

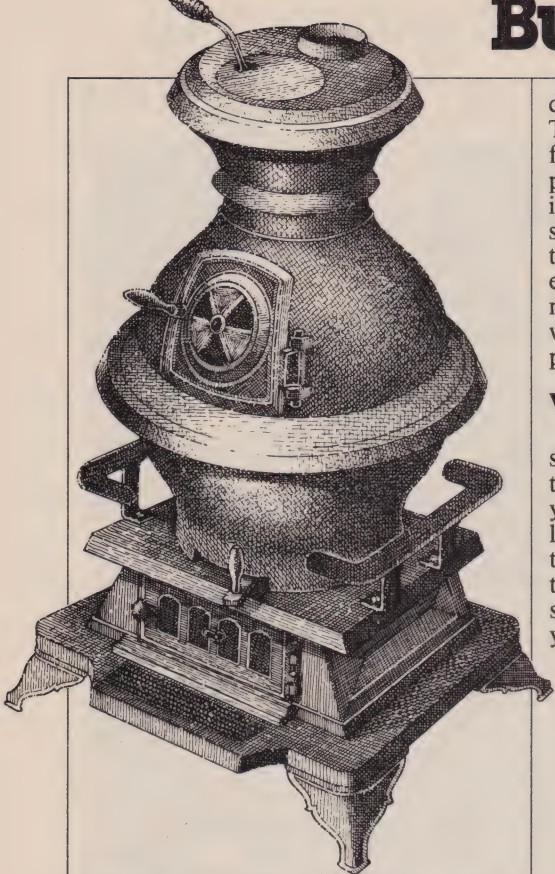
With all the pro-insulation publicity that's been around over the last few years, you would be surprised how many homes are still chronically under-insulated.

## Keeping heat at home

If you accept the general principle that hot air rises, then check that your attic insulation is at least R28. You should have an R14 value in above ground walls, and



# Burning issues



efficient, many of them are highly attractive in themselves, and they're more fun to sit around than a television set.

Just forget the bad old-fashioned open fireplace. Without glass doors, the fireplace steals more heat than it generates.

On the positive side for wood burning is the irrefutable fact that it is a renewable resource. Besides, it smells good when it's burning.

If you are burning wood, or burning anything for that matter, your heating system requires a chimney. And that's a topic worthy of some serious consideration.

## All hail the heat pump!

Here is the answer for residential heating. Or so claimed some advocates of the heat pump. And so it may well be in some climates, but not in ours. And not if we're talking about the most popular form of heat pump — the air-to-air version, the kind that sits outside as an unnatural part of your landscaping.

The air-to-air heat pump uses outside air as its heat source. At temperatures above 4°C (40°F), outside air holds enough heat for the heat pump to function efficiently. But as the air temperature falls below that magic number, its efficiency declines to the point where it switches off and the back-up system has to take over.

You can have heat-pumps that also operate from groundwater, lakes, oceans, even the earth itself.

Operating under their own ideal con-

ditions, heat-pumps are super efficient. They are also reversible, and can be used for air cooling in the summer. One day perhaps, some form of heat pump will indeed be part of every home heating system. But you should remember that the principles of the heat pump were first expounded by Lord Kelvin in 1852 — maybe we shouldn't hold our breath waiting for the era of universal heat pumps.

## Whatever happened to solar?

Passive solar is alive and well and saving money for everyone smart enough to take advantage of it. Passive is where you position windows to the south and let the sun shine in and warm up an interior brick wall. Or just warm up the interior. Most houses can benefit from some form of passive solar heating and you should check out all the possibilities.

Active solar is something else again.

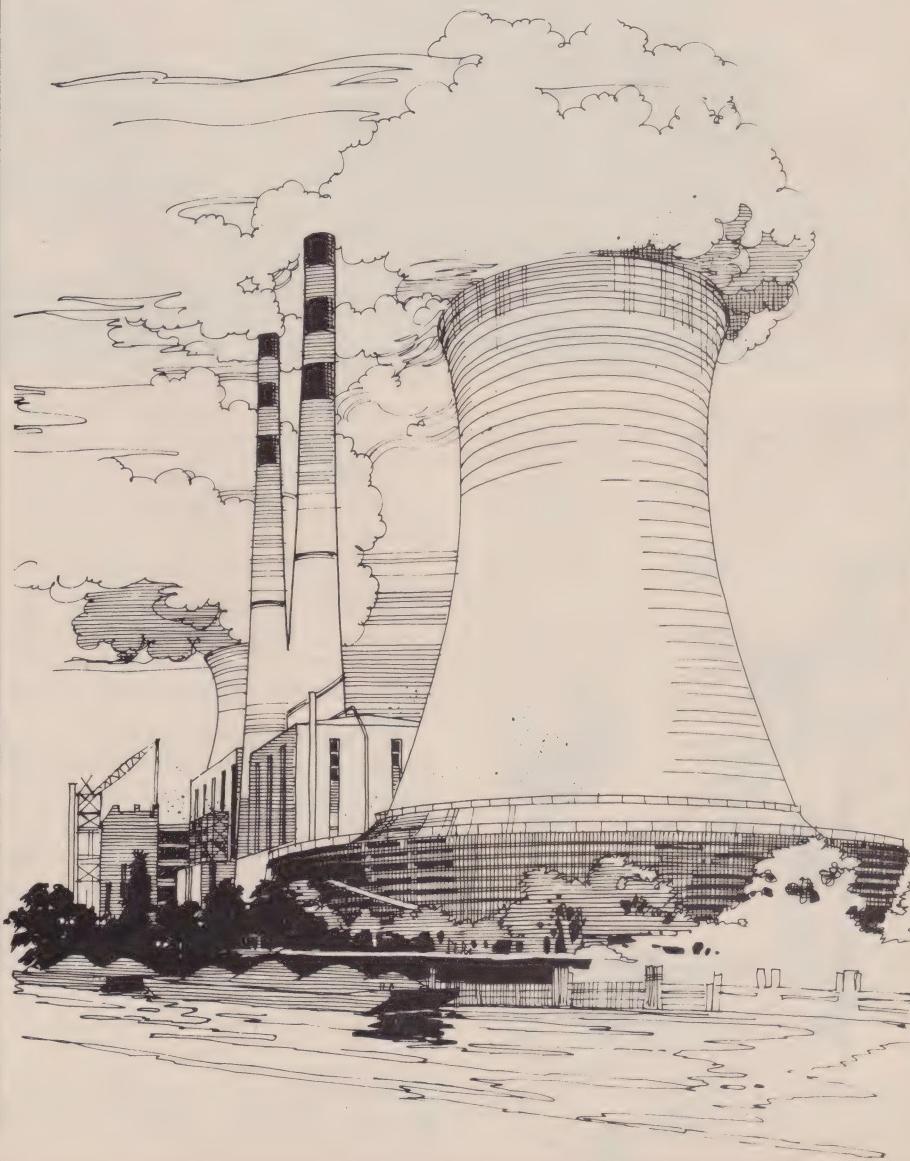
This is where you have solar collector panels and water pipes behind. You also need some form of massive heat storage device.

The idea is fine, but there is some problem with the materials for the panels, and there are other wrinkles that need ironing out. But keep the faith. The sun has been up there for a long time and one day we'll figure out the best way to use all that energy.

## The final analysis

It would seem that the status is quo. For the average urban household in the Atlantic provinces, and notwithstanding personal desires and governmental pressures and inducements, there is no escaping the fact that oil-fired hot water or forced air is still the best heating value.

Fortunately, most modern oil furnaces are designed for a quick conversion to gas. Ready for the big day. ■





## Fighting home fires

**H**opefully, you will never experience the terrifying and totally destructive force of a major home fire.

But that doesn't mean you needn't be prepared. And just for starters, when was the last time you checked your smoke detectors. (Heaven forbid you don't have any, but if you don't, make the installation of a system an early priority.)

Every home should have a plan in case of fire. There should be multi exits from your home, capable of being used by every member of the family. Because the first rule with a fire in the home: *Get everyone out of the house.*

With everyone accounted for, call the fire department. The number is by every phone, isn't it?

Even if you manage to contain or extinguish the fire, it is a wise precaution to have the experts check it out. Fires that appear to be out sometimes have a nasty way of leaping back to life.

After calling the fire department, then you should decide whether or not to tackle the fire yourself. Remember, the typical home fire extinguisher only delivers a few seconds of fire-killing spray.

### What kind of extinguishers

You will be looking for the dry chemical extinguishers, and they are classified by the type of fire they are best suited to fight. Class A — paper, wood, cloth, and many types of plastic. Class B — flammable liquids like gasoline in the garage or kitchen grease. Class C — electrical fire, faulty wiring.

Your best bet is to get a fire extinguisher/s rated ABC, which can fight all three of the most common types of household fires. The smaller the unit the easier it is to carry and operate, but the less chemical it holds. So choose the biggest unit capable of being handled by those family members responsible enough to operate them.

Multipurpose dry chemical leaves a residue that must be removed from material after the fire is out.

Lets not forget about water in fire-fighting. But it does have some important drawbacks. Water is only effective on Class A fires. It is also heavy to lug around. Water damage can be nearly as bad as fire damage.

### Where to locate them

Place your extinguishers in plain sight and where they can be easily reached by those expected to use them. Keep out of reach of small children. (Do not place too near to potential hazards

— the fire could prevent you from reaching the extinguisher.) Learn how to use them, and check regularly for the condition. Have them serviced as required.

Bear in mind that most domestic extinguishers are empty after about 10 seconds of use. If the fire is not out after that time, leave the house, closing the door behind you, and wait for the fire trucks.

Have a family fire plan. Install and check smoke detectors. Locate and check fire extinguishers. Sleep peacefully. ■

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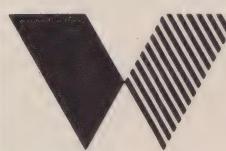
The DUBL-PANL roof construction features two separate chords of steel panels, ideally suited for easy insulation between roof and ceiling.

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And Behlen's added advantages of reduced construction time and costs and low maintenance provide even greater savings.

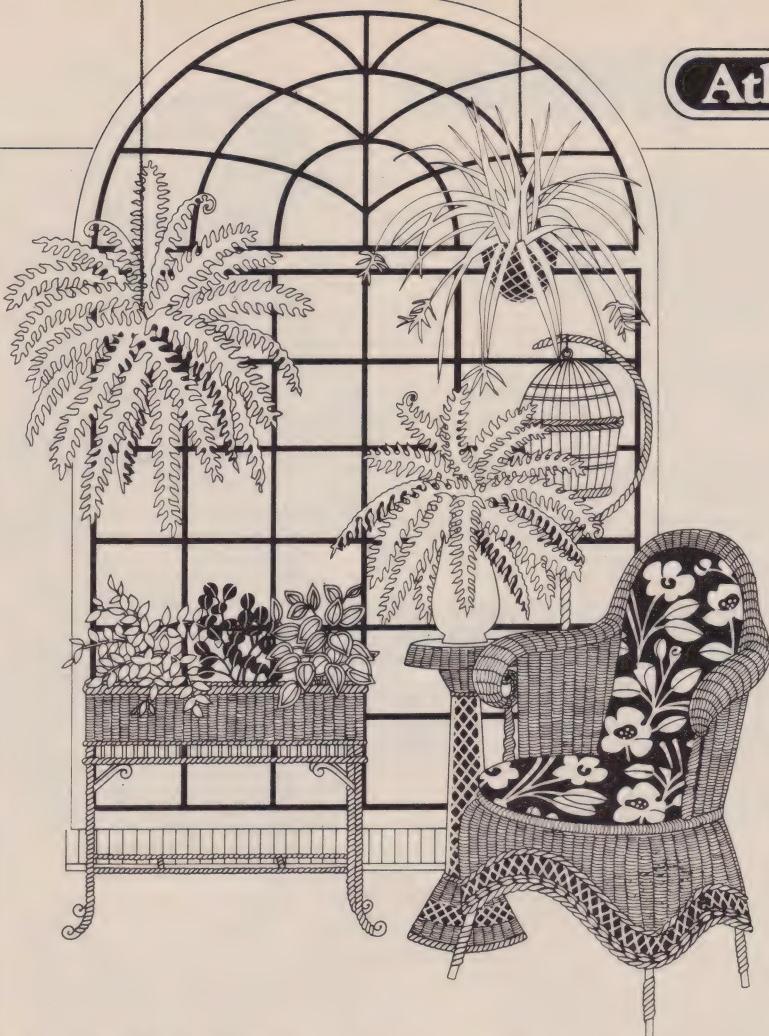
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## Looking at windows

**F**rom the late 1600s to the middle of the 1800s, the British raised money by taxing windows.

In the 1970s, some American states considered the same notion. But in this case, the idea was to encourage saving money by saving energy.

There's no question that glass is a poor insulator, and so the windows in your home play a big role in determining the heating efficiency of your home.

Double glazing is essential. And for maximum effect, you should look for a 1/2" air space between the two panes of glass.

Triple glazing is an option that is generally available, but to triple glaze all your windows would probably cost more than you could hope to recover. It could well be worth doing on any north-facing windows you have.

Just as energy-wasteful as heat lost through the glass, is something called air infiltration.

Windows are made up of various components all joined together with varying degrees of care and efficiency. The fewer and tighter the joints, the harder it is for the cold air to find a way through.

With the kinds of winter winds

homes in the Atlantic provinces must endure, the federal standard for air infiltration of 25 mph leaves a great deal to be desired.

Schurman, who makes windows in Prince Edward Island, established its own infiltration standards. Schurman windows are tested to resist infiltration at wind speeds of 100 mph. Schurman by the way, is the oldest window-maker in Canada, the business being established in 1896.

Lockwood of Scoudouc, N.B., is another regional manufacturer who builds to exceed the federal standards. Its concern with quality has opened up markets all across Canada and, like Schurman, is finding growing acceptance for these regional products in the northeastern United States.

Margaree Windows is a smaller Cape Breton company, and it does its window testing in a mountainous region of Inverness County which "enjoys" winds in excess of 100 mph on a regular basis.

All this is not to say that windows produced by other manufacturers, large and small, are not appropriate to our climate. But it is a good idea to talk about air infiltration tests and results when you are considering buying new

windows.

Allowing that the window units themselves are firm and tight, the other problem area is where the window frames meet the walls of the house. Check all window and door frames visually for gaps and cracks, and on some cold windy day, run your hand around the frames on the inside and feel for any drafts. Caulking and weather-stripping could solve any problems you find.

However, it might be that your windows are just too old and the frames too loose and cracked for you to achieve worthwhile results with caulking. You may be looking at a replacement program.

New windows are not cheap, but they are good value. If you are looking to replace some windows, you should consider the variety of types and styles you can choose from. You might also consider bow or bay windows, a combination awning, a casement with left or right-hand opening.

Over the years, the construction industry has gone a long way in standardizing various home components, including windows. In the old days, there were hundreds of "stock" sizes. Today, that number has been considerably reduced, but you still have a good variety.

If you are retrofitting windows to an older home, and the window spaces are at a variance with any of the stock sizes, there is an alternative to enlarging or reducing the size of the spaces.

Both Lockwood and Schurman produce "special size" windows, and while they will obviously cost more than standard sizes, it does mean that you can use your existing trim and that you are not going to be forced into major wall work. Margaree claims to still manufacture as stock, windows in some sizes that are out of fashion and not be found in the bigger catalogues.

You can also find windows that are "pre-painted," usually by an electrostatic process that lasts much longer than the usual painting process. The available colors may be limited, but you do cut down on one of the tricky chores of home maintenance.

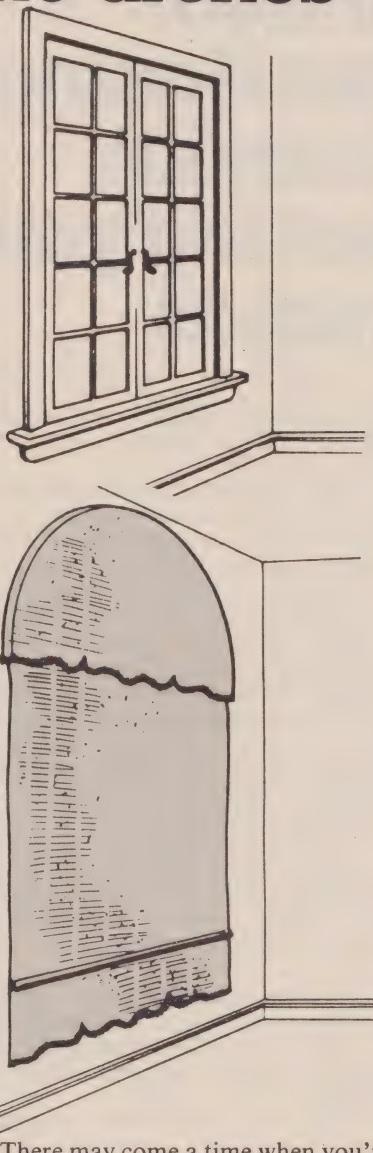
When you are considering new windows, it pays to shop around. Write to the manufacturers and ask for their catalogues and price sheets. Talk to local dealers, and to anyone you can find who has been involved in window work.

The look of your windows has a great deal to do with the overall look of your home.

The construction quality of your windows has a great deal to do with the heating efficiency of your home.

Both aspects are important. You can get windows that look good, work well, and are made right in the Atlantic provinces.

# Underneath the arches



There may come a time when you're looking around the various rooms and you decide you need to do something about the windows. Something a little dramatic, perhaps.

In a hallway or bedroom, an arched window could give you just the effect you need. But installing an arched window could be more expensive and more trouble than it is worth.

So let's fake it. You can see the effect in the illustration, and this is how it was accomplished.

First get a woven wood blind to fit the rectangular window that you're out to alter. Then create a cornice in similar or contrasting material, in the size and shape of the arch you want.

You can also work it with drapes, but that entails bending curtain rods and is a whole lot trickier.

Remember, when you're just looking for an effect, the final result is all that counts.

## the "Professionals"

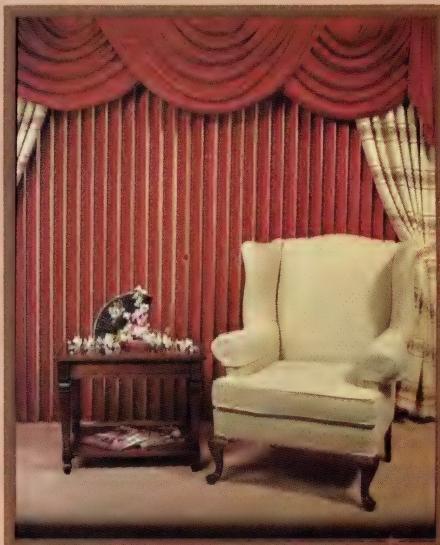
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# Indoor gardening without soiling your hands

Hydroponics — the business of growing plants in water — goes back about 300 years.

John Woodward, an English botanist, is credited with inventing the system, the basics of which are now used commercially for the mass production of lettuce, tomatoes, and of course, watercress, to mention just a few of the crops.

For those of us who live in the Atlantic provinces, where fertile soil is not a universal blessing and the climate can safely be described as unpredictable, regular outdoor gardening can be frustrating. So forget it. Turn your garden into grazing for goats, and do your serious horticulture indoors, and all year 'round.

Hydroculture offers many obvious advantages. Not the least of which is that you don't have to worry about forgetting to water your plants — an all too common problem with the potted-in-soil variety. You can safely take a vacation from your water garden, by just making sure the containers are full before you go. Experience will tell you how much water is used, how fast by your particular plantings.

Your own good taste can probably





tell you that ordinary tap water — which may contain all manner of other things — holds very little of nutritional value for plants or animals. No problem, not these days. Most garden centres carry packages of nutrients in the form of powder which you just mix up with water. There are prescribed amounts, depending on what you are growing. Just follow the simple directions, as such directions are wont to say.

There is no way that we can guarantee you fantastic blooms and rich harvests from your water garden, but we do promise no soil-carried bugs or diseases, and no problem with what to do about that half-bag of potting soil that's been hanging around the kitchen for far too long.

### Getting started

You need a variety of containers, all shapes and sizes. You should avoid using any vessel made of copper, brass or lead as these will create harmful chemical reactions from interaction with the water and plant food.

Glass containers are the obvious answer, but then you have to decide between clear glass and colored. Clear glass lets you see how things are going, and watching roots grow can be pleasantly soporific. But you decide. Maybe you mix and match.

You may also want to suit the container shape to the plant shape — very creative! Laboratory glassware comes in all shapes and sizes.

If the container is the right shape, most plants will require no support other than the sides of the vessel. But if they do need a "holdfast" aquarium gravel is ideal. Beach pebbles may look very nice, but they are probably saturated with salt; same problem with beach sand.

You will also want a collection of bottle brushes, cleanliness always being a virtue. A misting can help overcome the lack of humidity so frequently a problem in our homes during winter.

### Transplanting

A cutting is immediately ready for the water treatment. On the other hand, a new plant that is potted in soil needs to be completely separated from the soil. Cut away the plastic pot, or loosen the plant and then remove from a clay pot. The ball of soil that holds to the roots is best soaked away by letting the plant sit in tepid water. Do this until the roots are absolutely clean, then rinse under gently flowing tepid water. Be careful not to damage the roots, and avoid using icy cold water. Don't let the leaves sit in the water as this could cause them to rot.

### What to plant and where

That may be a misleading subhead because what you plant is entirely up to you. Talk with the people at the garden centre, and try and get hold of someone who's involved in hydroponic gardening.

Remember, plants that need sunlight when they're in soil need sunlight in water. The basic rules remain the same, all you have done is replace earth with something cleaner and easier to handle.



## It's a fact:

A fluorescent light delivers five times as much light as an incandescent bulb for the same amount of energy. Fluorescents also last about 10-15 times longer.

Three-way light bulbs are superior to regular bulbs because you can avoid over lighting. Use "high" for reading, "medium" and "low" for talking or watching TV.

Toaster ovens, pressure cookers, electric frypans and woks cost just pennies to operate. When you use your small appliance instead of the range/oven, you'll be surprised at the energy savings. ■

# Fire Vandalism and Theft

to homes and property cost Canadians \$1.4 billion in 1982, and it's costing more every year.

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- Home Insurance explained
- Car Insurance explained
- How much would it cost to rebuild your home today?
- Insuring your Valuables
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- Canada's Epidemic: Death on the Highways

## Information Service



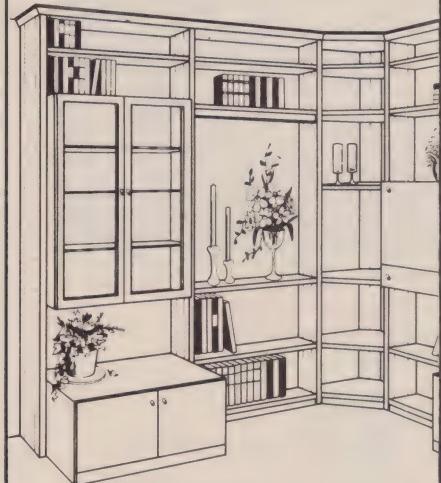
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Phone Betty Walker or Gerard Walsh at 429-2730 or toll free 1-800-565-7189. Or write to IBC Information Services, Suite 1206, 1505 Barrington Street, Halifax, N.S. B3J 3K5.

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# Spouting off

**C**ast your mind back to last winter, or to the last big rain storm of the summer.

What happened to the water as it cascaded down your roof? Was it swiftly and efficiently carried off by the gutters into the downspouts and away to where you wanted it to go?

Or did it overflow the gutters, pouring through cracks and splits and loose joints between sections? Did it soak into the shingles, or settle in to do its rotten work where the patio deck meets the side of the house?

If you have run-off problems, now's the time to do something about them. And, if you have a mind to, you can do it yourself.

What you are looking for is a system that moves water away from the house, protecting the soffit, the fascia and the siding. It should also help to keep basement walls dry, and to prevent damage to shrubs around the house from being battered and drowned during heavy storms.

### Bright, light aluminum

Aluminum rainware comes with a variety of finishes, so you don't need to worry about painting. They don't rust, so there's no problem with streaks and stains. And most reputable products carry a long-term guarantee.

Lightweight aluminum puts less strain on components, and the material doesn't expand or contract as much as vinyl plastic. In fact, it is usual to find aluminum gutters on homes newly resided with vinyl siding.

### Seamless or sections

With seamless guttering, the gutters are actually produced on the spot and must be professionally installed. If you are looking at lengths between 20' and 50', seamless could well be the answer. They look good, have fewer joints to leak, and spread expansion and contraction over the full length.

However, if you are looking at lengths less than 20', or at a roof edge that's very high up, sections may be preferred. These sections are do-it-yourself, but just remember to ensure that the pieces overlap by 1 1/2"-2".

You can attach the gutters to the house either by gutter spikes, or with special hangers.

Some fasten to the fascia board, other hangers wrap around the guttering and are secured by straps nailed under the roof shingles.

When you buy your gutters, talk with the people at the hardware store or building centre and have them explain the

various fastening systems. And while you're there, pick up enough screen guard to cover the gutters. It's a lot easier than climbing up and cleaning out leaves and other debris.

After hanging the gutters, fasten the downspouts flush with the walls to give maximum support.

### Added color. Added value

Modern aluminum gutters and downspouts are available in a variety of colors. And the finishes are baked onto the metal, so they resist years of sun and moisture without cracking, chipping, flaking or peeling.

New gutters and downspouts not only improve the appearance of your home, but they can add to the value.

### While you're up there

When you are working on your rainware, check out for fascia or roof damage and fix that before installing the gutters. You might want to consider adding aluminum soffit at the same time.

If you plan to have all or part of the job handled by a contractor, hire a specialist in roofs and gutters. Check him out very carefully, be sure he is licensed and guarantees the work. And take the time and trouble to get fixed cost estimates from at least two companies before you make your final decision.

Don't forget, the work you are doing now should last as long as you live in the house.

# It's a fact:

Window drapes should trap cold air, not funnel it into the heated room. Try attaching velcro strips to the sides and bottom of the curtain and window frame. And if there's no valance, make a curtain cap to close the gap between the curtain rod and the window frame.

Plug gaps along the bottom of doors by making "snakes" and dropping them in place. Add 10 - 12" to the width of the door, cut fabric 12" wide. Sew up one long side and one short side, stuff with fabric scraps or batting, then close up the open side.

In winter, keep north-facing windows covered with snug fitting drapes, insulated blinds or shutters.

If you don't have a dishwasher, your water heater should be set no higher than 43°C - 49°C. If you have a dishwasher that doesn't have a built-in hot water booster, you need a water heater setting of between 30° and 40° higher.

## Window boxes in the winter

There's nothing quite as sad and desolate looking as a once colorful window box standing empty in the winter.

But it doesn't have to be that way. Just because nothing will grow in the cold, cold soil of a window box during our long winter months doesn't mean that your window boxes must remain drab and useless.

Here's what to do.

At the end of fall, when all the flowers have faded and wilted, remove the plants, including the roots.

Next, top off the box with a good layer of peat moss and dried manure. This will break down over the winter, enriching the box soil ready for next spring's plantings.

Now it's time to start the rejuvenation process, which begins with boughs of evergreens draped over the top and hanging down the sides. You may want to peg them down if the window box is located in a particularly exposed location.

You add texture and color with holly, buckthorn and bittersweet. Just remember that bittersweet berries are a favorite winter food of the birds; in addition it is self-seeding and you could find it inundating your garden. However, it does look good in your winter window box.

You should also consider adding dried cattails, milkweed pods and wood roses to give some height to your plantings.

When Christmas finally arrives, you may want to add the finishing touch with broad bows of red and green ribbon; just be sure to remove it before it gets bedraggled and tacky looking.

It would be a good idea before you start your winter preparations to repaint the boxes. Use a brighter color than you have in the summer, for that extra bit of color they can add when the days seem so endlessly grey.

You can get even fancier by adding lights, but be sure you use the kind that are designed for outdoor use. You may want to use the colored lights as miniature spots planted among the boughs.

The same treatment you give your window boxes can also be applied to any hanging baskets you may have.

Let's face it, anything you can do to brighten up the scene will be appreciated by you and by all the passersby.

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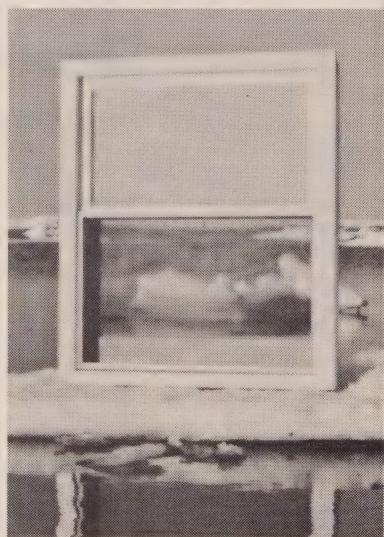
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## Very illuminating

**S**tart by considering lighting as part of your overall decorating plan, just as important as colors and textures.

The way a room is lit helps create the atmosphere of the room, and influences the way people react and behave in the room. A brightly lit room makes us feel cheerful, a softly lit room makes for a quieter approach.

Comfortable lighting is balanced lighting. Lighting contrasts in the same room can produce frustration, anxiety, fatigue, and eye strain. It's simply the fact that the eyes cannot accommodate both very bright light and very dim light at the same time. If the entire room isn't about a quarter as well lighted as specially highlighted areas, you're giving yourself eye-strain.

### The lighting plan

This is a room-by-room plan because different activities demand different lighting levels. However, each room or area needs general illumination, with supplementary lighting for specific tasks or decorative effects.

### ENTRIES

This is the area that sets the stage, giving guests their first impression of your home.

With a large foyer it's fairly simple.

For a high ceiling, a pendant drop or lantern will be most effective. For a low ceiling, use a recessed unit; or a shallow, close-to-ceiling fixture that can add sparkle and glitter.

However, it's more likely that you'll be dealing with a smaller foyer, in which case track lighting is one of the best ways to go. It lets you direct light where you need it, but takes very little space.

### LIVING/FAMILY ROOM

Your lifestyle will determine the overall lighting of these two very important spaces.

However, you do need general overall illumination, plus specific lighting for certain areas, or features you wish to enhance. You can achieve general lighting with fluorescent or incandescent lights shaded behind valance boards near the ceiling. Track lighting can also be employed, or recessed domes, or mounted downlights. "Washing" the walls with light is an excellent way of avoiding contrasts.

Supplementary lighting is then applied as you need it. And where you need it. Over the card table, or by a reading chair. *The reading light:* No matter whether you light a chair with a wall lamp, ceiling pendant, table lamp or floor lamp, the bottom of the shade should be at or slightly above eye level.

A lamp beside you should be about 20" away and 10" to 16" back. The lamp should throw 60% of its light downwards, but will also throw some light upwards and outwards. A moderately translucent shade is considered the best.

## KITCHEN

Your kitchen also requires good overall illumination, with supplemental "task" lighting.

Consider fluorescents under the cabinets, but be sure they are shaded in front so that there's no glare. You'll need light over the sink and the stove, and over the work island. The ubiquitous track lights can be very appropriate in the kitchen.

## DINING ROOM

When you had 12-foot ceilings, those incredible crystal chandeliers looked very nice — but shed very little light on the table. You want soft light on your table (that's why candles are so good), but enough light so that you can see what you're doing. And don't forget background lights, so that when you leave the table your eyes don't have to quickly try and adjust to utter darkness. A dimmer switch is easily installed and can be a real help in lighting your table.

## BEDROOMS

You need good lights at the sides of the bed, near the dressers and by the mirror. Most bedrooms are not equipped these days with a ceiling fixture, so the general background lighting has to be provided by the special-use lights. Try working a bit of lighting magic in your bedrooms, and if you have track lights in the kitchen and living room, for gosh sake keep them out of the bedroom!

## BATHROOM

A good way to have general lighting is by positioning fluorescent tubes or incandescent bulbs along the soffit over the sink unit.

For makeup and grooming, the best way to light the bathroom mirror is with strips of lights up both sides and along the top. If it looks like a "star" dressing room, why not!

## WORKSHOP

Bright, cool white fluorescents are your best bet here for all-round illumination, but don't forget to position small spots for specific jobs.

## A little daylight

If you are planning a major remodelling, see if you can't add skylights to the bathroom or kitchen. Daylight is supplied at no cost, and this day and age anything you can get for nothing is well worth looking into.

Picking the right lamps and lighting can be a tricky job, there's so much to choose from. Before you buy anything, check out as many lighting showrooms as you can find, and talk to the sales people. In the lighting business, it seems there's always something new under the sun. ■

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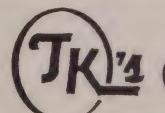
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# Claiming the walls

**H**ow many walls in your home are "nothing" colored?

Why is it that all too often, interior walls are painted white, off-white, or cream? Accepting that light colors do make space seem larger, we are surely missing out when such large areas of decoratable interior space are encouraged to simply fade away.

And when we think of walls, let's include the ceilings, too.

There's no need to go overboard, but why not take as winter decorating project, the dramatization of part of your space. Perhaps a hallway where you give a vibrant color treatment, and because you don't spend long periods of time there, the strong color doesn't overwhelm.

Or paint one wall in a room with a strong primary, and then mute its affect with complementary wallpaper on the other walls.

Here are a few guidelines:

Cool down a room that's too sunny with wallpaper in cool blues or greens.

Widen a long and skinny room by papering the two short walls with a strong pattern.

A vertical stripe pattern on the walls will raise the ceiling.

Lower a ceiling with a strong color, or a patterned paper.

A room with a northern exposure would be considerably brightened by a wallpaper with a floral pattern in sunny yellow.

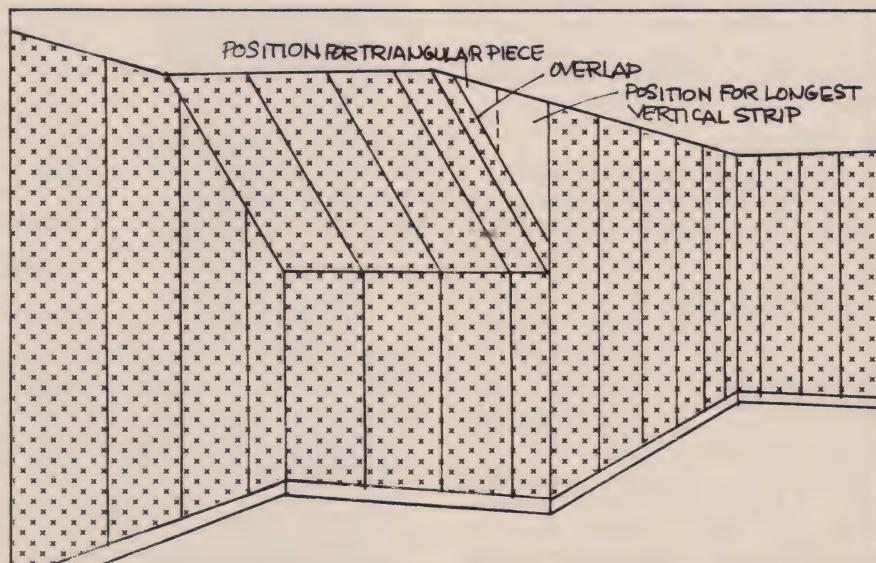
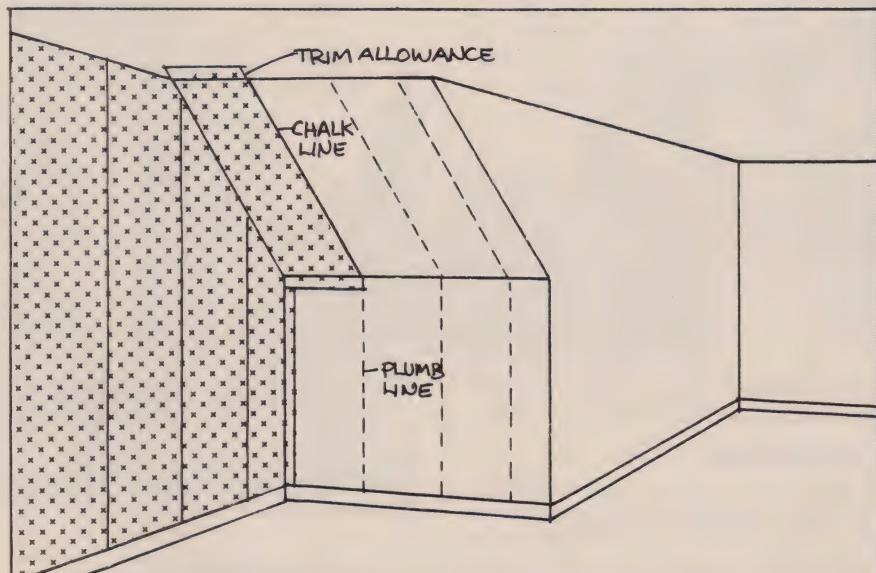
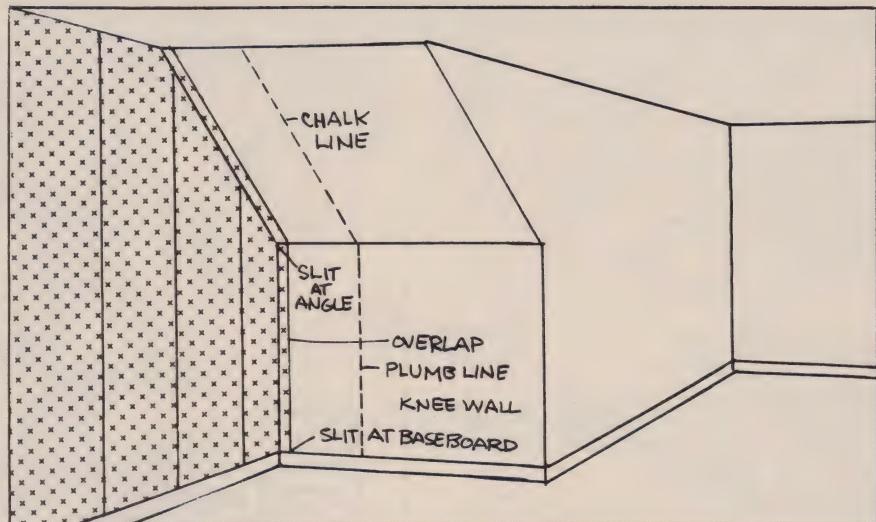
## Wake up your walls

Painting or papering your walls and ceilings is a job you can do yourself. In fact, you'll get a great deal of satisfaction from successfully completing a room.

You will need to buy various tools and you can get them where you buy the paint and wallpaper. The dealer will be more than happy to help and encourage you, and you should look upon him or her as a very valuable resource.

It's not quite accurate to think in terms of wallpaper. With vinyl and foil and fabric, in addition to paper, the correct name is wallcoverings. Let's look at some.

And if you think that there is a variety in types and patterns of wall coverings, wait till you look at the prices. You can pay anything from \$5.00 to \$75.00 for a single roll of covering. Even at the low end of the price scale, covering a



## Covering sloping walls

large room can be something of an investment. So it pays to measure, and re-measure, so that you don't end up with a bunch of paper the store may not want to take back. On the other hand, you don't want to run short, because the next batch could be ever so slightly off the shade of the original batch.

### Measuring up

To figure how much paper you need for each room, you need to find the perimeter of the room. Then you multiple that figure by the height of the room measured from baseboard to the ceiling — or to the height you plan to paper.

You should measure exactly all areas in the walls that won't be papered — doors, windows, fireplace. And subtract that total from the perimeter times height total. You end up with a pretty close estimate of the wall area of the room.

Wall coverings are measured in units of single rolls. The width of the roll can vary from 15" to 54", but a single roll still contains about 36 square feet of covering.

It figures that while the standard unit of measure is the single roll, most papers are sold in double-length rolls, and some even in triple-length rolls.

You can expect wastage of about 6 square feet per roll for the odd-shaped areas, and where the wall ends at an inappropriate place for the pattern. So you must then divide your total wall area by 30 square feet to find the number of single rolls you need.

If you are also planning to paper the ceiling, much nicer than drab white, you can get a rough idea of the area by measuring the floor. It may not exactly duplicate your ceiling area, because of bay windows or cornices or cutbacks, in which case you must measure those parts separately and either add or subtract from the basic area total.

You should allow plenty of time for the job, especially if it's your first time. But one of the good things about papering is that you don't have to do it all at once. It's not like painting where you must finish in one go. You can hang a couple of rolls, then take a walk, or go visiting for a couple of days, then get back to work.

Obviously, the quicker you do the job the sooner you'll see what a great paper-hanger you are. And what a terrific effect some patterns and color can have on those plain flat walls.

### A special note

It is very unlikely that the perimeter of the room will be an exact multiple of the width of the pattern. Which means you will probably be faced with a mismatch along one edge of the last strip. In rooms where you plan to paper four continuous walls, you should also plan on where you are going to have that mismatch — a point in the room that doesn't receive too much visual attention. This is obviously not a problem in a room where one wall has the surface interrupted by some heater or other. ■

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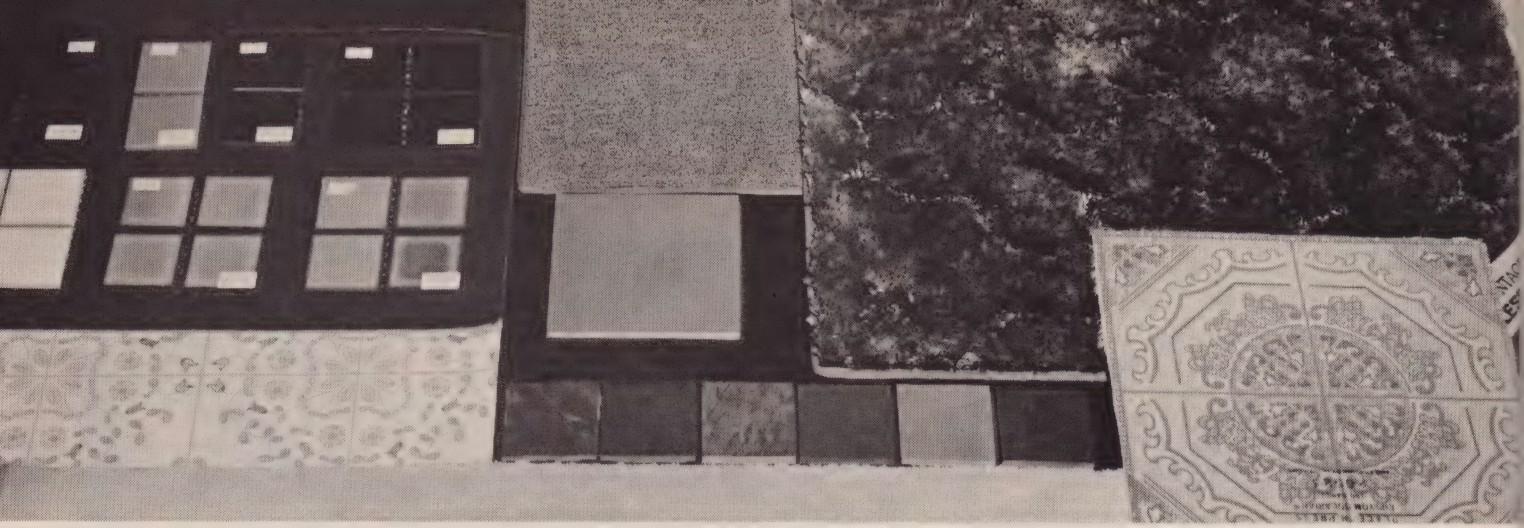
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## Look where you're walking

If you are seriously considering re-modelling your home, start at the bottom.

Worn carpeting, scratched hardwood, cracked vinyl, broken tiles can totally defeat the effect of fresh paint and wallpaper, and new furniture and furnishing.

Bearing in mind that re-covering your floors is going to cost more than painting or papering the walls, it makes sense to give some thought to the kind of wear and tear your various floors have to suffer. Look at traffic patterns through the house; think about the kind of dirt, water, salt that can be brought in through exterior doors during the winter; and decide how much time you want to devote to maintaining those floors, polishing hardwood vs vacuuming carpet vs mopping vinyl.

There is one thing about re-doing your floors. You do have a choice. A choice of materials, colors, patterns, and prices. Following is a brief look at the more popular alternatives for floors, and some indication of the price range.

A new floor is a long-term investment, and you should get expert guidance before you embark on such a major project. The question of do-it-yourself or pay for it to be installed is one that can be decided after discussion with your dealer.

The Atlantic Floorcovering Association is made up of retailers dedicated to providing their customers with top value; a broad selection of merchandise, competitive prices, and sound and sensible advice. Look for the AFA logo, before you shop. Or ask your dealer if he is a member of the Association.

### The choice is yours

There are fads in floor coverings, the same as everything else. Remember when shag carpeting was all the rage? You can hardly find it now. But there are a number of coverings that have stood the test of time.

### HARDWOOD STRIP & PARQUET

There's a warmth and richness to a wood floor, but there's also a certain amount of maintenance. If you are putting a new strip floor over an old floor, replace any old, splintered or worn areas in the sub floor. Lay the new floor at right angles to the old floor. Do not lay a parquet block floor directly over an old hardwood strip floor; install a plywood underlay first.

*Never use soap and water on a hardwood floor.* Water can damage the finish, and can cause the whole floor to warp.

#### Hardwood:

Approximate cost:  
\$3.00 sq. ft.

Durability: Life of house.  
Wear resistance: Excellent. Shows wear in high traffic areas.

#### Parquet:

Approximate cost:  
\$3.00 - \$6.00 sq. ft.  
Durability: Life of house.  
Wear resistance: Excellent. Shows wear in high traffic areas.

### CERAMIC TILE, MOSAIC TILE, & SLATE

The big advantage with these products is their extreme wearability. They are also attractive, easy to clean, resist moisture, heat, and fading. While you can use them anywhere you like, the more common areas of use are: Ceramic Tile — entryways, bathrooms, kitchens. Mosaic Tile — bathrooms. Slate — entryways, kitchens.

#### Ceramic Tile: Approximate cost:

\$1.60 sq. ft.  
(Canadian);  
\$3.00 sq. ft. (Italian)  
Durability: Life of house.  
Wear resistance: Excellent. May discolor.

Mosaic Tile: Approximate cost:  
\$2.00 - \$3.00 sq. ft.



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**Slate:**

Durability: Life of house.  
Wear resistance: Excellent. May discolor.  
Approximate cost:  
\$3.75 sq. ft.  
Durability: Life of house.  
Wear resistance: Excellent. Shows some wear in high traffic.

**SHEET VINYL & VINYL TILE**

There is infinite variety in these popular, man-made coverings: A full spectrum of colors, a very wide variety of patterns. Some are smooth and others are textured. Their application is equally broad-ranged, but with the tile seemingly more suitable to kitchens and bathrooms.

**Sheet Vinyl:** Approximate cost:  
\$7.00 - \$20.00 sq. metre.\*

Durability: 15 - 20 years.  
Wear resistance: Good.  
May fade or discolor.

**Vinyl Tile:** Approximate cost:  
\$8.00 - \$11.00 per package.  
79¢ - \$1.29 per tile.  
Durability: 20 years.  
Wear resistance: Good.  
May fade or discolor.

**INDOOR/OUTDOOR CARPET**

Here's a product that has been greatly improved since its first appearance. It usually has a foam-rubber or latex backing, so you don't need underlayment. It is also easy to work with for do-it-yourselfers, and is relatively inexpensive. Kitchens, bathrooms, patios could be regarded as the logical areas of installation.

Approximate cost:  
\$7.00 - \$16.00 sq. metre\*

Durability: 7 - 10 years.  
Wear resistance:  
Good. Can fade or discolor outdoors.

**SCULPTURED & LOOP CARPETING**

Sculptured pile carpeting utilizes different lengths of pile to give various surface levels. If the pile is uncut it is called loop carpeting. When the pile is cut and also has multiloops, it becomes random sheared carpeting. Level loop carpet is exactly as the name implies. The loops are tightly constructed, making this carpet extremely long wearing and easy to maintain.

Approximate cost:  
\$14.00 - \$32.00 sq. metre\*

Durability: 10 - 15 years  
(with underlayment).  
Wear resistance: Good.  
Some fading. Shows wear in high traffic areas.

**PLUSH CARPETING**

The surface is smooth and even, with a close woven pile. This is top quality carpet and you should consider the advisability (and cost) of having it professionally installed. Sometimes the price marked includes installation. Check with your dealer.

Approximate cost:  
\$22.00 - \$38.00 sq. metre\*

Durability: 15 - 20 years  
(with underlayment).  
Wear resistance: Good.  
Some fading.

**Notes**

The floor covering business is something of a metric jungle. Most carpet is sold by the square metre, but other coverings are still going by the square foot. Remember, a square metre is about 20% larger than a square yard.

When looking for floor coverings it pays to shop around. Talk to a number of dealers, find one who understands what you are trying to do and appreciates and accepts your budget limitations.


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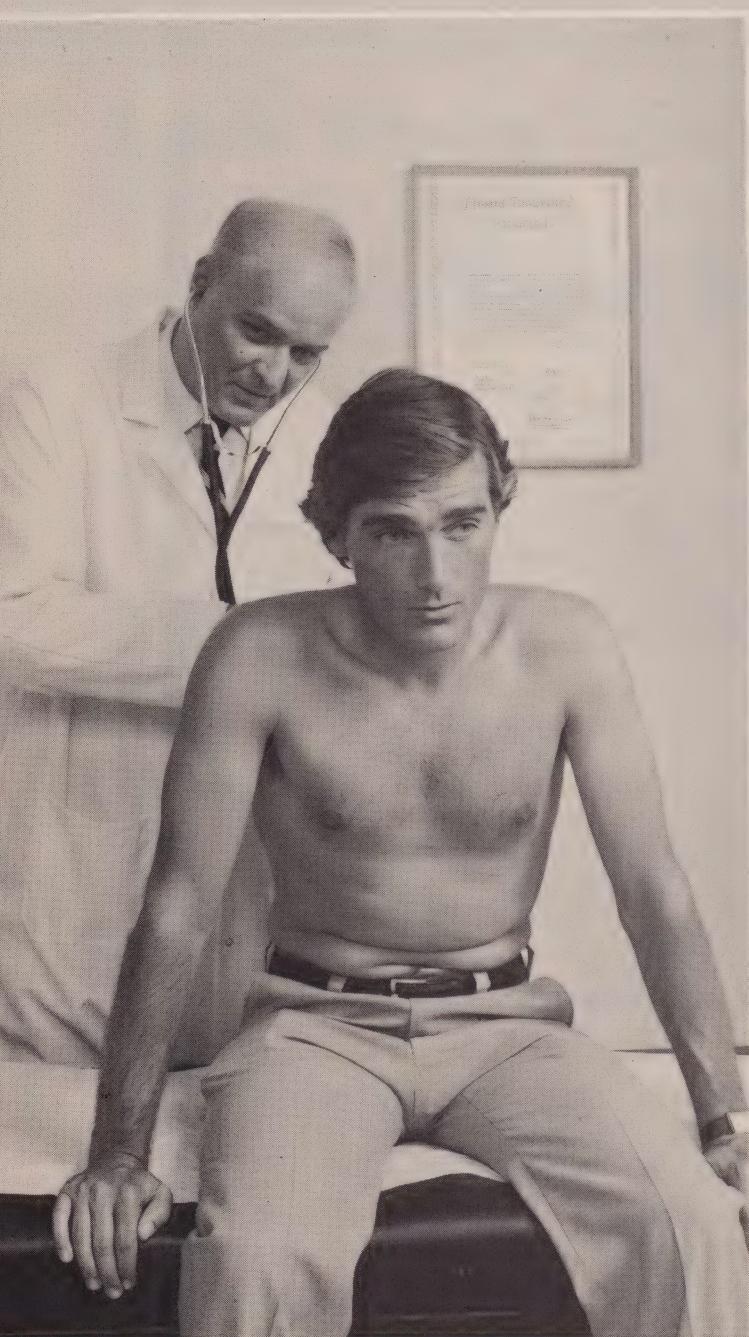
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# Local shipyard makes good. Finally

*First, Tom Whelan "cleaned house." Then, after years of financial disasters, Marystow started making money*

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PROFIT FROM OUR EXPERIENCE

Heads didn't exactly roll, but when Tom Whelan became manager of the Marystow Shipyard three years ago, he "cleaned house, gently," as he puts it. Whelan knew that if he didn't reverse the yard's disastrous losing streak, the province would scale down operations, putting hundreds of people out of work. The yard's choices were limited, and Whelan, a former deputy minister for Public Works, made sure the employees knew it. "Newfoundland couldn't afford to run a social-welfare program in Marystow," he says.

The yard, located on Mortier Bay on the Burin Peninsula, had a long history of management problems. There was practically no financial or production planning; tender bids were low and unrealistic; materials were often wasted; and employees seemed to feel that it didn't matter whether Marystow made money — the province would bail the yard out anyway.

"Basically, what I did was turn middle-management around," Whelan says. "I got a bunch of talented people who had been suppressed by the old regime and promoted them to positions of authority. They changed the way the yard operated and improved workers' attitudes." Managers who objected left voluntarily, he says. Most were British technicians who'd been part of the operation since the shipyard opened with taxpayers' money in 1968. (Whelan is the first Newfoundland to run the yard; British shipbuilders had managed it before.)

The management overhaul paid off. Today, Marystow is making money for the first time in 15 years, and the yard is one of the few bright lights in the Newfoundland economy. After losing more than \$30 million in the Seventies, it recorded a profit this year of \$1.5 million. Employment is steady, averaging around 500, but it often exceeds 600.

Construction was once the yard's biggest money-loser. Now ships are built on time and on budget. Two stern trawlers, a fisheries patrol vessel and two multi-million dollar offshore supply vessels have been built at the yard since 1981. A third vessel, a diving-support ship, is scheduled for completion next February. And Whelan says he is looking for a fourth ship to build.

Repair work is also healthy, representing about 20% of Marystow's \$35

million in income last year. Three semi-submersible rigs drilling on the Grand Banks have had either electrical refits, structural work or safety repairs done.

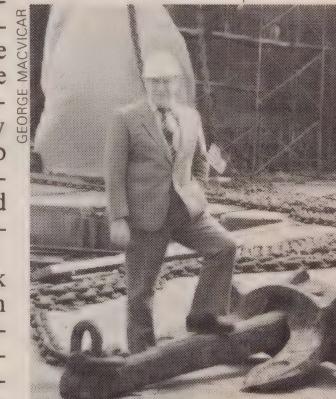
Unlike shipyards at Halifax or Picton, Marystow can build and repair vessels under cover. The yard's drawback is that its synchrolift, a crane that lifts and lowers vessels in and out of the water, can't handle ships longer than 270 feet. That means Marystow can't bid on large contracts such as the planned Canadian frigate program.

Shipbuilding losses are usually time-related, and improving productivity has been one of Whelan's big challenges. Delays in completing four supply vessels built in the late Seventies for the Norwegian company Parley Augustsson ate up the shipyard's profits and contributed to a \$9-million cost overrun.

To change work patterns, Whelan has put every department on a separate budget, named a planning manager and established a quality control committee that reports directly to him. He has added a night shift without increasing the number of workers at the yard and installed new equipment, including a \$1-million computerized steel drawing and cutting machine.

Whelan's goal is to model Marystow after Norwegian shipyards, which are among the most competitive in the world. Unlike his predecessors, he doesn't hesitate to send workers to foreign yards to pick up production tips. Heber Pike, a steel superintendent at Marystow who recently visited the Kaarboes Harstag shipyard in Norway, says one of the big things that impressed him about this yard was that job functions weren't confined to a single trade. Each worker has two or three different skills. He says the unions at Marystow aren't keen on the idea, but the yard is moving in that direction.

Where Marystow made the real breakthrough was in the volume of new



Tom Whelan

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## BUSINESS

construction orders it secured, despite the worldwide slump in shipbuilding. Basically, the yard gambled. A \$15-million supply vessel, the *Mortier*, was started in 1981 without a buyer and later sold to Petro-Canada. The yard is building another, more expensive vessel, *Hull 35*, on speculation. "It's risky," Whelan says, "but our prices are almost as competitive as northern European yards." Production costs at Marystown for a supply vessel are about 18% higher than at Norwegian yards, but Ottawa's extension to the continental shelf of the 25% tariff on foreign vessels is expected to close the gap. (That went into effect last month.)

In an effort to cut costs further, Marystown is designing its own supply vessel, one suited to the storms and ice of the North Atlantic. A model has been constructed and a testing contract signed with British Hovercraft Ltd. of the Isle of Wight. Whelan worries that the present glut of offshore vessels in the North Sea could cut into his prospective market. But, he says, "if you are going to swim with the sharks, you have to learn to bite back." Marystown doesn't even try to compete with East Asian yards because their production costs are so low — about 50% less than in Canada.

Whelan is waiting for the day when offshore leases in Canada will be tied to local industrial benefits. "The real guts of the jurisdictional dispute is that if oil companies want 1,000 acres on the Grand Banks, they damn well better be able to show what they're putting back into Canada. And that means buying Canadian vessels, not Korean ones."

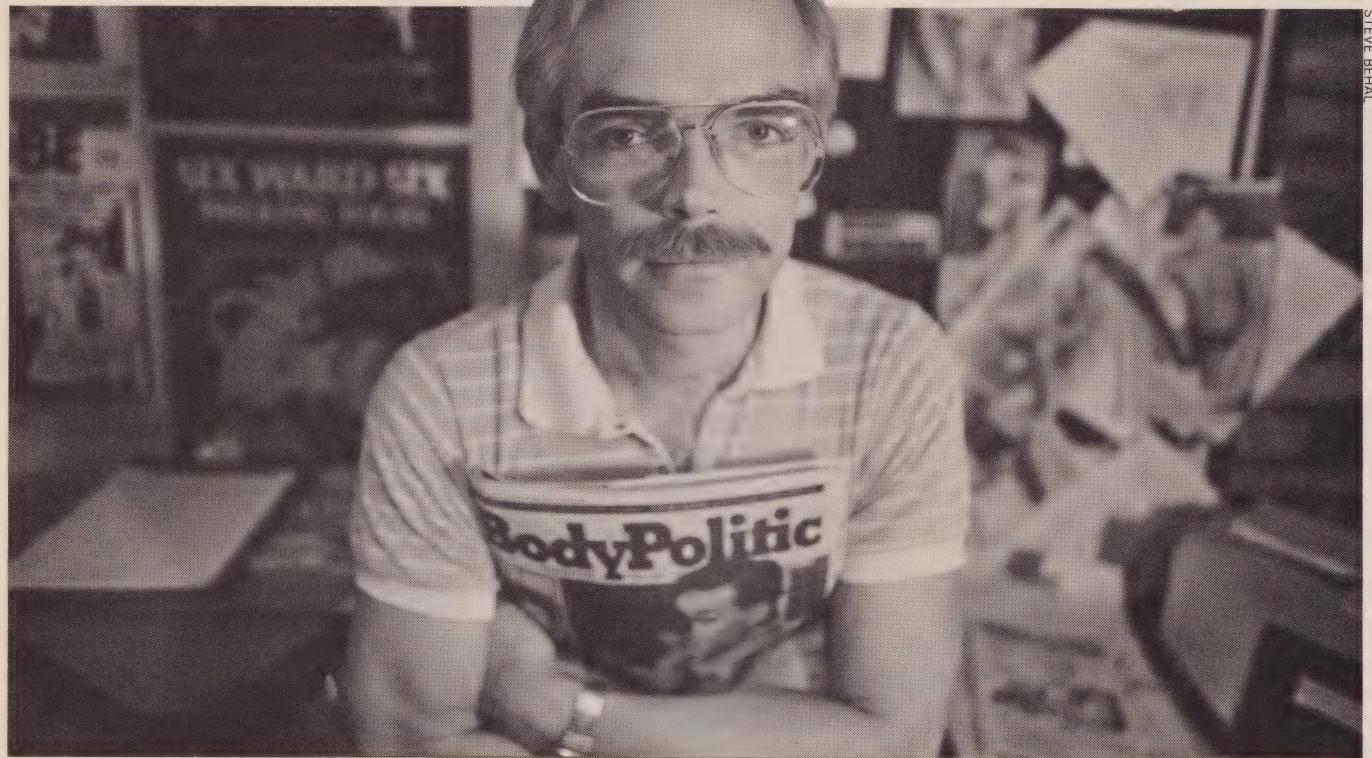
He believes Marystown will fare better if Newfoundland wins control of the offshore instead of Ottawa because the provincial government is more sympathetic to the concerns of local businesses.

A couple of years ago, when Marystown was sinking into a sea of red ink, Newfoundland tried to sell the yard but was unsuccessful. Herb Clarke, deputy minister of Development and board chairman for Marystown, says the government's long-term policy is to turn all Crown companies over to the private sector. But, because of Marystown's recent financial successes, finding a buyer is no longer a priority, and the sale has been temporarily put on the back burner.

One of the big beefs of the Canadian shipbuilding industry is that foreign yards are heavily subsidized and receive government financing packages that make them more competitive. Canadian yard operators have been asking for similar benefits — or, at least, protection from cheap foreign ships. Whelan is one of the few exceptions. "I know more government subsidies would be a help to the industry, but in my heart of hearts I don't believe in them. Look at Marystown — we're surviving."

—Bonnie Woodworth

## SPECIAL REPORT



STEVE BEHAL

### Growing up gay

*In Atlantic Canada, it's estimated that homosexuals outnumber Prince Edward Islanders. Most — for good reason — stay in the closet*

By Chris Wood

Western New Brunswick: gay professional male, 25, would like to meet gay female for mutual benefit and social commitments. I am and you should be slim, straight in appearance, intelligent, humorous, pleasant and discreet. You should appreciate and perhaps share my career need to maintain a straight image. Drawer D276.

The ad, lodged in the classifieds of *The Body Politic*, a magazine published in Toronto, is one small gesture in the game of camouflage and deception practised daily by 200,000 Atlantic Canadians. A necessary evasion in a life in which silence and self-denial buy a measure of tolerance, while a single indiscretion invites ridicule, the revulsion of family and friends, the ruin of a career.

In the mill room and office cafeteria you'll hear them called "fruits," "faggots," "dykes." No wonder few admit to being one, to knowing one, to having one in the family. Yet, according to the still-uncontested findings of Kinsey and his collaborators, one man in 10 is more or less exclusively homosexual. Only slightly fewer women are more or less ex-

clusively lesbian. Indeed, gays constitute the region's second largest minority, almost matching in number New Brunswick's Acadians, outnumbering by far the region's Dutch, German, Italian and Indo-Pakistani communities combined.

In San Francisco, parades for gay rights draw 100,000 marchers. In Atlantic Canada, gay men and women keep their identities closeted. Homosexuality remains "the love that dare not speak its name."

Psychiatry is discovering that homosexuality cannot be traced to any single cause, that it is decided long before a child reaches puberty. But growing up gay in Kentville, Fortune or Tidnish is a lonely and difficult experience. Most people look to parents, television, magazines and movies for models and patterns in a developing sexual awareness. Until very recently, gays have had no such models.

Gail M., a Fredericton, N.B., publicist, remembers growing up in a small southern New Brunswick town. "When I was 11 or 12, all my girlfriends were turning on to boys. I was turning on to girls." The pretty blonde teenager, daughter of a profoundly religious fam-

Ed Jackson of *The Body Politic*

ily, was well aware of what she would eventually identify as her "sexual orientation," but the images society gave her of homosexuality repulsed her. "The word 'lesbian' was terrible — these great big women in jeans and plaid shirts in Los Angeles basements, doing these terrible things to each other."

Ed Jackson, a member of the collective that publishes *The Body Politic* ("A magazine for gay liberation"), remembers growing up in Fredericton. "I had the classic idea that I was the only gay person in the world, because there was no evidence to the contrary."

The region's schools still consider homosexuality a subject too hot to handle. Churches brand its practice unnatural and against the law of God. Until the late 1960s, private affairs between consenting adults of the same sex was a crime, labelled with brutal-sounding names like "sodomy" and "buggery." A search of library shelves might turn up scholarly treatments of the subject that referred to homosexuality in terms of "deviance," "abnormality" or "perversion."

Hardly the sort of environment in which a gay youth could feel good about sharing affection with another member of his or her own sex. Not that society's opinion mattered much to Gail when she found her first lover at a Fredericton skating party. "It was like all your life wearing shoes that are too small, and finally you get a pair to fit."

Other people describe their first experience of gay love more dramatically. "It was like choosing life after being

## SPECIAL REPORT

dead for a long time," remembers Robin Metcalfe, chairman of the Halifax Gay Alliance for Equality (GAE).

But, in the fish bowl of a small Atlantic village, even in the relatively cosmopolitan streets of Halifax, it is not an easy life. Very few gays are willing to identify themselves as such. Which means that merely finding sociable companions, let alone sex partners, can be a problem.

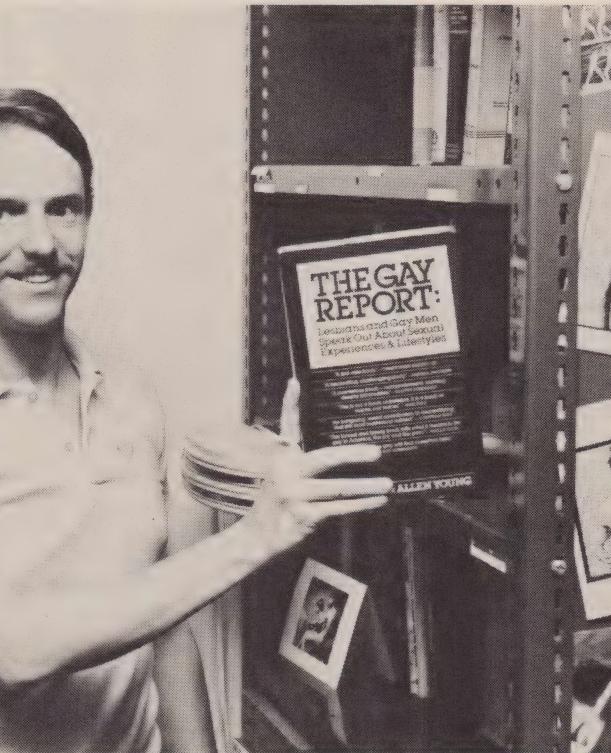
"I was a veritable recluse for nine years," says Robert A., an accountant whose home looks out over the Saint John River.

Amy F., a part-time teacher, remembers moving to Halifax nine years ago and discovering a gay "help line" listed in the phone book. "I got an address in New York. That was it."

For the more daring, or less discriminating, most cities in the region have areas recognized as "cruising" zones, places where gays, usually male, can find a casual partner for no-strings-attached sex. In Halifax, "The Triangle" just south of Citadel Hill and the Hill itself serve the purpose. In Fredericton, it's "The Greens," a strip of parkland along the Saint John River near the provincial legislature. In Moncton or Saint John, it's known simply as "The Block."

Most cities also possess one or two bars or restaurants favored, informally, as meeting places for gay encounters. But only one club in all of Atlantic Canada is clearly and unequivocally "gay": Rumours, a two-level disco and lounge operated by GAE in Halifax.

Rumours is not easy to find. The address, on an otherwise rather barren side street of downtown Halifax, is not advertised in the local papers. There's no name on the black-painted door. But when I visited the place, on a weekday evening at the height of one of last winter's fiercest storms, it was packed. Bodies swayed and



Robin Metcalfe, chairman of Halifax's Gay Alliance for Equality

jived to pounding disco music in the spare, blue-painted downstairs dance floor. Couples shared quieter moments in the more intimate atmosphere of a

two men. And once in a while you'd catch a male arm affectionately draped over broad male shoulders, or a bearded face, slightly flushed with dancing, brush

drips across another, also bearded, face.

Rumours is one of the very few places in Atlantic Canada where a gay person can mingle with a crowd without pretence. But it's not for everybody. Homosexuality, like heterosexuality, implies very little about the rest of a person's character. There are gay mechanics and gay librarians, gays with a taste for opera and gays who like Saturday afternoon wrestling on TV. "Being gay to me is like being five-foot-six. It's just the way I am," observes Edgar Friedenberg, a professor of education at Dalhousie University in Halifax.

For every habitué of the cruising zones, for every gay who scans the Rumours dance floor to find a partner for an evening's dalliance, there are others whose home life is a near-duplicate of the average married couple.

"Lots of straight couples invite us [to parties] as a couple," says Harry H. of himself and his lover of 10 years. Harry, a Fredericton technician, describes himself as being "out" with most of his social acquaintances, "not out" at work. Even so, his status is something



Edgar Friedenberg on being gay: "It's just the way I am"

brick-walled upstairs lounge.

One or two of the 100 or so patrons might have qualified for the epithet of "flaming queen" that even other gays hang on the more flamboyant of their fellows. A few were dressed starkly in new-wave costume. One burly, blue-jeaned man looked as though he'd parked his 16-wheeler outside the door.

Most, however, were the same ordinary, middle-class office workers or professionals who haunt a dozen other Halifax clubs. Except that here the swaying couples on the dance floor were mostly made up of

DAVID STONE



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of an open secret around the office where he works. "The secretaries often kid me about it."

"I think women tend to have more stable relationships [than gay men]," Amy says. "In Halifax, the lesbians I know are all in couples. Whereas with men it's sexually a lot more active, more promiscuous."

The usual price of an untroubled gay life is discretion verging on paranoia. "I wouldn't come out in a gay demonstration," admits John, a young Saint John, N.B., homosexual. "I wouldn't want my name published. I wouldn't write a letter to a newspaper and put my name at the bottom."

"I don't want anything out there that might hurt me," says Robert, explaining his reluctance to allow me to tape record our conversation.

Dick Harrison lives in Maine, but knows many New Brunswick gays through Northern Lambda Nord, an organization he founded three years ago to provide a support network for gays coping with the isolation of rural life. Caution is their watchword. "A number of gay people I know are straight at home; they go to Quebec City to be gay. Some people are afraid to get mail. There's a man in Edmundston who rents a mail box in Madawaska [Maine]."

For many, the best cover is marriage. "I've thought of it 1,000 times," Robert admits. "It's the easy way out." Esti-

mates vary, but by one count fully a quarter of the adult gay community is married, and one marriage in seven has a gay partner.

"The easy way out" doesn't always last, and a marriage that founders on one partner's homosexuality ends painfully. Harry recalls breaking the truth about himself to his wife of 12 years. "When she found out, she felt deceived."

Gays who reveal their orientation, whether married or not, almost always pay a price. When Harrison launched Northern Lambda Nord, "people got phone calls. There were eggs thrown at the house. That's the way we have to live. Not just organizations, individual gay people. We lead double lives."

Phone calls can be the least of the harassment. "Most gay men have been attacked at one time or another," believes GAE chairman Robin Metcalfe, who was once beaten unconscious on Halifax's Windsor Street. "Gay-bashing is a very popular sport."

The police can be less than sympathetic. Saint John, N.B., deputy police chief C.W. Breen says gays "do suffer more as victims [of] assault," but explains it by adding, "They place themselves in that position."

Breen's uniformed patrolmen, according to one Saint John homosexual, sometimes cruise "The Block" themselves. "They drive by and holler out 'Queen,' 'Faggot,' things like that."

Job discrimination is widespread.

Gays are frequent targets for unjustified firings. The worst offender is the armed forces. "The military have engaged in a witch hunt" against gays, says Hugh McKervill, Atlantic director of the Canadian Human Rights Commission. The military maintains a special police force, the Special Investigative Unit (SIU), one of whose principal tasks is the unmasking of gays in forces' green.

Stéphane Sirard, a military policeman at CFB Base Cornwallis, lost his job and his military career after an SIU agent spotted him leaving The Turret (a precursor to Rumours) in Halifax. Sirard was discharged in March, 1982.

Master Cpl. Gloria Cameron was dismissed in 1977 after a purge of gays at a base in Newfoundland. "I liked my job. I belonged there," she later told *The Body Politic*. "But I guess I'd known from the beginning I'd eventually get caught."

Though less ruthlessly ferreted out, gay teachers are also vulnerable. There is no evidence that homosexuals are more likely to molest youngsters than heterosexuals, or that gay teachers will unconsciously influence their charges toward a homosexual lifestyle, but parents and school boards are quick to seek the dismissal of gays.

Gays dismissed because of their sexual orientation soon find they have no protection in the law. No provincial statute in Atlantic Canada prohibits discrimination on the basis of sexual orienta-

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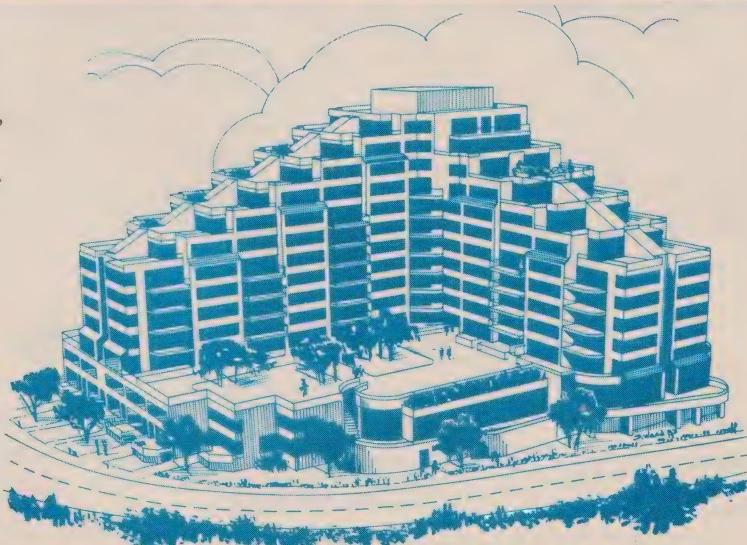
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## SPECIAL REPORT

tation. Neither does the federal Human Rights Act, despite the fact that the federal Human Rights Commission has recommended, in every annual report since it was established in 1978, that the law include the appropriate wording.

Nonetheless, most gays feel their position is improving. "I think it's a lot easier for people to accept sexuality for what it is than it was five years ago," John says. "It's a lot more out in the open. It's not considered abnormal."

Mental health professionals have all but given up trying to treat homosexuality as an illness. "Fifteen years ago, psychiatrists would likely define homosexuality as an abnormality and look for a way to treat it," notes Dr. Alistair Munro, head of psychiatry at Dalhousie University. "It's now more likely to be treated as a variation of normality."

The American Psychiatric Association three years ago removed homosexuality from its list of clinically defined mental disorders. Most therapists, Munro says, now "treat" troubled homosexuals by helping them to accept their orientation, rather than by trying to change it.

Police attitudes also appear to be softening. A private homosexual liaison between adults "is no longer illegal," notes Supt. Stan Waterman, chief of the Criminal Investigation Division of the

Royal Newfoundland Constabulary. "These people are more obvious and outspoken. They're out there, and they're part of society and they have their rights."

Groups such as GAE, Northern Lambda Nord, Gay Association in Newfoundland (GAIN) and Fredericton Lesbians and Gays (FLAG, whose members sometimes refer to themselves, tongue-in-cheek, as "Flaggits") have coalesced to organize dances, operate telephone counselling lines and promote a more generous understanding of homosexuality in "straight" society. Next month, FLAG will host a conference on gay concerns at the University of New Brunswick.

The groups' presence, however low-profile, offers some guidance and support for people still coming to terms with a sexual direction different from the majority. In films such as *Personal Best* and *Making Love*, popular culture has begun to admit that homosexuality does exist.

But a centuries-old taboo does not die overnight. Homosexuality remains a largely forbidden subject. It's hardly surprising to hear from New Brunswick gays that daily newspapers in their province seldom, if ever, admit to their presence. It's somewhat stranger to discover that the CBC, not normally shy about broaching controversial topics, refuses to air public-service announce-

ments on behalf of gay organizations.

The region's churches have varying attitudes to homosexuality. The most widely shared seems to be the view of Catholic and Baptist churches that homosexuality is too common to deny, but its practice remains a sin, a point of view paraphrased by one gay writer as "It's OK to be a homosexual. But don't have sex. That's a sin."

A conspicuous blind spot remains in Atlantic classrooms, where even the tamest of sexual topics is broached with trepidation. Only one province, New Brunswick, has attempted (this year) to introduce a form of sex education into the general curriculum. Even there, homosexuality is lumped together with other untouchable topics such as abortion and sexual abuse in an advanced unit of the optional family life course — a unit that has yet to be approved for use by any of the province's school boards.

But many gays say they are pleased and frequently surprised by the level of public acceptance of homosexuality. Gail M., active in FLAG, is occasionally asked to speak about homosexuality to interested groups in Fredericton. "I expected people to say, 'Don't you people realize that you're sick?' I found just the reverse."

Ed Jackson recalls quitting the Maritimes to escape "that sense of mental death" that came with denying his sexuality. Now, returning to the region, he finds "Halifax, for its size, is doing very well [by the gay community]."

The same rural or small-town environment that makes it difficult for individual gays to contact others like them, "can also be less brutal [than some urban centres]," suggests Robin Metcalfe. "You're known first and foremost by your family connections. After you've 'come out,' you may be a fruit, but you're still Fred's son. You're a neighbor before anything else."

In every town, every city, in all likelihood in most villages, of Atlantic Canada, homosexual men and women walk carefully the fine lines of a changing definition of the social norm. Most will find a level of acceptance... just so long as, in Ed Jackson's phrases, "you don't speak the words, you don't name the names." A few, fed up with living a charade, abandon pretence and name the names: Homosexual, lesbian, gay.

The names are not always friendly ones. But neither are all the names for "normal" sex. There's nothing friendly about rape, little uplifting about a one-night stand with Mr. Goodbar.

Yet at the centre of the best of humankind's carnal attachments is the redeeming capacity for affection. "I came to understand religion, to understand God," Gail says of her discovery of herself, "because I'd gotten in touch with my capacity to love." And love, while it may never conquer all, must surely explain, and excuse, much.

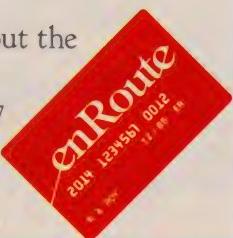
**ANTIGONISH:** The Lobster Treat. **BADDECK:** Gisele's Restaurant. **BEDFORD:** Shakespear's Dining Room, Jade Garden. **CHARLOTTETOWN:** Dundee Arms Inn, Hidden Harbour, Minnie's Dining Room. **CHESTER:** Captain's Table. **DARTMOUTH:** Clipper II, Captain's Table, Top O The Cove, Garden View Restaurant. **FREDERICTON:** The Colonial Inn, The Fredericton Inn, Gerry's Sequoria Restaurant, Gerry's Mataquac Lodge. **HALIFAX:** The Anchor Restaurant, Les Deux Amies, Old Spaghetti Factory, The Keg, Privateer's Warehouse, Brandy's, O'Carrols, Thackery's and Downstairs, McKelvie's, China Town, Garden View Restaurant, King Arthur's Court, L'Evangeline Room, Da's Restaurant. **KENTVILLE:** Joan and Jim's. **KINGSTON:** The Aurora Inn. **MONCTON:** Ziggy's, The Palace Restaurant, Vito's, La Cave a Pape, Chez Jean Pierre, Cy's Seafoods. **NEW MINAS:** The White Spot. **ST. JOHN (N.B.):** Captain's Quarters, 1800 Club. **SHEDIAC:** Fisherman's Paradise. **SYDNEY:** Joe's Warehouse, Petit Jean. **WOLFVILLE:** Chez Mocha. **YARMOOUTH:** Captain Kelley's, and many, many more.

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## HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

# What do you do about The Dictatorship of Sound?

You could always try earplugs

I knew a bachelor in Ottawa who got skunk-drunk each Saturday night. He was barely 20 but on Sunday mornings he looked as Walter Matthau might look now after a three-month binge. He lived in a rickety wooden flat beside a massive Catholic church, and when the chimes called the faithful to early mass he might as well have been in the belfry of the Peace Tower. Dishes, glasses, mirrors, chairs, refrigerator, the very walls of his pad shook as though an earthquake had struck. The first horrendous "bong" lifted him off his bed (or sometimes, the floor) as though he were a Sylvester the Cat who'd just stuck his finger in a light socket. As the merciless din continued, he lay moaning with a pillow clutched round his head.

He was paranoiac about his plight. He saw himself as an example of society's failure to protect the vulnerable non-conformist from the brutal establishment. He hadn't harmed the church, nor any of its faithful. He worked hard all week, paid his taxes, broke no laws, kept in touch with his mother, and deserved to sleep off his hangovers in the comfort of his own home. Why was this church, to which he did not adhere, torturing him so? Why couldn't the devout use alarm clocks? How come the house of God, packed with law-abiding Christians, could get away with violating the city's anti-noise laws? He was a poor, young, atheistic and occasionally drunken newspaper reporter. "What chance have I got," he asked, "against the Pope?"

"How do you think your neighbors feel about your noise?" I said. "You've got half the Ottawa Journal hammered out of their minds here every Saturday night, and bimbos screeching out the windows, and Louis Armstrong records blaring till 4 a.m."

"The neighbors can call the landlord," he retorted. "They can call the cops. They can make me shut up. Can you see me phoning the cops and saying, 'Tell that church to turn off its stupid bells'? Society is discriminating against me because I lead an unconventional life."

If only on Sunday morning, he was a victim of The Dictatorship of Sound. So are all of us to some degree, except those so rich they can afford cocoons. Newspaper baron Joseph Pulitzer was rich but, while compiling his wealth, he developed a nervous disorder characterized by extreme sensitivity to noise. He sound-proofed his apartment. At hotels, he rented three entire floors to guarantee

himself a quiet stay. If somebody dropped a fork in his presence, or cracked a nut, or even crumpled up paper, he suffered a pitiful attack of nervous frenzy. The curse of his condition worsened, and finally drove him to the silence of the sea. He tried to run his empire from a yacht with padded cabins, and it was aboard her that he died at 63.

Poor Pulitzer, he'd never have made it past 50 if he'd lived on my street in my time. Dalhousie University pretty well surrounds my house, and afflicts the neighborhood with zealous platoons from its little-known Department of Unnecessary Noise (DUN). DUN troops are masters of both summer and winter combat. In the most devastating winter assault, DUN sends a plough to scrape a quarter inch of snow off the parking lot outside our bedroom at 4 a.m. The operator is under orders to lift the blade of the plough every few seconds and let it fall on the pavement.

DUN's summertime squads often launch their racket before 7 a.m., and assault grass so relentlessly that Dalhousie must have a secret desire to be a golf course. The department camouflages its arsenal of noise-makers as power mowers, which sound like primitive machine-guns; lawn tractors, which sound like Sherman tanks; and grass-trimmers, which sound like hideously amplified dentist's drills. The tractors, which see winter service as well, thunderously drone up and down the street, hauling carts that sometimes bear a few twigs, sometimes, a couple of men with the smug look of boys who've hitched a free ride to a ballpark, and sometimes, nothing at all. The deceptive aimlessness of these ear-splitting processions confirms my theory that DUN's real purpose is to turn us Dalhousie neighbors into frenzied, jittery, doomed Pulitzers.

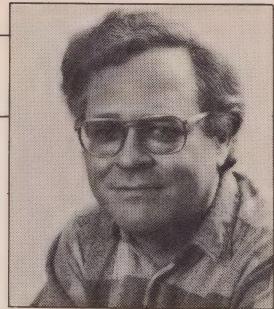
What other motive could Dalhousie have? Since it's financially strapped, why else would it blow money on keeping its grass as short as a U.S. marine recruit's hair? Dalhousie knows students are desperate for jobs, and it knows it's soaking them with tuition fees among the highest in Canada. It knows, too, that long before it fouled its own nest with parking lots, it boasted gorgeous stretches of grass that groundskeepers tended with hand equipment. In short, if the university weren't intent on driving me insane with machinery, it would pay students to cut grass with scythes and shears. Instead, I suspect, the Department of Unnecessary Noise sends its

agents into the men's dorms and frat houses and pays youths to set their radios and record-players beside open windows, turn up the volume full-blast, drink enough beer to get the Royal Canadian Regiment zonked, smash the empties on the street, and generally throw parties that make my Ottawa friend's old newspaper bashes look like meetings of the Women's Auxiliary.

The first sign of spring around here is not your humble robin, it's the roar of "heavy metal" rocketing up and down the street, gaining illegal entry through every window in your house. When it's joined by DUN's machines, with a back-up group from the city ripping into the road with jackhammers, I feel like an involuntary witness to a rock concert on a construction site.

Certain Dalhousie professors own a company that sells yogurt, and for a while last summer they periodically parked their refrigerated trucks on the street. To my tender ears, the trucks hummed furiously. Meanwhile, enterprising youths used the frat-house parking lot behind my house to earn money by cutting fence planks with a power saw. Having moved to what I thought was a superior residential district beside an institution for meditation and study, I found that at certain times of the day I had a refrigeration plant outside my front door and a thriving lumber yard outside my back door. I'd have been better off beside the Sydney steel plant. I will not go on about motorcycles, except to say that they, along with chainsaws, should be outlawed in all cities.

Two major mysteries of human behavior: Why do some people think that never returning borrowed books and liquor is not theft, and why do some think it's their God-given right to impose insufferable sounds on others? On beaches, in parks, aboard buses, you'll often find a bonehead with his radio blaring. He invariably looks comfortable, as if he feels it's perfectly natural to force on others his gross taste in pop music and the crass patter of some two-bit disc jockey. The bonehead is brother to the saphead who, at 2:30 a.m., slams doors when he enters a hotel room with thin walls and then gives other guests the full benefit of the sound track on the late movie. I fear for a world that somehow produces people of such monumental thoughtlessness. They baffle me, as though they've come from some utterly incomprehensible foreign culture, and I wish I had an ocean-going yacht with padded cabins.



## OLKS

About three years ago, a group of women who live near St. Stephen, N.B., were discussing over coffee what they'd do if a fire broke out in their rural area. "We decided we should know what to

for the men. "If there's nothing to do, we make coffee and sandwiches for the men," Noftell says. They have worked side by side with the men fighting forest fires — and it can be scary. "You don't stop and think about it," she says. The women's brigade has also raised money for the department and recently bought a \$400 nozzle for a hose. The women regularly practise with the men such skills as rolling up the massive hoses. The female brigade has never fought a fire without the men, but Noftell is sure they could. "We feel quite confident," she says.

**W**hat started out as a lark eight years ago for **Gary Snider** and his wife, **Anne Rowlands**, has turned into an annual event. The St. John's couple are kite enthusiasts and regular winners at the city's annual kite flying festival held every June. Every year, they design and build a new kite, which they enter in the competition along with old favorites.

Hill Road, one of the highest and windiest spots in the city. But Anne says wind and height aren't always compatible with kite flying. Last year, two of their kites disappeared into low-lying clouds over Signal Hill, and the airport complained that they were interfering with air traffic control. Next year, the Sniders plan to build a double box kite and possibly a Marconi kite, like the one Guglielmo Marconi used to receive the first transatlantic wireless message from Signal Hill.

**F**or Riverview High School in New Brunswick, winning big in a Canada-wide art competition has become an annual event: This year, five Grade 12 students at the high school, near Moncton, walked off with five of the top 10 awards in the 1983 Canadian National Art Scholarship Program in Kingston, Ont., and, for the fourth consecutive year, took home top honors. **Rob Glenen** and **Pat DeCoste** recently placed second and third respectively and won \$500 scholarships. **Michelle Matthews**, **Bonita Pendegast** and **Darren Spidell** were runners-up. "The competition is tough," says art teacher Ken Frost. But their hard work paid off. "The kids are in here every night until seven and on Saturdays," he says. Frost, a fine arts graduate of Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., says he hopes they won "because of the program we run." In it, he stresses composition and says, "I have firm beliefs in how to approach drawing." Every year, he takes his Grade 12 class to New York City to visit the art galleries. "I love them all," he says of his students.

**W**hat does it take to be a good host of a musical-variety radio program? When producer Glenn Meisner needed somebody for that slot on *Ocean Limited*, a national CBC show recorded live in Halifax, he looked for "a multitalented person, someone who had a way with an audience, an excellent musician, a sort of piano-bar person." He found all those qualifications, he says, in **Bill Stephenson**, 35, a Halifax musician who's been singing and playing piano in bars from St. John's, Nfld., to Ottawa for the past nine years. The radio show, broadcast Saturday evenings, began six months ago. "There hasn't been a lot of hype for the show," Stephenson says, "but we're getting good response from all across Canada. It's becoming very popular." Stephenson, born in Ottawa, moved to the Maritimes about nine years ago. "There seemed to be an opening for my talents here," he says, "and I stayed." He's worked on a variety of radio and television programs as a pianist and musical director, and performed in Legions, yacht clubs and bars. On tunes ranging from country to jazz, he imprints his own style — a sound known as urban blues. And, wherever he's performing — in a rough, tough bar or on a national radio show — he has, as Meisner says, "a way with an audience."



The female fire brigade (back row, from left), Elaine Connick, Barbara Noftell, Karen Parks, Rose Hansen, Sheree Wentworth; front row, Wanda Price, Tami Matheson, Helene Bentley, Natalie Matheson, Bonnie Cumberland, Sandy Matheson, Edie Belyea

do," says **Barb Noftell** of Scotch Ridge. "The men were willing to teach us." Fourteen women, mostly homemakers, formed the Western Charlotte volunteer women's fire brigade to complement the 29-man volunteer force, whose members have full-time jobs. If a fire broke out on a weekday, women's fire chief Noftell says, "us girls would go." All the women know how to drive a fire truck, and many have studied first aid, but mostly they act as backup

Gary's heart-shaped kite, built in 1976 for an engineering course at Memorial University, is now the festival's mascot. "We're not fanatical about kite flying," says Anne, a biologist, "but we like to come up with something different every year that's creative and works." This year's new entry was a six-foot-long Chinese centipede kite, made from tissue paper and plastic. Their most elaborate one, a winged-box French military kite, crashed unexpectedly when it was bombarded by a store-bought Charlie Brown kite. "It was demeaning," says Anne, laughing, "especially when we thought the box kite was infallible." The Sniders, who moved to Newfoundland from Quebec 10 years ago, own a house on Signal



DAVID NICHOLS

**Stephenson emerging from piano: He has a way with an audience**

**I**t's not hard to guess where **Nellie Carter**'s heart lies. If the 73-year-old St. John's resident isn't carrying a Union Jack, she's wearing one — sewn on her purse, hat or gloves, or embossed in her jewelry. She even flies a Union Jack from her tent when she goes camping once a year and sometimes drapes a few flags over nearby trees. Her passion for the monarchy is lavish and insatiable. During the June visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Carter's tiny house in Waterford Valley was buried in Union Jacks. Posters and photographs of Queen Elizabeth, Prince Charles and Princess Diana adorned the windows,

and memorabilia from other royal visits, some of it given to Carter by friends, hung on the verandah, door and gate. "My dear, there are three things in life that interest me — the Queen, royalty and trains, and in that order," says Carter. Her husband, now deceased, worked for the Newfoundland railway, and Carter was an ardent lobbyist for the retention of the Newfie Bullet, the island's passenger train, which was taken out of service in 1968. During the Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1978, Carter helped collect 300,000 signatures for a declaration of loyalty from the Newfoundland Monarchist League. And when the Queen visited St. John's that year, Carter made a fruit cake for her from the recipe used in 1939 to celebrate the birthday of the Queen's father, King George VI, at a garden party in Ottawa. She bakes the same fruit cake every year and sends it to the Queen for her birthday in April. Carter says her loyalty to Britain dates back to her childhood but blossomed four years ago when a monarchist league was formed in St. John's. Appropriately, she holds the office of flagbearer.

**I**f you wake up at 5:30 a.m. to the sound of a ship's bell, chances are you're tuned in to CBC Charlottetown's *Soundings*, the only Maritime, regional, radio program produced outside Halifax. Host **Mac Campbell**, 38, communicates his intense interest in the fishery

to nearly 12,000 listeners daily (the show is also aired at 4:09 p.m. in Nova Scotia and P.E.I.). Campbell grew up in New Waterford, N.S., and started in radio with CHER in Sydney. He joined the CBC in Newfoundland, and worked on the *Fishermen's Broadcast* there. Now, he says, it's a luxury to be host of *Soundings*. "The more you learn about the fishery, the more you want to know," he says. "It gets more interesting every day." The fishing industry — with its strong personalities, controversial regulations and state of upheaval — is a journalist's playground. Stories break every day. Campbell and producer Ian Petrie aim for "fish action radio," a tight, 13-minute package of interviews and information for the industry. The trick is to make the show interesting to a general audience as well. Campbell's desk reflects

RICHARD FURLONG



**Campbell (left) interviews Leo Allen for "fish action radio"**

his enjoyment. Fishy posters, buttons, slogans and marine maps brighten the wall. The cap sporting a stuffed cloth trout and the ceramic salmon are both good icebreakers for reluctant subjects of interviews. Campbell argues that the show not only serves the industry ("it's getting used to having its own broadcast"), but also informs others about an important part of the Maritimes' economy. And just to make sure the bureaucrats know what's going on, the federal Department of Fisheries and Oceans transcribes the show daily.



GREG LOCKE

**Carter: A passion for royalty**

## MOVIES



Rosanne Arquette and Vincent Spano in *Baby, It's You*

# The double life of John Sayles

*At 33, this wide-eyed, gangly novelist already is a prize-winning writer. But it's his movies that have made him a minor star*

*Review by Martin Knelman*

**A**s a movie director who also regularly publishes fiction, John Sayles is a unique figure; moreover, he gives the impression that each of these activities comes naturally and effortlessly. "I never really write fiction thinking this should be a movie," he explains patiently. "In ideal circumstances I'd be able to do both writing and movies. With writing, it's one to one. You sit down for an hour and write, and you have an hour's work there. With film you have to do maybe 20 hours of fund-raising, publicity and political machinations just to get to that one hour of filming. I write fast. I've never felt the pressure to be a writer. I only do it when I feel like it."

At 33, Sayles has written two novels, a number of short stories, at least 20 screenplays and a play. The first story he sold, "I-80 Nebraska," won an O. Henry Award; his second novel, *Union Dues*, was nominated for a National Book Award. But what made Sayles a minor celebrity was the surprise success of his \$60,000 underground movie, *Return of the Secaucus Seven*. With this engaging little film, which tells the story of a group

of 1960s college students who get together on a New Hampshire farm 10 years later, as they're on the verge of turning 30, Sayles became an authentic hero of the independent film movement. *Secaucus Seven* was a kind of calling card, which opened doors in Hollywood and elsewhere; Sayles quickly followed up with two other small, personal movies, both released last spring — *Lianna*, with Linda Griffiths as a faculty wife who leaves her husband and children for another woman; and *Baby, It's You*, about a high-school romance between a Jewish princess bound for Sarah Lawrence and an Italian punk who drops out of school to perform tacky nightclub routines.

Sayles is a gangly, rumpled-looking kid from New Jersey with the air of a wide-eyed, aging college student. He wears sneakers, sips Cokes and gives the impression that New York is too sophisticated for the likes of him; he prefers the pace of life in Hoboken, N.J., where he continues to hang out, sharing a house with his companion of 10 years, Maggie Renzi (who acted in *Secaucus Seven* and *Lianna*). "In New Jersey, you can forget

the tension, speed and anxiety of New York," he says.

In 1978, Sayles decided, after years of writing movie scripts, that he wanted to be a director. He decided to make an audition piece to prove his talent as a director, though he had absolutely no experience. He financed *Secaucus Seven* with money scraped together from book royalties and the sale of three scripts to Roger Corman. He knew he would have to do without costumes, makeup, travel, guild actors and camera movement. Sayles not only wrote and directed the movie; he also acted in it and edited it. "I learned how to work the editing machine by reading a manual they gave me when I rented it," he recalls.

*The Return of the Secaucus Seven* (1980) is essentially a house-party movie, like Renoir's *Rules of the Game*. Mike and Katie, who teach school in Boston, are getting ready to welcome a group of their old college friends for a weekend get-together at a ramshackle New Hampshire farm. The characters are introduced through Mike's and Katie's gossip about them, and when they straggle in, we have the fun of seeing how the reality matches up to the gossip. This is a tight bunch with its own fierce loyalties; they share ideas, experiences, jokes. All

the characters are unmarried, but there's a sense of division between those who have stayed attached to their old mates and those who haven't. With sleeping bags spread around the house, there's a certain sly curiosity about who is sneaking into whose bag. Old friends drink, smoke dope, talk about the hell of turning 30. They have a communal cookout, then go to a hilariously bad amateur theatre production. In the most boisterous scene in the movie, the men dive naked into a swimming hole while the trying-to-be-liberated women observe this exhibition and one says knowingly to the others, "I think we're being shown the goods." There's an undercurrent of self-mockery here. The title of the movie, with satiric hints of a Kurosawa epic, refers to a bit of group mythology: A decade earlier, the seven set out for a freedom march in Washington, only to get pulled over by a cop who gave them a night in the slammer in Secaucus, N.J.

Sayles doesn't apologize for the work he does as a commercial script writer. (His credits include *Piranha*, *The Howling*, *The Alligator*, *Lady in Red* and *Battle Beyond the Stars*.) It pays the rent and frees him to do his own work. "My philosophy is that I don't take any movie I wouldn't want to see, and I don't descend." He has never suffered writers' block. He's able to tune out whatever is happening around him. He likes to work in bus stations, in hotel rooms and on airplanes.

With the movies he directs, Sayles has seen budgets multiply with every time out. For *Secaucus Seven*, the actors were paid \$80 a week plus room and board. With *Lianna* they were paid Screen Actors Guild rates — \$800 a week. With *Baby, It's You*, Sayles began to experience Hollywood-style luxury, though the filming was still done in New Jersey. He even had an art department. *Lianna* was made for about \$1 million; *Baby, It's You* cost almost three times that. Whereas Sayles developed the script of *Lianna* himself, *Baby, It's You* was brought to him by producer Amy Robinson and

based on her own background. (Sayles had a deal with 20th Century-Fox for *Baby*, but they parted ways after several drafts of the script, and Robinson raised the money independently. The film was picked up for release by Paramount.)

Neither *Lianna* nor *Baby, It's You* had the impact of *Return of the Secaucus Seven*. *Lianna* is full of earnest, enlightened sentiments on the subject of lesbians, their rights and agonies. Linda Griffiths, whom Sayles discovered when she was appearing off-Broadway in *Maggie and Pierre*, is brash, eager, self-absorbed and humorless. Jane Hallaren as her ambivalent lover is vacuous and tormented in a middle-period Joanne Woodward sort of way, and Jon DeVries as Lianna's outraged husband is a complete nerd. Credibility breaks down the moment we're asked to believe in Griffiths as the mother of the two children who are trotted out to be adorable. The film comes to life only when Sayles and Maggie Renzi turn up in cameo roles — he as an old friend who tries to put the make on Lianna, she as a new neighbor who exchanges one-liners with Lianna in the laundry room.

*Baby, It's You* is much better than *Lianna*. For one thing, you can see what a bigger budget buys — handsome cinematography and a camera that moves, among other things. And Sayles gets



Spano as The Sheik: A hellbent kid, going nowhere

memorable performances out of two virtually unknown performers. Vincent Spano as The Sheik is persuasively greasy and defiant — a hellbent kid going nowhere fast, with an esthetic completely defined by Frank Sinatra crooning "Strangers in the Night." Even better is Rosanna Arquette as Jill, the elfin sophisticate who's drawn by the outlandishness of The Sheik. The movie is a series of vignettes about a high-school romance which is for her an incident on the road to somewhere and for him a traumatic experience he can't let go of. The problem is that the story runs out of steam about halfway, and the movie is like a short story trying to be a novel.

*Baby, It's You* opened with a feeble ad campaign and disappeared from theatres fast, so in terms of commercial viability, Sayles as a film director may be back to square one. He doesn't want to work for a Hollywood studio unless he can have control, and he knows his movies haven't made him enough money to get him the right of final cut that he requires. Still, that's a point on which he is unwilling to compromise. "I'm spoiled," he confesses. "I started as a novelist, and I had ultimate control. And when I made my first movie, I also had control."

For the moment, Sayles isn't worrying about where he goes next as a director. He's too wrapped up in his current novel — which is about the Cuban exile community in Miami. And if you suggest that the project sounds as though it might make a good movie, Sayles looks at you as if to say, "Can't you tell the difference between a novel and a movie?"



Jo Henderson and Linda Griffiths in *Lianna*

# CALENDAR

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## NEW BRUNSWICK

- Sept. 1-4 — Community Days, Nackawic
- Sept. 1-4 — Recreational Festival, Bertrand
- Sept. 1-29 — P.E.I. artist Henry Purdy: Drawing, painting and sculpture, City Hall Exhibit Gallery, Saint John
- Sept. 3, 4 — Maritime Hobie Cat Championship, Fredericton
- Sept. 3-5 — Por-Ti-Pic Festival, St. Leonard
- Sept. 3-Oct. 2 — "The Past in Focus: A Community Album Before 1918," W.S. Loggie Cultural Centre, Chatham
- Sept. 4-10 — Fredericton Exhibition, Fredericton
- Sept. 6-8 — 61st Annual Canadian Women's Senior Golf Tournament, St. Andrews
- Sept. 8-10 — Tobique Lions Fall Fair, Plaster Rock
- Sept. 8-11 — Village Festival, Charlo
- Sept. 10 — Dutch Valley Horse Show, Sussex
- Sept. 10 — Danny's Speed Bowl Labatts 50, Bathurst
- Sept. 12-Oct. 8 — "Atlantic Visions": Juried craft exhibit, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton
- Sept. 14-17 — Albert County Exhibition, Albert
- Sept. 15-17 — Queens County Fair, Gagetown
- Sept. 17 — Monctonian Feature Race, Dieppe
- Sept. 21-24 — Fall Fair, Sussex
- Sept. 22-24 — Fall Fair, Chipman
- Sept. 22-24 — Sixth Annual Antiques Showsale, Fredericton
- Sept. 24-Oct. 23 — "Equipment for Eternity": Egyptian arts and crafts of the new kingdom, 1570 to 1085 BC, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton
- Sept. 25 — A Fall Day at 2nd Brook Swimmin' Hole: A nature walk sponsored by Saint John Recreation and Parks Department, Saint John
- Sept. 27 — Atlantic Sires Stakes, Dieppe

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

- Sept. — "The Past in Focus: A Community Album Before 1918," Orwell Corner Rural Crossroads
- Sept. 2, 3 — Egmont Bay and Mount Carmel Exhibition: Judging of regular-class livestock, handcrafts, fruit, flowers, Abrams Village
- Sept. 3, 4 — Maritime Championship Drag Racing, Oyster Bed Bridge
- Sept. 3-5 — Green Gables Open, Green Gables Golf Course, Cavendish
- Sept. 5 — Green Shore Yacht Race (Summerside harbor to Bedeque Bay)
- Sept. 6-30 — Susie Chodorow: Artist, Great George Street Gallery, Charlottetown

Sept. 8-25 — 6th Annual Prince County Amateur Art Show, Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Sept. 8-Oct. 2 — Arthur Lismer: Nova Scotia, 1916-1919, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Sept. 8-Oct. 9 — "Mirroring": Women artists of the Atlantic provinces, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Sept. 10, 11 — Harvest Moon Windsurfing and Canoeing Regatta, Brudenell River Provincial Park, Roseneath

Sept. 11 — P.E.I. Roadrunners Marathon (Cavendish to Charlottetown)

## NOVA SCOTIA

Sept. 3, 4 — Corn Ball Fest: Corn husking contest, horse shoe tournament, softball tournament, Tidnish

Sept. 3-5 — House of Roth Labor Day Weekend, Clementsport

Sept. 3-5 — Ross Farm Museum Participation Days, New Ross

Sept. 3-5 — Annual Fly-in: Aircraft displays, barbeques, camping, Stanley

Sept. 4-6 — Maud Lewis Festival: Paintings and artifacts, Digby and Marshalltown

Sept. 6-10 — Pictou County and North Colchester Exhibition: Draft horses, cattle, sheep, Pictou

Sept. 7-10 — Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion, Lunenburg

Sept. 11 — S. and L. Railway Reunion: Annual reunion of the old Sydney and Louisbourg Railway (1895-1968), Louisbourg

Sept. 13 — First North American Town Crier Competition, Shelburne

Sept. 13-18 — Hants County Exhibition: Livestock, ox pulls, arts and crafts, Windsor

Sept. 16-25 — Joseph Howe Festival: Concerts, schooner races, craft market, Halifax

Sept. 17 — Mary O'Hara: One of Ireland's finest musicians, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Sept. 17, 18 — Fall Harvest Fair: Parade, games, bingo, Herring Cove

Sept. 18-21 — Queens County Fair: Agricultural Fair, Caledonia

Sept. 19-24 — "Rock and Roll": Playwright John Gray's hit musical, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Sept. 21-25 — Harvestfest: Pancake breakfasts, beer garden, farmers' market, Truro

Sept. 24, 25 — International Air Show: World-class military and civilian aerobatics, aircraft and ground displays, Shearwater

## NEWFOUNDLAND

Sept. — RCMP 38-Piece Concert Band — Sept. 19, 20, St. John's; Sept. 21, Bay Roberts; Sept. 22, Bonavista; Sept. 23, Clarenville; Sept. 24, St. Law-

rence; Sept. 25, 26, Marystown; Sept. 27, Gander; Sept. 29, Grand Falls; Sept. 30, Corner Brook

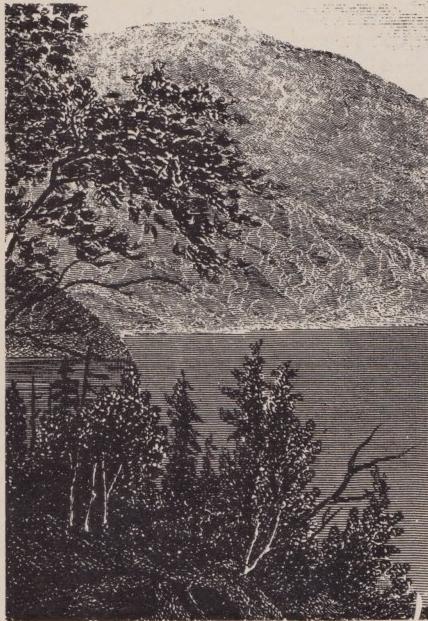
Sept. 1-5 — Provincial Senior Open Tennis Championships, Green Belt and Riverdale Tennis Clubs, St. John's

Sept. 1-11 — Works by Three Canadian Fibre Artists: Gregor, Rousseau-Vermette and Stanszkis, MUN Art Gallery, St. John's

Sept. 1-12 — Works by three Prince Edward Island Artists: Neil Chodorow, Hilda Woolnough, Erica Rutherford, MUN Art Gallery, St. John's

Sept. 1-30 — Harness Racing, Goulds

Sept. 1-Jan. 15 — The Age of Shakespeare: Photographs depicting different aspects of Elizabethan and Jacobean culture, Murray Premises, St. John's



Sept. 2-5 — Conception Bay Kennel Club Annual Dog Show, Harbour Grace

Sept. 3-5 — Labor Day Invitational Golf Tournament, Harmon Golf and Country Club, Stephenville

Sept. 5 — Dory Racing Day, Ship Harbour

Sept. 11 — Molson Provincial Marathon Championships, St. John's

Sept. 13-18 — Bay Expo '83: An exhibit of Bay St. George Resources, Stephenville

Sept. 15 — Rising Tide Theatre presents "After Joey," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Sept. 15-Oct. 1 — An Exhibit of Seascapes by Joe Moulton, Burin Peninsula Arts Centre, Marystown

Sept. 17 — Canadian Armed Forces Skyhawks, Grand Falls

Sept. 22-24 — Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Sept. 22-25 — Port au Port Agricultural Fall Fair: Local vegetables and crafts, Piccadilly

Sept. 23-Oct. 30 — "The Past in Focus: A Community Album Before 1918," Corner Brook

## MARKETPLACE

### GENERAL

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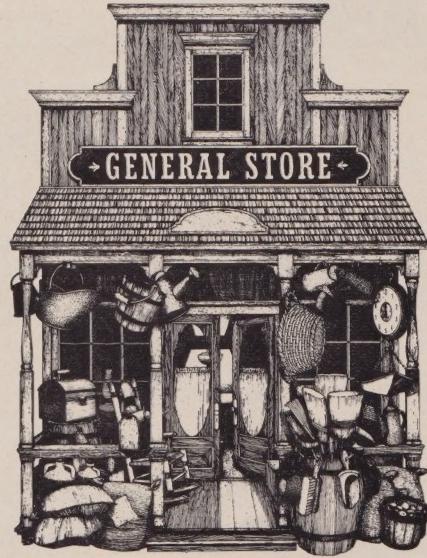
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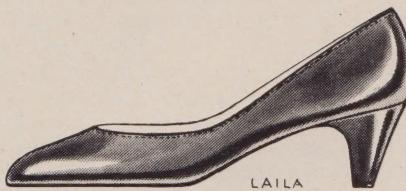
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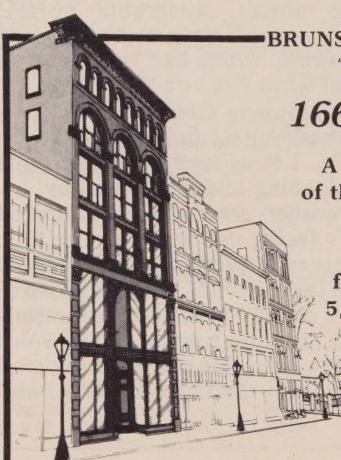
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# Down with dishwashers. Up with useful gadgets

*The new, improved, up-market model of an induction balance, multi-coil, water-immersible treasure finder, for instance*

Aaaooow, a dishwasher!" crooned one's spouse in rapture and within earshot of the real estate salesman. I knew the game was lost.

"But, adorable," I countered weakly, "have you seen the back view...there's a lovely vista of the exercise yard for the criminally insane."

"A-dish-wash-er," she said, low and slow and in a semi-trance, very like the ecstasy of St. Theresa in which an angel with a flaming golden arrow pierced her heart repeatedly.

"As recently as the fall of 1978," I said, "if memory serves, a migration of 4,000 rats was seen coming up from the Waterford River through that very field..."

Of course, we bought the dishwasher complete with a house attached.

Don't get me wrong. I'm a greater gadget freak than most, specializing in useless and not inexpensive gadgets. Item: An induction balance, multi-coil, water-immersible treasure finder with which I have so far recovered three coppers, 35 pounds of old tire chains and two bushels of beer bottle stoppers.

Item: a camera of the very type used to capture the Princess of Wales in the throes of morning sickness (and other international disasters) and with which I chop off the heads of the youngsters twice a year, at Christmas and on birthdays.

Item: Electrical carpentry tools; others have used less to whip together country estates, yet my construction of a bird feeder has now entered its third year with tremendous cost overrun.

Gadgets, yes. But there comes the point — don't you think? — when gadgetry leaves the realm of ridiculous self-indulgence and slops over into the absurd. Dishwashers, for instance.

First crack out of the box, let me bung a cork into charges of "male chauvinist pig" and other feminist piffle. In pre-dishwasher days I took my fair trick and turn at the sink. My talented though stubby digits are still soft, pale and wrinkled like two bunches of subterranean grubs.

Did I ever complain? Not a bit of it! There's something so elemental and satisfying about washing dishes. Sudsy water just at the pain threshold; the sunlight fracturing on one's container of detergent, turning it into a huge globular jewel of green, pink or yellow; Peter

Gzowski, warm and reassuring as a teddy bear, murmuring hope and enlightenment to the housepersons of the nation.

During these idyllic moments, up to my elbows in the sink, my thoughts would turn to Sophia Loren. Once on the late, late show in a medieval farce, Sophia emerged victorious in a dishwashing contest for the hand of a princely nerd. Low cut and bent over a huge vat of steaming water, she achieved a certain sublime poetry of motion, turning slightly from side to side from the waist, dipping and stacking, dipping and stacking, dipping and sta.... Pausing only to brush a lank lock of hair from eyes that would sear the sun or to wipe her nose, peasant fashion, on the back of her hand.

Baroque as was my attitude to washing dishes in the sink, I entered the Age of Reason when it came to drying them. That is to say, with cool Scandinavian logic I cracked open the kitchen window and let the air to do it...no lint, no squeaks, no sweat, no breakage.

With a dishwashing machine you do not find yourself drifting into reveries to do with Sophia Loren. R2-D2, is more like it. It is neither a sensual nor a logical enterprise. Scrape the plates, knock the crud out of the pots. Fiddle and rattle the crockery into these infernally complicated wire baskets. Stab your wrists on the up-pointing knives. Shake in the acrid powder with the skeletal hand and the skull and crossbones on the package. Poke the buttons. Then comes the monstrous commotion, the squelch, the floosh and the gurgle, like half a tribe of over-ripe Celts coursing through the viscera of Gog and Magog.

Rude noises, miserable noises, ominous noises. There's the steady *whish, whish, whish* like the sound in your head when you've a filthy fever. Or the heart-stopping Gatling gun when a piece of wedding sterling gets mashed in the works. Let us turn our faces aside from unloading and stowing away.

Dishwashers are mild stuff compared to what's facing us. Next year we'll be in the throes of talking cars. "Sod the humping levy," your Chevy will snap at you. "It's still in a dry mode, parameterwise you breeding runatic"....its voice box having been slung together by mad scientists from the U.S., the U.K. and Japan.

Ban the cruise missile and shower the Russies with talking cars. That would soon have them howling for the dear old Romanovs. Here's Vassily tooling down to the dacha, the former hammer throw champion of Minsk by his side, and, suddenly, his car starts to give him all manner of lip and abuse for squashing a Rhodeillyavitch Island Red, hero egg layer at glorious peoples commune 782, and punches up the tape of his night in a hotel room in Smolensk with the student ballerina, Comrade Svetlana Tugoff.

The very fibre of Soviet family life would thus be soaked to a mush by the cream of democratic technology.

Paranoia is leading us up still another path of absurd gadgetry. Pity the second-storey man with the weak ticker. He has but to think of jimmying a window and all the devils in hell break loose around his head—flashing floodlights, earsplitting sirens, alarms going off at police and fire HQs, taped killer Alsatians, the neighborhood militia, tear gas shooting out the arrow slits, tell-tale ink pouring down from the ramparts.

Ridiculous excess, it seems to me. Thousands squandered on protective gadgets when nothing is more discouraging — some of my more enterprising though unlucky relatives inform me — than a smart tap along the kneecaps with a softball bat.

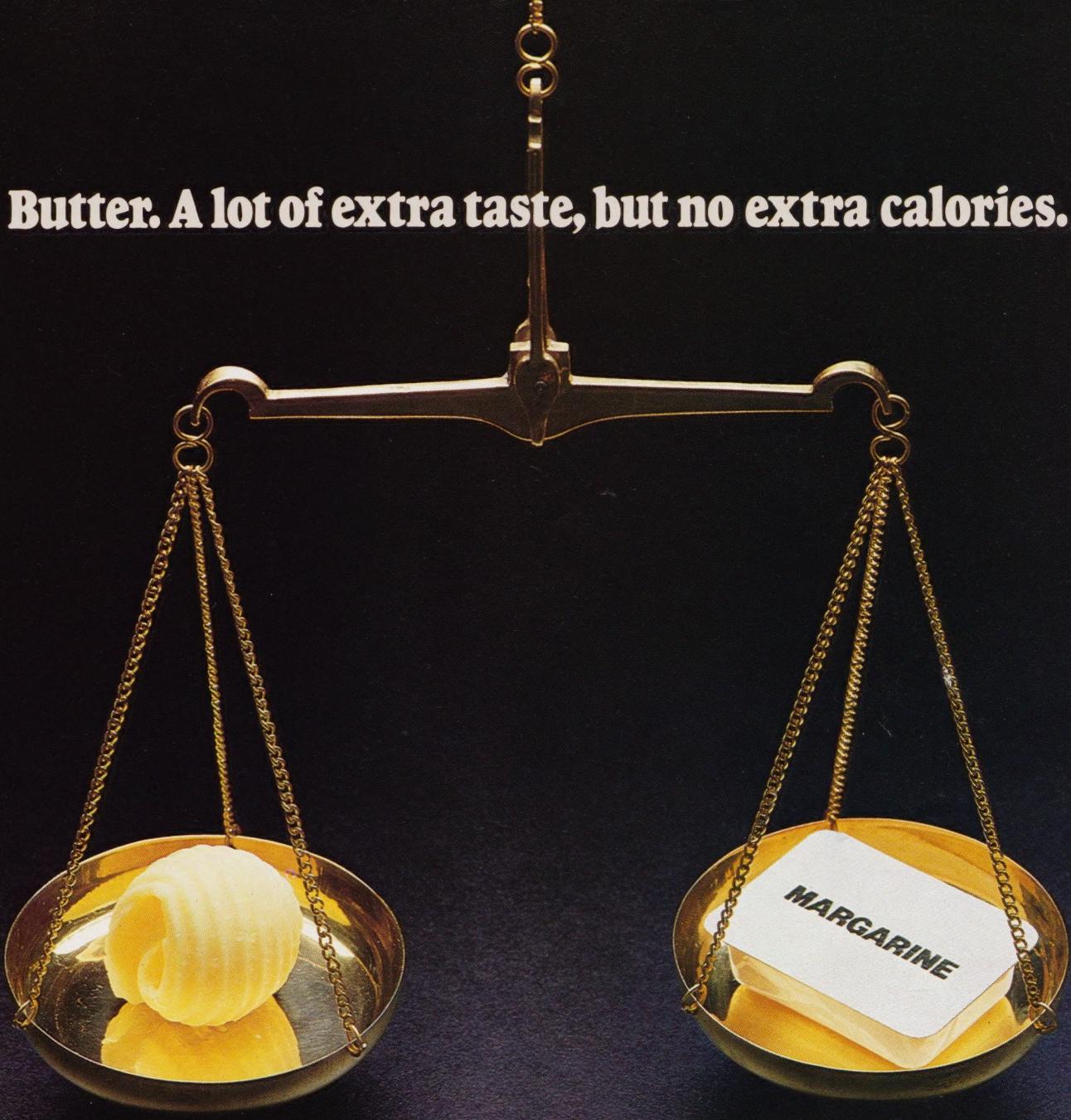
Household computers and word processors are already a raging current against which sensible persons such as ourselves cannot hope to sail. Yet let us raise a squeak even as we are being plowed under. It is nonsense to pay \$5,000 for a machine that will advise you to crunch Taxation Canada's next demand for \$3,822 into a neat ball and pitch it in the trash. Even if it also gets the coffee pot going at 7:20 a.m. precisely.

Word processors??? How, pray tell, does such a gadget process words? Do you fit it with the chopping blade, plug it in, add half a cup of mucilage, toss in the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* and end up with a poem by William Blake plastered across the kitchen ceiling? Go away with you, boy. Don't be so foolish.

To return to dishwashing machines. What I will do—when I get my chance—is sell it second-hand. The proceeds I will put toward a new improved up-market model of an induction balance, multi-coil, water-immersible treasure finder.

That fund-raising plea to allow 15 Pentecostals to emigrate from Moncton will just have to wait.

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½ cup (125 mL) soft butter  
2 tbsp. (25 mL) lemon juice  
2 tbsp. (25 mL) chopped parsley  
Salt

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\*In equal quantities, butter contains the same number of calories as regular margarine. (Source: Health & Welfare Canada, "Nutrient Value of Some Common Foods", 1979.)



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